Chatelaine

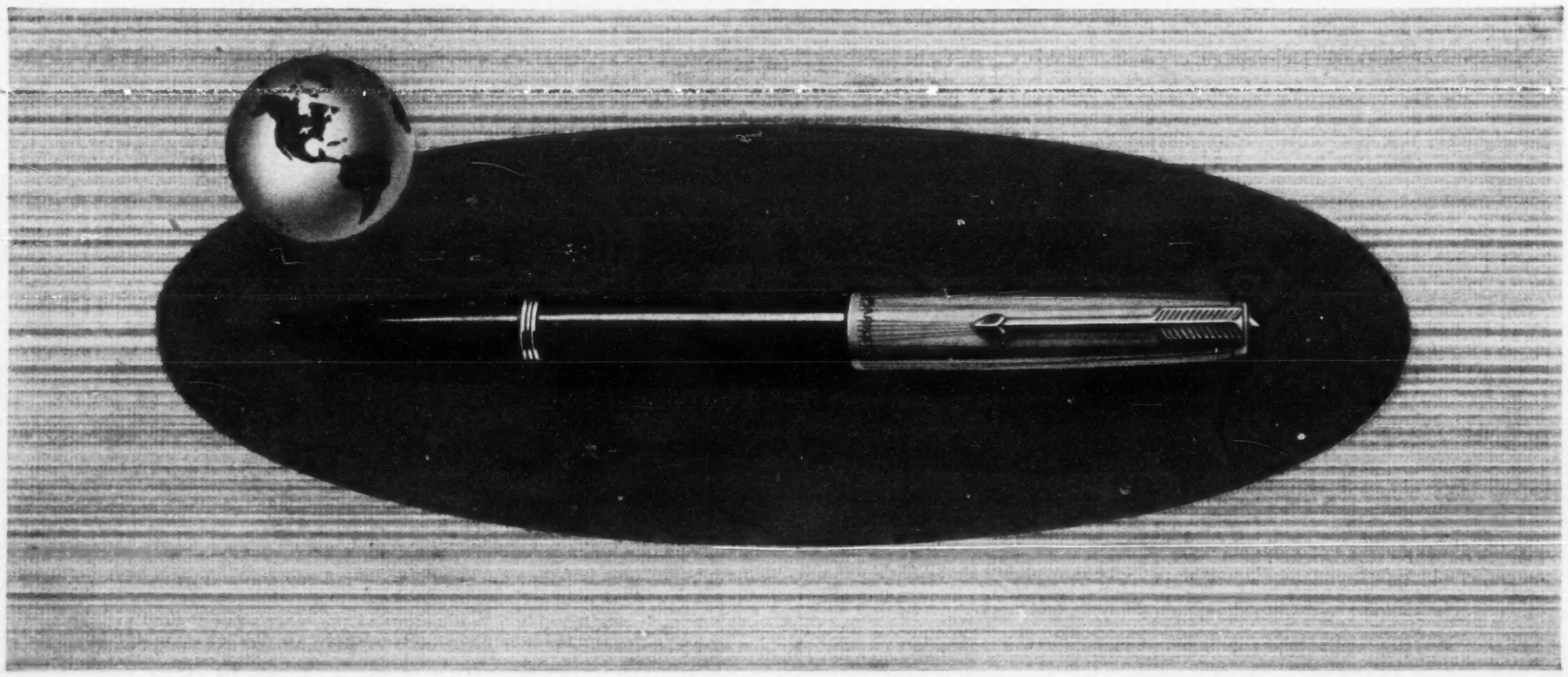
The Canadian Woman's Magazine

JUNE, 1949 - 15c



Something to see — and to love at first sight !

the *NEW* Parker "51"



NEW . . . The embodiment of 14 actual improvements! Surpassing accomplishment of the World's Pen Authority!

NEW *Aero-metric pressure control* . . . A pressure equalizer, or breather tube, fashioned of 92.6% silver — finer than sterling. Because of this inspired mechanism you may journey through the skies at an altitude of 35,000 feet —a height never exceeded by commercial airlines — and feel assured your NEW "51" will not leak.

NEW *ink cylinder* . . . Made of a flexible and transparent substance so tough it will last for 30 years. This material is PLI-GLASS, perfected by Parker after three years of experimentation.

Filled in a Jiffy!

NEW *filling action* . . . Because of the unique nature of PLI-GLASS the NEW "51" has been able to adopt a filling principle so *quick* and *simple* it is *startling*. Six squeezes — that's all — and your NEW "51" is filled! Enjoy trying it yourself at the pen counter of your favorite store.

NEW *visible ink supply* . . . Just peek through the little PLI-GLASS window and check your

Just firmly press 6 times the ribbed bar over PLI-GLASS ink cylinder (shown in red circle). That's all! Your pen is filled!



ink level any time. Be sure to note this feature during your store demonstration.

NEW *increased writing capacity* . . . 23% more writing for each full filling than the earlier model "51".

A Thrill to See!

NEW *colour choices* . . . Enchanting Teal Blue . . . sleek Black . . . rich Burgundy . . . sophisticated Cocoa . . . tones captured from the paintings of the masters—Michelangelo, Velasquez, Monet, Cezanne. This NEW "51", so sleek, so slender, so inviting to your hand, is created for beauty such as no pen ever possessed—until now!

NEW *ideal realized* . . . Here, now, in the NEW Parker "51" is an extraordinary advance in *functional precision*. A greater advance toward *perfection* than any pen maker—except for Parker, World's Pen Authority—ever dreamed of attempting. *It deserves repeating— and your remembering — that no other writing instrument can honorably claim to be the equal of the* NEW *Parker "51".*

Gold Filled Cap, Pen $17.50. Gold Filled Cap, Pencil $9.00. Gold Filled Cap, Set $26.50. Lustraloy Cap, Pen $14.50. Lustraloy Cap, Pencil, $7.00. Lustraloy Cap, Set $21.50.

IMPORTANT! Although your New "51" will use any good ink, you will get the greatest satisfaction by using Superchrome — *the ink that dries as it writes.* Superchrome was created exclusively for the Parker "51".

Parker

903

WORLD'S PEN AUTHORITY

PARKER PEN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

Dining Room Distinction with Homewood *Furniture*



KNECHTEL Homewood FURNITURE SINCE 1864

Regardless of its size, your dining room will take on an air of subtle distinction when you furnish it with a beautiful HOMEWOOD Dining Room Suite! Designed especially for the modern home-maker, moderately priced HOMEWOOD Furniture combines practical styling and impeccable good taste right down to the finest detail. China cabinet, buffet, table or chair—each of the nine lovely pieces which make up the suite—is a tribute to the cabinet maker's craft, blending beautifully matched veneers with carefully selected hardwoods to present an overall picture of compact charm. The HOMEWOOD 18th Century Dining Room Suite illustrated is available in two lovely finishes, rich mahogany, as shown, or nut brown walnut. Ask your furniture dealer to show it to you!



Knechtels Limited
HANOVER ONTARIO

Makers of Homewood *Bedroom, Diningroom and Livingroom Furniture and the* LANE *Cedar Hope Chest*

It can happen here



Ugly flakes and scales that cloud the highlights of your hair . . . a telltale shower on clothes, brush and comb . . . colonies of germs on your scalp!

They may mean dandruff which is so easy to "catch" . . . so hard to get rid of.

Don't let this troublesome condition get a head start. There's a simple, easy, delightful precaution which has become a weekly "must" with countless fastidious women. It is Listerine Antiseptic and massage. If you prize the health of your scalp and the good looks of your hair, use Listerine every time you wash your hair. And, if dandruff has started, use it even oftener.

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a wonderfully cooling antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale).

You will be delighted to see the marked improvement or positive relief from flakes and scales. How wonderfully refreshed and healthy your scalp feels! How much fresher your hair looks!

Remember, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY *(Canada)* Ltd.

Telltale Flakes

They are often Nature's warning . . may be the first symptoms of distressing, embarrassing dandruff! Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic regularly ...an easy, delightful way to help keep your scalp healthy, your hair beautiful!



The "BOTTLE BACILLUS" (Pityrosporum ovale)

Ugly Customer

Listerine Antiseptic kills even the stubborn, hard-to-get-rid-of "Bottle Bacillus", one of the many germs found on the scalp. Furthermore . . in clinical tests, twice a day Listerine Antiseptic treatment brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.



Before Every Shampoo

Douse your hair and scalp thoroughly with Listerine Antiseptic. Massage vigorously. Listerine Antiseptic not only kills germs, but leaves your scalp refreshed, tingling clean and cool! As an added precaution, wash comb and brush, with Listerine Antiseptic, also.

for DANDRUFF • LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Made in Canada

Nora-Frances Henderson

An Editorial by
Byrne Hope Sanders

THIS EDITORIAL is about a woman, a little woman, quick and birdlike in her movements. Her voice had an upward lilt to it, and a chuckle which reflected the merriment in her eyes.

She felt deeply, ardently, about people and principles; yet she was fanatical about neither. She was often tired, and had many a disillusioning experience; yet gave no sense of bitterness or cynicism.

Nora-Frances Henderson spent her life in her home town and poured all her energies into serving it. She believed passionately that most of the issues which are important in our democracy are fought out at the municipal level. For 16 years she was a member of the City Council, three as Alderman and 13 as Controller. I never met anyone who had more fun out of politics—or who better symbolized its service to the people.



SHE WAS BRAVE in many ways —yet, as so often happens, the incident which dramatized her courage came as a momentary challenge which she had to face suddenly.

It was on an August evening in 1946. During the steel strike in Hamilton Nora-Frances had insisted on the right of a citizen to pass the picket lines and visit with the strike-bound workers who remained at their jobs.

As she sat that evening in City Council the sound of a gathering mob came clearly in through the open windows. The hundreds of men who gathered there shouted that as friends of the strikers they were here to "get" Nora-Frances. They sang the Internationale as they waited for her. At the meeting's end, alone and steadily, she walked down the steps to her car, through a shower of threats, insults and blows.

It was a brief moment, but it epitomized her spirit and made thousands of Canadians appreciate it.

At the next election even some of her friends said she was through. Powerful interests had sworn to get her out of the City Council. She had not used political foresight when she espoused the cause of the workers who did not join the strike.

But Nora-Frances believed, above all, in the value of human rights; in the dignity of man; in the importance of individual liberty—and of the forces threatening to destroy these values. In her pre-election speeches she liked to sum up her principles this way: "Win or lose—it's a good fight to be in on!"

NORA-FRANCES was utterly honest; hated chicanery and doubledealing. She didn't like money—especially big money, she said, for it was so likely to have strings attached to it. Among the men who knew her best it was said that if any shady deal were under consideration, someone would be sure to say, "If Nora-Frances hears about this there'll be the devil to pay!"

She believed that women had great responsibilities and capabilities—and appreciated their potentialities for strength in government as strongly as she flayed their disinterest and inertia. The Women's Civic Club of Hamilton, which has been called a monument to her, plans to make an award each year to the Woman of the Year in Hamilton. It will be presented on the anniversary of Nora-Frances' death. For she died, a few weeks ago, of cancer.

In her work she has shown the way to every Canadian woman. The pattern is there for all of us to try and follow in one way or another.



SAVE MORE
BY USING
MORE
Food-Saver

Fresh foods *stay fresh* when flavor-sealed in Food-Saver — the pure white, heavy waxed paper that super-protects and stretches your food dollar. Keeps greens crisp to the last leaf — keeps food in the icebox moist — keeps food odors and flavors from mixing. Easy to fold and form — grand for covering bowls. Food-Saver is dainty, thrifty, all-Canadian. Sold everywhere in the famous green box with convenient cutting edge. Insist on the genuine.

. . . also
ask for Appleford's
PARKDALE
Shelf-lining Paper



LOOK FOR THE GREEN BOX WITH THE NAME APPLEFORD'S FOOD-SAVER

APPLEFORD'S
Food-Saver
HEAVY
WAXED PAPER

Reader Takes Over

Fair Play for Farmers

Dear Editor: I have just read your editorial in April Chatelaine, and most heartily disagree. You say the point that interested you was that farm women asked for the sale of margarine to the same degree as urban women. They asked for it because they wanted to be fair and honest and not deprive children of needed food. Now we would like to see the same justice shown us regarding the coloring of margarine. Are we women or are we mice? Most certainly we are women, and we like fair play. Margarine and its necessary vitamins are available now, and if the housewife is too lazy to mix the yellow coloring herself, I think she does not appreciate the understanding shown her by the farm women's attitude toward the sale of margarine. —Mrs. H. Davies
Otterburne, Man.

. . . I note your editorial re the stand women should take on margarine, suggesting we need to bestir ourselves and present a united front. As you state, many farm women asked for margarine, and to very many it was greatly to their credit, as they realized that for themselves personally it meant a sacrifice. They took the stand they did in the interests of others. Would it not then be a graceful gesture, if nothing else, for other women to realize this and to safeguard the interests of these farm people generally by insisting that margarine be presented in a coloring different from butter? —Mrs. H. Spencer
Comox, B.C.

. . I have been a farmer's wife for the past 18 years and I get highly incensed at the so-called farm block in any government, Dominion and provincial, on the margarine question. Both my husband's and my own family live in towns and cities of the prairies, and we know this highly nutritious product is a boon to them. The powers that be make such a noise whenever butter is imported, I should think that a purely Canadian product giving employment to Canadians would be the answer to several problems. Congratulations to you and your magazine for putting such matters before the public.
—Mrs. M. Moir
Virden, Man.

Mature, Realistic Stories

Dear Editor: I enjoyed your March issue so much I felt impelled to congratulate you on it. Everything, practically, in it made good reading. I certainly enjoyed "The Donkey's Head." It was just the sort of story I craved one evening, and I found it . . .
—Mrs. W. J. Bryan
Oliver, B.C.

. . . Just for the record I'm letting you know how much I enjoyed the April Chatelaine. The stories, "The Bride," and "His Kind of Woman," and the articles on marriage were all good. In the last two issues your fiction has suddenly shown a leap upward in maturity and realism . . . no forcing

FIRST AID
for Summer Emergencies

Last year more than a million people were injured by accidents in Canada — an average of one every 30 seconds. There were undoubtedly many more minor accidents which were never reported.

Many types of injuries occur most frequently in summer. Knowing First Aid, including what to do until the doctor comes, may prevent complications and save someone's life. To help you meet such emergencies, cut out the chart below and place it in your First Aid kit. In case of a serious accident, however, it is always wise to call a doctor at once.

INJURY	FIRST AID TREATMENT
 Cuts, scratches, or any small wounds	Clean the wound with mild soap and water and apply antiseptic. When dry, cover with sterile dressing.
 Minor burns	To relieve pain, apply burn ointment or petroleum jelly, and cover with sterile dressing.
 Sunburn	Treat like any minor burn. If sunburn is severe, call a doctor.
 Sunstroke	Lay patient on his back in cool, shady place, apply ice bag or cold cloths to head. Do not give stimulants.
 Drowning or when breathing stops	Start artificial respiration *immediately*. Keep victim warm. Send for a doctor.
 Sprained joints	Keep injured joint raised and apply cold cloths or ice packs for several hours.
 Strained muscles	Rest the affected muscle. Apply mild heat if needed to relieve pain. If pain persists, call a doctor.
 Ivy, Oak, and Sumac poisoning	Wash with soap and water immediately after exposure. If redness and blisters appear, apply calamine lotion or use compresses soaked in cold baking soda or epsom salts.

If you would like to learn some of the more important First Aid techniques, ask your local branch of the St. John Ambulance Association about their First Aid classes. In addition, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet which describes methods of handling many injuries. To get a copy, simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa

Please send me the free booklet, 69-L, "First Aid."

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City.....Prov.....





Customs lost my bags and *he* found them. Mother warned me about strange men . . . but she didn't mention tall, terrific ones. So we met at lunch . . . dinner, too! Then one day at Chichicastenango . . . *he kissed my hand!* In fun? Maybe. But at Lake Atitlán, he kissed my hand *again!* Then he kissed *me* . . . while two huge volcanoes rumbled love songs.

GUATEMALA looked tall and terrific to Me!



NOW, don't think for one minute I believe Jergens Lotion gets-a-gal-her-man . . . but it *helps!* After all, no other hand care keeps your hands so soft, so smooth, so *ready* to be kissed. Could be, that's why I packed Jergens Lotion with the rest of my Guatemala gear!

The skin on your hands is *different* . . . it needs the protection against chapping only a *liquid* can give. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Two ingredients doctors use to guard against rough chapped skin are in richer-than-ever Jergens Lotion. Never oily or sticky. 10c, 28c, 53c, 98c.

MADE IN CANADA

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

slushy romance down the reader's throat. I'm beginning to look forward to finding Chatelaine in my mailbox.

—Mrs. C. Ross

Montreal, Que.

Connie's not "Alone"

Dear Mrs. White: Someone has misled you, surely. In your article, "Prettiest Girl in Town" (March Chatelaine), you say that Connie Laidlaw is the only girl ventriloquist in Canada. There is at least one other, as I have reason to know and as the accompanying photograph proves. Sheilla Kidd was a member of



the Navy show when it opened in Toronto in 1943, and was with us until called home on leave some months later. I have reason to know as I shared a compartment on the Navy show train with Sheilla and her dummy. Sheilla is an exceptionally clever ventriloquist, the movement of her throat being imperceptible . . .

I have heard Miss Laidlaw on "Opportunity Knocks" and while I have no wish to detract from her glory, I do feel that Sheilla deserves a break too . . .

—Mrs. R. O. Shaw

Edmonton, Alta.

Ed.'s Note: We agree—with apologies to Sheilla.

Communist Controversy

Dear Editor: It was a coincidence that after reading your Communist article in April Chatelaine I went the same day to hear Mrs. Neilsen's meeting on Women in politics. You might be interested to know that part of your article could have been done by a reporter on her speech, starting on page 91.

I have been very interested in Mrs. Neilsen's career as I heard her first speech when she was elected to Parliament, and I was most sympathetic to her and her experiences during the depression and drought in Saskatchewan.

It is most disturbing that a woman so capable, intelligent and attractive, and who could represent all the best women's point of view . . . should be using her appeal to stir up more violence . . .

—M. A. H.

Saskatoon, Sask.

. . . Answering the scurrilous article in April Chatelaine, The Housewives' Consumer Association was founded in November, 1937. I have been an active member through the years, several times president. Our purpose printed on our membership card: "The Housewives' Consumer Association is an organization through which housewives can col-

Why the best dressed women choose clothes in Royal Seal materials

Because every season exclusive and novel weaves appear in delightful new colours . . . well in advance of current fashion trends — in wearing clothes with the "Royal Seal" label you set the fashion among your friends.

Royal Seal

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lectively strive to realize and maintain a decent standard of living for their families. While watching prices and quality of goods on the market, the Association proclaims the principle of human need as the basis from which to approach consumer problems. It aims at greater co-operation between primary producer and consumer and supports organized labor. The Association is open to any woman who is in charge of a home, irrespective of age, race, color, creed or political belief."

We do not discuss party politics or religion of any name at our meeting. We are simply trying to do a good job in the interests of the people, without fear or favor. —Mrs. Rae Luckock
President, H. C. A.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor: We are fortunate to live in a country governed by British Law which is opposed to conviction without fair trial and holds all subjects innocent until proved guilty. We take strong exception to your article, "Are you A Stooge For A Communist?" and request a retraction of false allegations concerning the Women's International Democratic Federation and the Congress of Canadian Women.

The Women's International Democratic Federation was formed in Paris November 1945 by women who worked in the French Resistance. Women from 40 countries attended. Peace, equality for women and the welfare of women and children are its aims. The date of the 1948 Convention was set by Constitution at that time, November 1945.

The Women's International Democratic Federation is not communist dominated and the Congress of Canadian Women is not communist and is not associated with any communist front. Anyone may resign from either organization at any time.

We are opposed to Fascism, Communism or any form of revolution in Canada. We uphold evolution which can take place under our present form of Government in Canada.

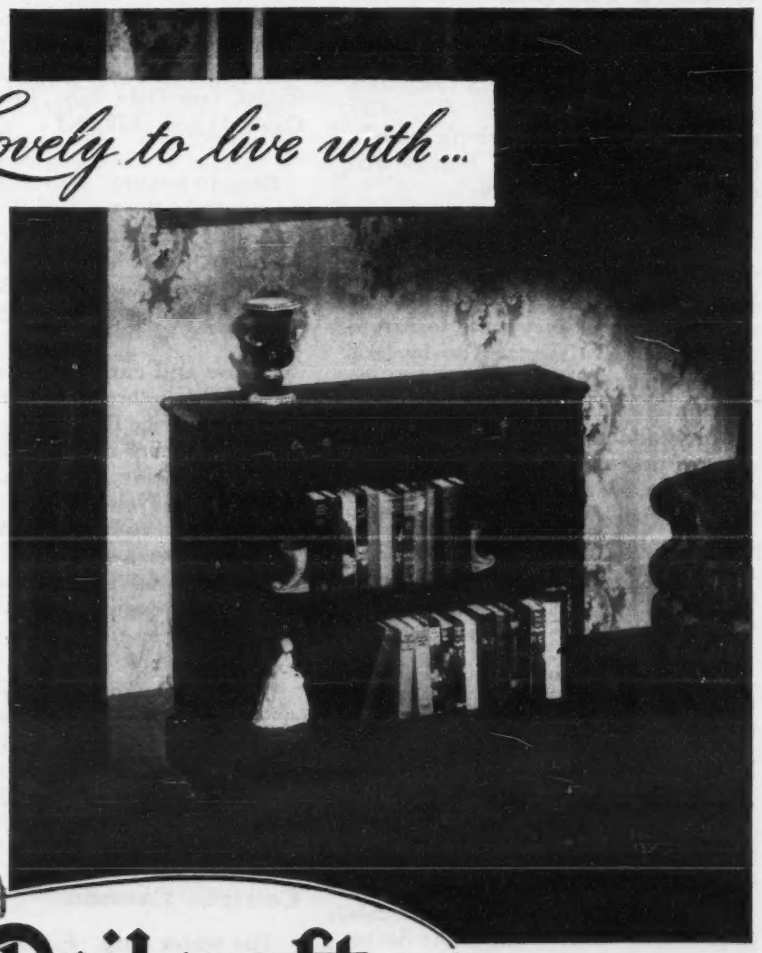
The appeal made by Mrs. Leah Manning, M.P. for Epping (Labor) in the British House of Commons stating, "If Men Will Not Talk Peace Women Will," was the inspiration for a Peace Rally in Bathurst Street Forum (Toronto) May 16, 1948, arranged by the Congress of Canadian Women and the impetus of this movement later led to Mrs. Agnew being asked to go to Europe.

Is it a crime for women of the world to want peace? Your article implies that peace is a subversive subject. Peace has been a dominant theme among men and women in Canada and other countries for many years. The League of Nations proved this.

Is the purpose of your article to intimidate women to the extent of driving them out of all public activities as was done in Nazi Germany?

We thank Chatelaine for giving us the opportunity of correcting any misunderstanding created by your article and for the opportunity of asking the Women of Canada to consider seriously their responsibility in this Great Country of Ours. —Joy Denton Kennedy;
Mary Caldwell Agnew
Rae Luckock

Toronto, Ont.



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*REG'D. DOMINION ELECTROHOME INDUSTRIES LIMITED KITCHENER ONTARIO

Write for booklet "The Choice and Use of Tables". Send 10c in stamps to Dept. 12.

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Electrohome Radios will harmonize with your Deilcraft Furniture

"I dress for a dinner dance... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. **"For a busy day,** I love my chic ensemble in contrasting woolens with its matching bonnet. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"*

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. **"For a brilliant evening,** I remove the jacket and hat, and presto! My dress turns into a new off-the-shoulder formal! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . *because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!"*

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect* deodorant.



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

What's ahead...



...for YOUR wife?

ASK YOURSELF this question: "How would my wife manage if I were no longer here to provide an income?"

If the answer is an uncertain one, ask yourself another: "What can I do about it?"

Your best plan is to consult our local representative. Explain your circumstances and wishes to him. He will then outline a programme within your means that will provide a *new source of income* for her should you die, or for both of you in your years of retirement.

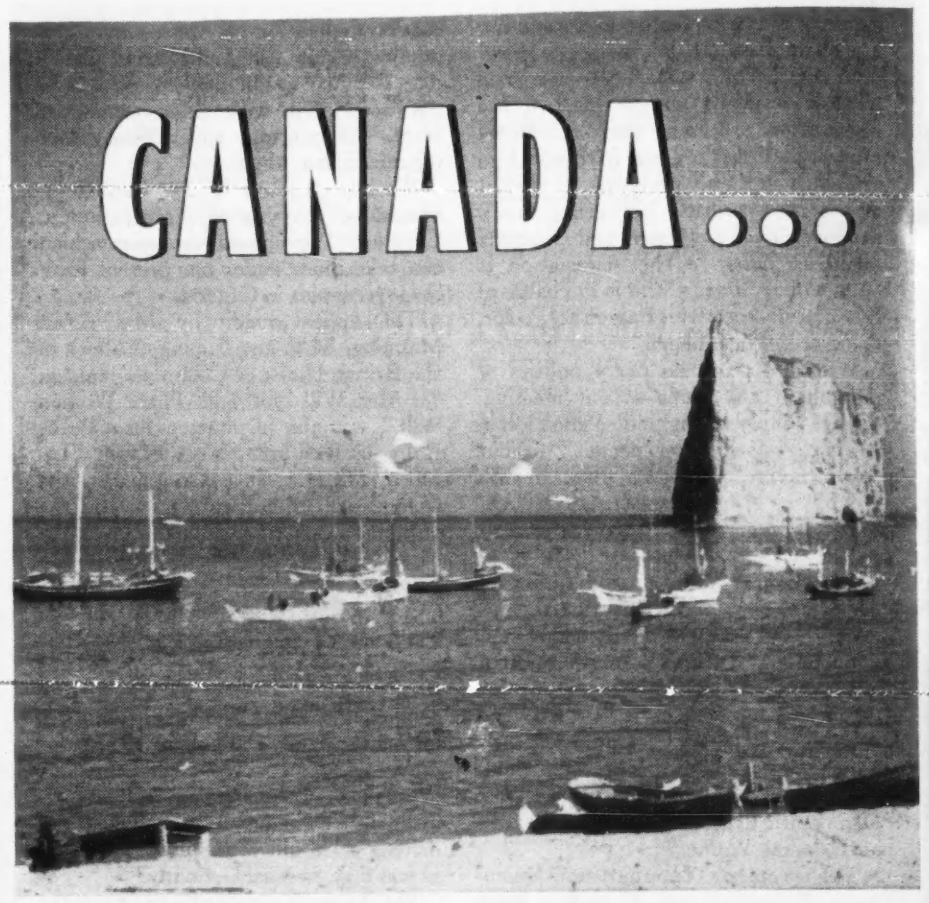
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HEAD OFFICE — 80th YEAR — WATERLOO ONT

MM-9

CANADA...



For those who love to shout from mountaintops . . . or listen to the sound of the surf . . . or simply gadabout . . . here is a line-up of Canadian tours for every taste and pocketbook — **by Eileen Morris**

Western Canada

Outward bound. Six glorious days of Pacific Ocean travel take you more than 1,200 miles. Board S.S. Coquitlam at Vancouver, pass miles of fiordlike shoreline to Queen Charlotte Islands. On to bustling Prince Rupert and return. All-expense, **$70.90.***

Sightseeing tour of 2½ days takes you into scenic heart of B. C. Rail north from Vancouver to West Robson, cruise down Columbia River route to Arrowhead, return to Vancouver by rail. Round trip fare, **$30.90.***

Much ado about plenty. Grandeur of the Rockies on famed 4½ day Triangle Tour, 2,000 miles by land and sea. Cruise from Vancouver to Prince Rupert on Inside Passage—rail to Jasper, rail back to Vancouver. Round trip fare, **$50.85*** includes meals and berth on steamer.

You owe it to yourself to see Jasper and Banff! Seven-day motor coach tour starts at Calgary, swings north through golden wheat fields to Edmonton, west through the Foothills, climbing slowly toward Jasper. Swim, ride, golf or go big-game shooting with your camera. Then south over Jasper-Banff Highway, threading through the heart of mountains. Stop at Columbia Ice Fields, largest body of ice south of the Arctic, then on to Lake Louise and Banff, and return, **$56.60*** includes accommodation.

Adventure—and breathing space aplenty! . . . If you choose a northward trek to storied Peace River District. A day's travel out of Edmonton takes you to the railhead of Dawson Creek—with the Alcan Highway straight ahead! Round trip train fare, Edmonton to Dawson Creek, **$30.85.***

Back to nature. With knapsack and camera, hike the trails of Prince Albert National Park, playground of the Prairies. Just 12 hours north of Regina. Round trip train fare, **$13.75,*** plus charge for motors to the Park.

Canoe and camp country. Cruise for six full days through Manitoba. From Winnipeg up the Red River across Lake Winnipeg, touching in at quaint and picturesque points of interest. By motor launch down Nelson River to Norway House, Hudson's Bay outpost. From the nearby Inn man-size canoe trips with guides may be arranged, taking the paddler through scenic wilderness. Initial cruise fare, **$45.***

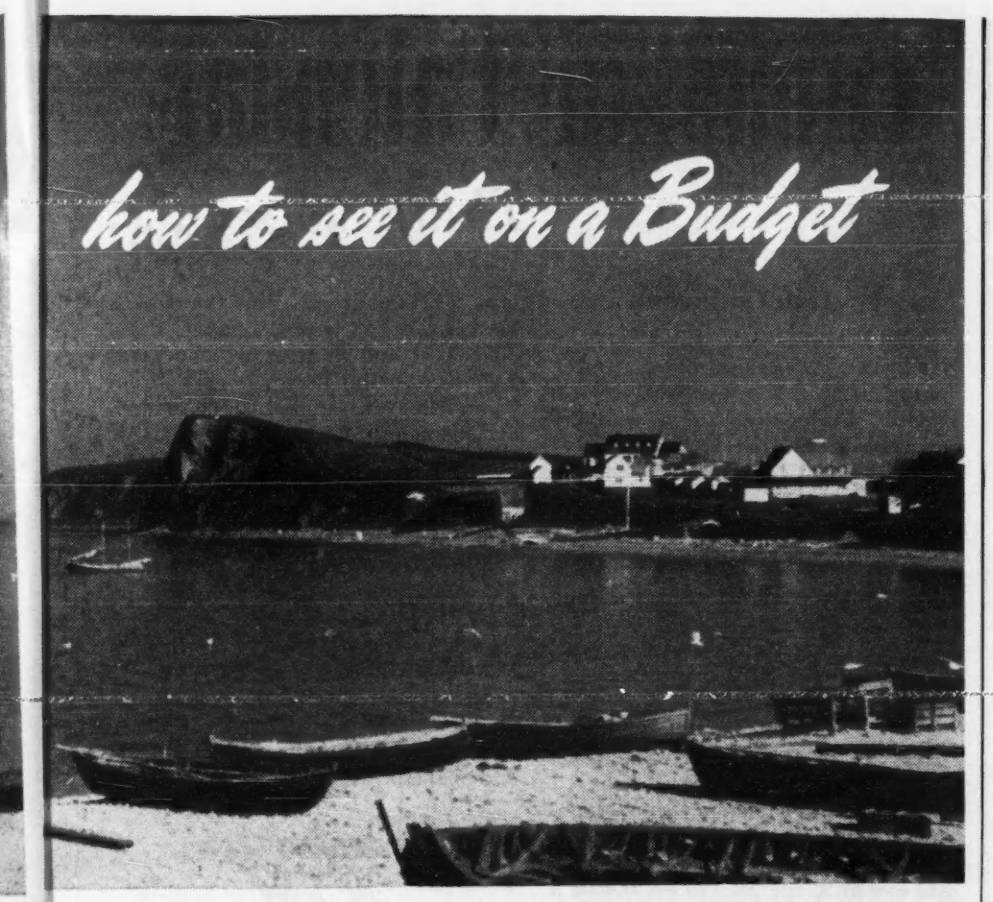
Due north to adventure—and a new and unique travel experience. Head into the subarctic to Hudson Bay and Churchill. Special excursion train leaves Winnipeg August 12, is your hotel-on-wheels for 2,300-mile, seven-day trip. All-inclusive fare, **$115.***

Central Canada

The water cure. Five carefree days on a Great Lakes steamer, through island-studded waters of Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, St. Mary's River and Lake Superior. Westerners board at Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William.

**All prices approximate and subject to change.*

how to see it on a Budget



Canadian National Railways photo.

Easterners set out from Port McNicoll and Owen Sound. Round-trip rate, **$55.*** From Toronto, including rail to Owen Sound and return, **$62.45.***

You can go a long, long way in 16 days. Leave Toronto for Port McNicoll, travel by steamer and train to Winnipeg: on to Banff and Lake Louise . . . Rail takes you to Vancouver, the midnight steamer to Victoria. Two days later you head back. **$344*** includes first-class rail, steamship, hotels, sightseeing: no meals except on steamer.

Until you've seen Niagara Falls you haven't seen Canada! From Montreal, a five-day trip by train and steamer takes you through the Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence Rapids and Lake Ontario. Spend day in Toronto, another exciting day at the Falls . . . with fun of "shooting" the rapids on way back. **$65*** includes meals, berth on steamer, hotel accommodation.

Sail through Canada from Niagara to the sea. Dance, promenade and sun-tan while steamer threads through 50 miles of the Thousand Islands, past river villages, Saguenay cliffs to Ha Ha Bay. Rubberneck in Montreal, Quebec, Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Snug coat is a must, sweaters come in handy; binoculars give added pleasure to starboard gazing. Board at Niagara, Toronto, Montreal or Quebec. From the Falls, **$120*** for six-day trip. From Quebec, **$30*** for two-day trip. Includes meals, also hotel accommodation. Children under five, free: over five and under 12, half fare.

Follow history's trail. Delightful three-day motor coach tour of 400 miles along north shore of St. Lawrence. Scenic highway follows early warpath of Indians, overland route of merchants of New France. Villages some 200 years old, with many historical souvenirs. From Montreal to Quebec, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Montmorency Falls and return. **$25*** includes accommodation at Chateau Frontenac. Meals not included.

Eastern Ontario

Like good food? Enjoy such gourmet delights as foie de morue, graisse de roti, tourtiere, paté au saumon, on all-expense scenic four-day motor trip round Gaspé Peninsula under direction of guide-chauffeur. Guests are met at Mont Joli station (overnight from Montreal). Include spring coat for chilly evenings . . . a pocket French-English dictionary! All-inclusive rate, **$92.*** Children under 12, **$75.*** Party of four, **$80*** per person.

Enjoy sea bathing and salt water angling? Then head for Nova Scotia's picturesque South Shore! Train trip from Halifax to Yarmouth touches Mahone Bay, Lunenburg, Bridgewater, Liverpool and other interesting points. Round-trip train fare, **$13.50.***

From sea to sea—when you travel the length of Prince Edward Island, it takes just nine hours each way! Tignish to Murray Harbor, through romantic Anne of Green Gables country. Round-trip train fare, **$9.20.***

Explore Canada this year—get to know its newest citizens! Sail from North Sydney by S. S. Cabot Strait, thence rail to St. John's, Newfoundland. Round-trip train fare, **$34.20.*** plus sleeper.

Seascape holiday. Find your sea legs on this unusual and delightful 13-day sail from St. John's, Newfoundland. Touches principal points on the northern coast of Canada's sea-girt province and many coastal ports in little-known Labrador. All-inclusive fare, **$100.*** ✤

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There's a place in your Westinghouse Refrigerator with correct temperature and humidity for each type of food. Complete protection.

SANALLOY SUPERFREEZER for frozen foods.
MILK COMPARTMENT for milk and beverages.
COVERED MEAT-KEEPER for fresh meats.
GLASS-TOPPED HUMIDRAWER for vegetables, etc.
STOR-DOR for frequently used articles.
And all are safeguarded by exclusive Westinghouse TRUE-TEMP Cold Control and the extra protection of the exclusive "Built-in Watchman." Ask your Westinghouse dealer. Model illustrated, $369.00. Other models from $298.00.

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If FATHER was the Cook!



If Dad baked the pies and cooked the meals—how *he* would "go for" the McClary Electric Range!

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Canadian Calendar

Things to see . . .

British Columbia

July 1 and 2: B. C. Round-Up, Kamloops. Two-day jamboree with the finest riders and stock ever seen in Canada! Brahma bull riding, wild and dangerous, will be the thrill of the show.

Sept. 21 and 22: Annual Exhibition, Kamloops.



Alberta

July 11 to 16: Calgary Stampede. When all Calgarians dress the part . . . complete to big hats, fancy shirts, high-heeled boots. There's the Parade, Chuck Wagon Races, Bareback Bucking—even wild cow milking! Best of all, there's a hail-fellow friendliness.

July 18 to 22: Exhibition, Edmonton.

July 18 to 22: "Indian Days," Banff. Hundreds of Indians in brilliant native dress gather for tribal sports and festivities. Pack plenty of film for this!

Sept. 4 to 10: Totem Pole Golf Tournament, Jasper. Top attraction for amateur golfers from all over Canada and the Western States. Won two years ago by Bing Crosby, who's expected back to defend his title. Great sport—superb setting.

Saskatchewan

May 23 and 24: Rodeo, Moose Jaw. The fourth annual rodeo, and one in true Western tradition! There'll be a horse show . . . baseball tournaments . . . and a Bowery Dance each night!

July 1: Dominion Day, Regina. Hailed this year by something new in town—an exciting auto race in front of the grandstand at the Exhibition Grounds.

July 6 to 9: Annual Agricultural Exhibition, Moose Jaw. Draws large crowds from all over Southern Saskatchewan. Stock shows . . . daily races . . . and a crowded program of grandstand doings.

Aug. 1 to 6: Exhibition, Regina. Interesting exhibits . . . grandstand attractions . . . gay-spirited parades through town on Children's Day and Travelers' Day.

Manitoba

June 5 to 11: 75th Anniversary, Winnipeg. Week-long celebration features parades, concerts and special shows.

July 4 to 8: Provincial Fair, Brandon. A real old-fashioned country fair . . . a riotous Midway, prize pigs, a baby contest and fan dancers! Hurry, hurry.

Aug. 1: Icelandic Day Celebrations, Gimli. Sports, and plenty of music and song from choirs, bands. English and Icelandic dancing, too!

Ontario

May 30 to June 10: International Trade Fair, Toronto. Canada plays host to 33 countries. Visit the world's marketplace on general public days, June 1, 4 and 8; window shop amid Yugoslav embroidery, jewelry from Siam, Malayan sarongs, Czech crystal, and mammoth display of incomparable British textiles.

June 24 to July 3: Trotting Races, Ottawa. Cheer them round the bend at Connaught Park!

June 27 to July 16: First Annual Shakespearean Festival, Toronto. A truly important cultural event . . . and lots of fun! As You Like It, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Twelfth Night . . . each to run for one week. In the quadrangle of Trinity College, University of Toronto. Summer stars and Shakespeare, too.



July 1: America Day, Port Arthur. Gracious bit of cross-the-border courtesy with special invitations to Americans from Duluth and other nearby points, to come and share the big day.

July 27 to 31: Tercentenary Celebration, Martyrs' Shrine, Midland. Hills will be transformed into Canada's largest stage for great musical spectacle marking 300th anniversary of Jesuit Martyrs. Southern slopes will be made into four vast stages for 450-cast nightly performance of "Salute to Canada," to run two and half hours. Massed choir, Volkoff Ballet, Little Canadian Symphony to take part.

Aug. 3, 4, 6: Annual Regatta, Toronto. Boats—a hundred of them—turn out from all the yacht clubs on Lake Ontario with sails unfurled and tillers ready. Ahoy, you landlubbers—don't forget your binoculars!

Aug. 6: Canadian Canoe Regatta, Ottawa. Exciting to take part . . . a picture to watch . . . canoes cutting through blue Canadian waters.

Aug. 8 to 13: Annual Exhibition, Port Arthur. Traditionally a big Lakehead affair, with all the fixings.

Aug. 17 to 19: Miss Canada Contest, Hamilton. Girls from every part of the Dominion wear their prettiest smiles as they pass the judges' stand. But while you may not be lucky enough to be a judge—here's superior spectating!

Aug. 22 to 27: Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa.

Aug. 26 to Sept. 10: Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto. Can you turn out a $100 Apple Pie . . . a $50 Salad Plate? Your cooking skill can bring those amounts in prizes at the Home Baking Competitions. Men specially invited, and bring an apron.

Quebec

June 24: Parade of the Société St. Jean-Baptiste, Montreal. Spectacular floats, costumes you'll see later in the



Things to do

newsreels. Theme of this year's pageant is "Groupes des Canadiens en Amerique" —showing their efforts for survival.

Program Note: "Concerts Symphoniques," Montreal. Every Tuesday evening through July at the Lookout, atop Mount Royal.

June 25 to Aug. 12: Montreal Festivals, Montreal. A progressive step for Canada—a wonderful experience for you! This will be the North American equivalent of the Edinburgh Festival. Leading Canadian musical, dramatic and ballet groups to participate in out-of-door performances. Opera and drama at the Molson Stadium; Symphony Concerts at the Chalet; Chamber Music, Drama and Ballet at Beaver Lake.

New Brunswick

July 1 to July 4: Joint Old Home Week, St. Stephen. Canada's St. Stephen joins Calais, Maine, in a bang-up double celebration that neatly includes both Dominion Day and Independence Day. That calls for some extra flag waving, we think!

July 25 to 30: Canadian Amateur Golf Championships, Saint John. With hopes high, entrants tee off in a lovely setting—the Riverside Golf and Country Club.

Aug. 8 to 12: Old Home Week, Woodstock.

Aug. 22 to 26: St. Stephen Fair.

Nova Scotia

May 28 to 31: Apple Blossom Festival, Kentville, Wolfville and Grand Pré. Breath-taking beauty in the orchards of historic Nova Scotia.

June 15 to Sept. 15: Bicentenary Year, Halifax. The flags are flying in Canada's famed seaport this summer, in celebration of its 200th anniversary. It's been an eventful period . . . and there will be eventful happenings to mark it this year!

July 31 to Aug. 6: Amherst invites you to her Diamond Jubilee! There'll be plenty doing—from fireworks to sport events—to mark the sixtieth birthday of this thriving town. R.S.V.P.—and try to make it *yes*.



Prince Edward Island

Aug. 15 to 19: Old Home Week and Provincial Livestock Show, Charlottetown. All roads lead to the Driving Park. And there's apple taffy and candy floss to nibble while you enjoy the sights.

Sept. 15 to 16: Goodwill Race Meet, Charlottetown. You can't help but pick a winner, if you choose to enjoy yourself at the Kentucky of Canada this fall.

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right . . . "Check-Mate"—Checkerboard motif on pure wool . . . lovely companion for every move you make. 14 to 20. About $3.98.

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Brief Encounter



Lady at the Piano

By Yetta Kozinets

WHAT happens to a child prodigy? Does a youngster hailed a genius actually fulfill expectations in later life and become famous, or does he or she sink into oblivion when adult?

It would take thousands of words to outline the careers of countless child prodigies in an effort to arrive at a conclusion. Even then no cut-and-dried answer may be possible. But let's look at the progress of one child prodigy. Now adult and thus a suitable "subject," she's Marian Grudeff, 22-year-old Canadian concert pianist.

When Marian, a mite of three and a half, began tinkling at the piano her mother took notice. Mrs. Grudeff had studied music in Austria and Bulgaria, had been a choir leader and organist. She realized her small daughter had an unmistakable talent. Accordingly, until she was eight, Marian studied music with her mother. Then Mrs. Grudeff called in a professional teacher, Mona Bates.

Marian auditioned for Miss Bates, playing a varied program of adult pieces. "After hearing a half dozen bars I realized she had unusual talent," Miss Bates says. It was the way Marian played, the general musical atmosphere she created that enthralled the teacher.

The girl's exceptional talent won notice, and she was feted, adored and applauded as a child prodigy. When 11 she made her debut playing with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. She was in pain, for a toe infection had flared up, and it was necessary to cut through her new red slippers before she appeared on stage. After a brilliant performance her mother accidentally stepped on the toe . . . and Marian wailed. Sir Ernest MacMillan kissed it better . . . and it improved so much that an expected operation was called off!

At 12 Marian was making her formal debut recital—then came concerts in Ontario and the Eastern States.

Popular in Home Town

When the child prodigy grew up she proved she had lost none of her astounding musical talent. She was 18 when she made her New York debut in Town Hall. Aside from a wonderful reception Marian's happiest surprise was a red leather album containing 12 records of the program—applause, encores and coughs—thanks to lawyer-dad John Grudeff's foresight.

Sometimes an artist is ignored in her native city—but not maid Marian! She had decided to accept only limited engagements after returning home, so that she might catch up on her school studies. But Toronto wanted to hear the performance which had earned such praise from the hard-boiled New York



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critics. So, by popular request, the girl with the striking grey-green eyes and gifted hands repeated her New York program before a packed house. "She plays like a woman in her 30's," one critic wrote, while another compared her to Myra Hess. But the comment that pleased Marian most came from a girl friend who, disliking classical music, had never heard her play. "I loved it!" she told Marian backstage.

Marian swims, plays tennis in her back yard, enjoys horseback riding. She hates calisthenics, diets drastically for a week and then regains the lost pounds!

She is so in tune with the piano that she never thought of pursuing any other career. In fact, at nine she could have changed her mind; her parents allowed her to make the decision. She had been promised a bicycle for her birthday. One morning they asked if she would rather have her music lesson at 10 . . . or go choose a bike. With characteristic unhesitation Marian said she'd rather have the lesson; the bike could wait.

Too Much Practice Harmful

How does she practice? She believes morning is the best time to memorize; begins with finger exercises. Marian plays a new piece once, "dashing through it, missing hundreds of notes," to get the general effect. Then she settles down in earnest, learning the composition page by page. She is grateful to her mother for teaching her to concentrate "furiously" for a short period.

"After perfecting, as much as possible, one or two pages I relax by reading," she says. "Since I can't bear to put down a book once I start it, I've learned to stick to magazines."

She began by practicing half an hour a day; as she grew older this period lengthened, until today she practices not more than four hours, and never more than one hour at a time.

"Overpractice is more harmful than none, for it tires the nerves, mind and muscles," she feels. "In fact, it may stifle any spark the pupil has!"

Although she never liked the title, child prodigy, Marian doesn't think it hindered her socially. Laughing, she recalls being greeted at school as "our little visitor," due to her absences when giving concerts. There wasn't much opportunity to date during her limited high-school attendance, and the one thing she misses is the intimacy with classmates. "I would have liked to have known them better," she says now.

But she still has many friends, needs no coaxing to play for them—particularly rumbas.

"I get such a kick out of playing for people," she admits. "Must be a real ham."

When her schedule eases up she hopes to go to college, majoring in psychology. At the moment she's getting plenty of psychological experience dealing with her pupils at the Royal Conservatory. Teaching helps her own playing.

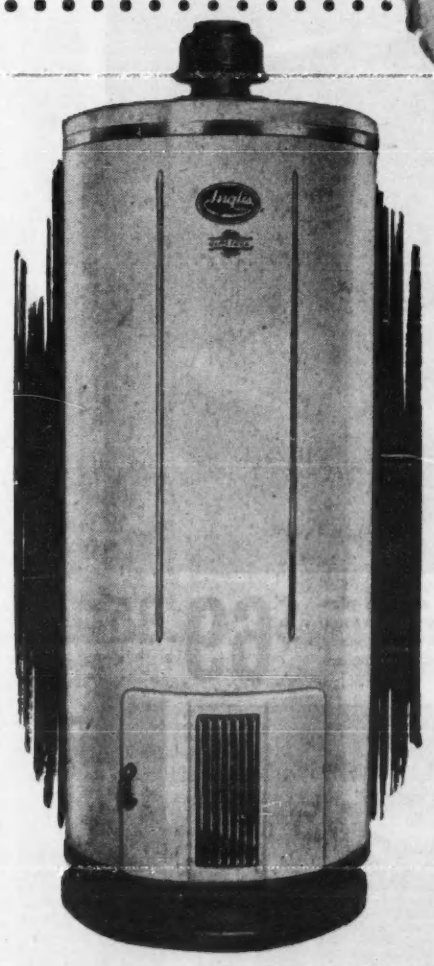
Marian realizes that marriage looms on the horizon, and hopes to combine it with her career. She admits she dislikes housework and can't cook. "But oh, my coffee! Or so friends tell me."

What happens to a child prodigy? That's one for Professor Einstein. At any rate, if the name is Marian Grudeff, the child prodigy makes good! ✤

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To the BRIDES of 1949

Wife-time Experience from Chatelaine's 2,000 Councilors

by Mary Jukes

BRIDES! In the years to come which memory will you cherish most: the memory of a church wedding, a home wedding or a slip-away-quietly affair?

Chatelaine can do some prophesying for you.

Through its council of 2,000 women thoughtful advice is offered in answer to the question:

"If you were doing it again, what kind of wedding would you prefer?"

Nearly half our councilors, irrespective of age and income, would have a church wedding (large or small) with emphasis on church.

No matter how sophisticated, how cynical, or how endowed with life's blessings one may become through the years, almost every woman looks back on her wedding day as the most important day in her life, according to Chatelaine Councilors. They feel that a church wedding, with its quiet beauty of flowers, organ music and stained glass, sanctifies the marriage vows.

It doesn't have to be a big wedding, and if very small the chapel is the logical place. According to almost half our councilors, churches offer something in the way of atmosphere that glistens and glows in a woman's memory.

In spite of rising divorce statistics a Toronto councilor says, "You usually marry only once in a lifetime and a church holds the pleasantest memory."

The emphasis seems to be on "memories" and on being able to reminisce to one's children. According to a Hammond, B.C., councilor, "We 'slipped away' and now have no memories to pass on to our romantic daughters."

Although church weddings have the edge over home weddings, 39 out of every hundred prefer a small home wedding. Chief objection to church weddings was "the nervous and financial strain involved." A Mackenzie, Ont., councilor felt that the choice depended on the financial standing of the bride's parents . . . that an elaborate church wedding was only for those who could afford it.

Many councilors believe that men, generally speaking, prefer small home weddings.

Only 13 out of every 100 plumped for a "slip away without any fuss" kind of marriage. But some of those who had "slipped away" felt it might have been a mistake, a councilor in Red Rock, Ont., recalling, "I was the only one of three daughters to marry quietly and away from home and I'm always referred to as 'the daughter that married away.'"

As a Princeton, Ont., councilor admits, "I slipped away quietly, but do think that a wedding is an occasion for more than just two principal characters and a couple of witnesses."

In discussing weddings before trousseaus we've probably attached the propeller to the wrong end of the ship, but we want to leave the prospective brides with this thought to ponder:

Seventy-one out of every 100 women



Brides Book

would save some of their trousseau money for after-marriage purchases!

This is a rather significant percentage —over two thirds!

Many councilors felt that, on looking back (some of them looking quite a long way, others not so far), their trousseaus had contained "many useless purchases." Many thought there had been too much emphasis on "seductive little numbers," and not enough on "simple smartness."

An overwhelming majority felt it was a happier situation all around to have fewer clothes in the closet and a small "dot" in the bank.

As an Ottawa councilor says, "A large trousseau is, in my opinion (and I've heard others say so too), a waste of money. Styles change so quickly. I believe in a small trousseau and purchasing power in reserve."

A Lorneville, Ont., councilor thinks that "the things one thought one needed before marriage don't always prove to be the most necessary when one faces the real problems . . ." and is backed up by a Vancouver councilor who contends, "A bride dreams of looking alluring *en negligée* and stunning in smart restaurants, but doesn't realize how important it is to look fresh and pretty in the kitchen—which is where she's going to find herself. How many brides think of good-looking housedresses and aprons when buying a trousseau? It can be very depressing peering into a closetful of afternoon frocks rapidly going out of style."

A Prince Albert councilor offers this caution, "For goodness sakes, don't come to your husband broke. A woman needs the independent feeling of having a little money all her own." A Weyburn councilor points out, "A young bride without money is at too much of a disadvantage when it comes to discussing financial matters." And a Saskatoon councilor makes us realize that history does go right on repeating itself when she says, "I was married in 1928 and my trousseau was out of date by 1930. I hadn't worn out a thing. Even my coats were too short."

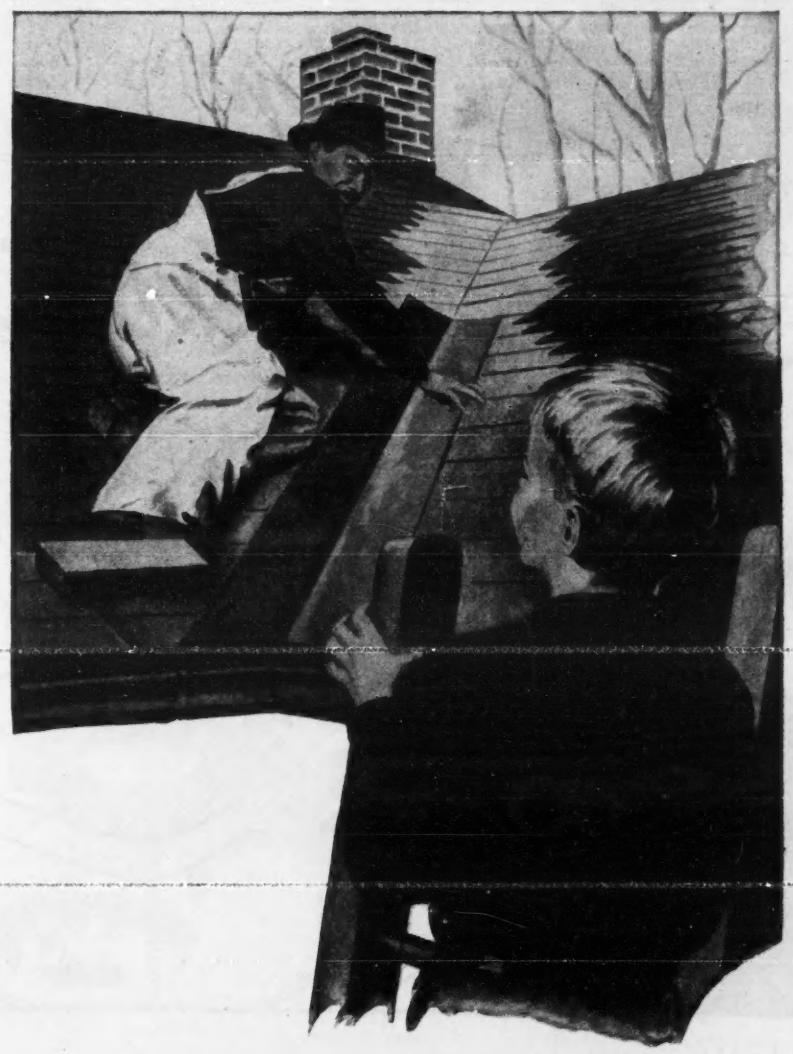
A Canning, N.S., councilor says, "It's a smart bride who doesn't have on her hands for the next few years articles of wearing apparel she wishes she had never seen."

From Arnprior comes this observation, "So many newlyweds, both men and women, put on weight because of an entirely different mode of living. Their clothes are all too small too soon and if your budget has been streamlined, you don't want to alter it for personal things."

Summed up, many agree that "purchases after marriage give one a big lift —if you can pay for them yourself."

Many a woman insists that it's hard to ask a struggling new husband for money, especially if she has on hand things she's never worn.

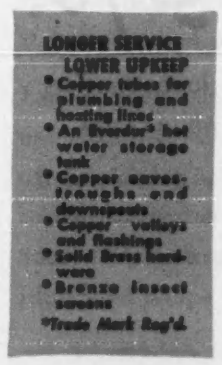
As some wise old bird (probably a husband or father bird) has said, "Women's clothes aren't expensive, really, it's their mistakes." ✤



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BERMUDA . . .

has a lot to teach Canada

says Lotta Dempsey

THE PILOT was one of those pleasantly amiable young men you feel ought to be at school—but who have enough military ribbons and stripes to indicate they've said good-by to all that. He didn't in the least mind an editor leaving the passenger cabin and coming up front. And the navigator handed over the earphones and explained the plane's Loran. The bright green lines of the chart crossed and he said, "Ah! We've just sighted Abel." We looked down from the big TCA North Star, through three miles of clear air to the endless blue sea waters of the Atlantic. Nothing showed.

"Of course, it's an *imaginary* island," he said matter-of-factly. "We'll pass Baker, too—just compass points that give us our bearings on the way to Bermuda."

Abel and Baker seem no more figments of a navigator's imagination than Bermuda itself when it comes into view and the plane circles over aquamarine sea, green and flowering trees and fields, and white-topped pink coral houses, four-and-a-half hours out of Toronto or Montreal.

We went to find leisure, peace, warm sea waters and soft greenness in the little mid-Atlantic island which houses 37,000 souls and caters to 60,000 and more tourists a year. We came away with some very sharp impressions of the clever machinery which makes the magic work. Nature sets the stage for these enchanted Islands of the British Commonwealth. But backstage adroit planning goes on. And there is one of the most successful resistance movements in any tourist-beckoning land.

Bermuda has a lot to teach Canada. Lessons in making visitors happy and comfortable; in using native arts, crafts and talents to give the Islands their special unique flavor; lessons in how to retain complete identity in the face of terrific pressure from outside.

With Newfoundland in the Canadian fold, Bermuda becomes our nearest Commonwealth neighbor. And only this year soundings are being made in the august Legislature at Hamilton to test feeling about the possibility of union with this Dominion.

Love That Tourist!

The cup of coffee at the airport (without charge) from a beaming colored native in gay bandanna and West Indies cottons is a happy beginning. Every one of the 2,000 colored taxi drivers (all with small English-type cars) is a self-appointed guide who knows the native flora and fauna, is amiably disposed to the project of stopping to gather yellow frangipani blossoms or



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At the guest homes to which business girls and teachers, nurses, etc., come in increasing numbers (they're much less expensive than the luxury resorts or hotels) hostesses often invite presentable young men of the Islands in for an evening of singing and talk. Contacts are made, and, with the endorsement of the hostess, dates arranged.

The English-speaking Union makes you welcome in its cool attractive clubhouse; the Historic Society has guides on hand to show you early pirate lore, relics of the buccaneering days and treasures of the early adventurers whose great - great - grandchildren now own these Islands.

For Bermuda belongs to Bermudians. They intend to keep it that way. Many a big-moneyed visitor has scented gold in the quiet beaches, has visioned chains of hot-dog stands, billboards, honkey-tonks, shooting galleries, juke boxes and amusement parks. The answer is a firm but pleasant no. Only natives—black or white—may hold concessions. And these are strictly defined. None of the noisy, blatant onion-odored "entertainments" pollute the fresh sea air, and the clarity of blue skies and always-moving white clouds is untainted by factory smoke. Only transportation—apart from horse-drawn carriages, motorbikes and cycles—is by the 2,500 small cars, with a strictly enforced speed limit of 20 miles an hour throughout the Island!

Native Crafts Give Color

You won't find the Alaska Taproom or the Hollywood Café in Bermuda, either. Native artists and artisans provide crafts and arts, and buildings and public places are decorated in the tradition of the Island.

There are native woods, coral collections, paintings by native artists, in most of the leading hotels. Native foods are used proudly in exotic dishes.

And then there is a lovely touch of humor that delights the visitor. The soft allurement and good-natured fun in the folk songs; the sheer exhilaration that overtakes the entire population at the arrival of a big ship.

We watched the majestic Queen of Bermuda steam into harbor for the first time in 10 years. Every little boat that could sail or paddle went out to meet her, and toot and whistle her in. It was the memorable day of February 14—and the august Corporation of the City of Hamilton added the final touch. As tourists looked down from shipboard on the great wharf warehouse roof they saw that it was emblazoned with an enormous red heart. Its message—in flourishing scarlet letters—"Queen—you are our Valentine." ✤



HUNTING WITH THE HOUNDS . . . The superbly mounted hunters, the musical baying of the hounds as they course eagerly over the countryside . . . these have been traditional of British sporting life for centuries.

Traditionally

BRITISH

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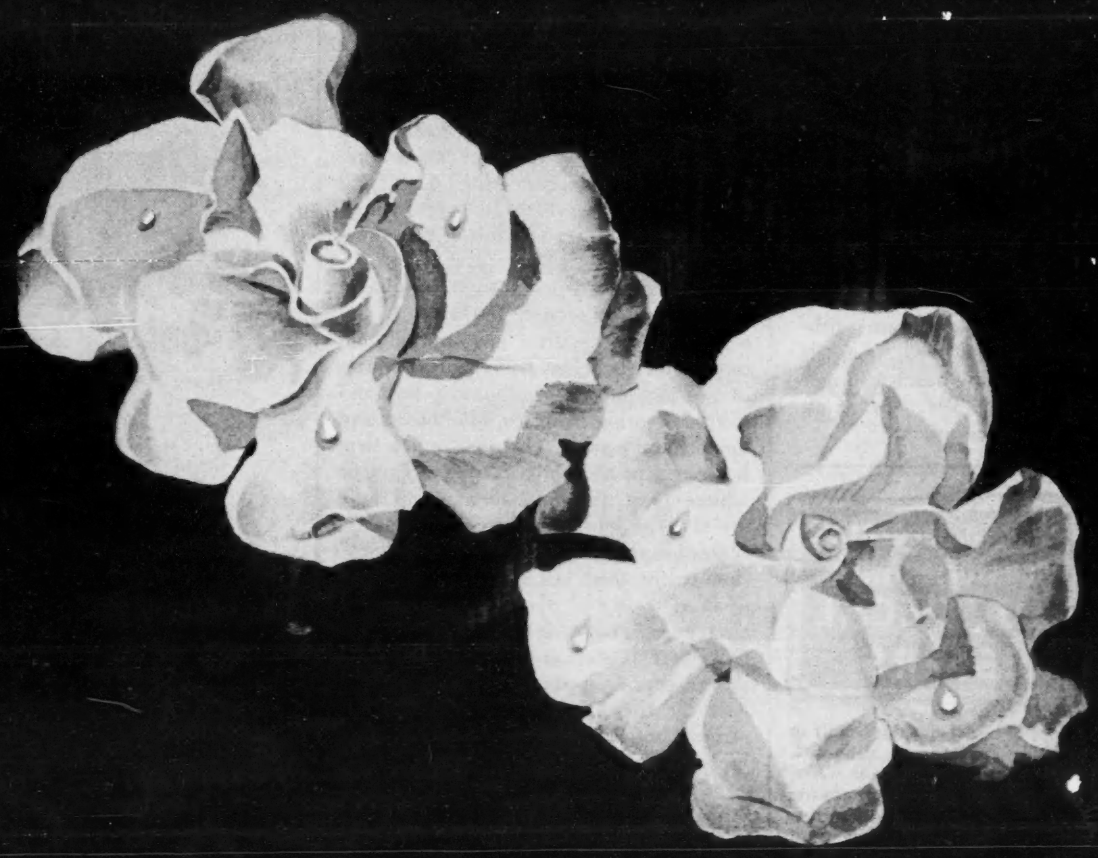
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To Be So Young

by Gertrude Schweitzer

Illustrated by James Walker



Nora realized there was no way she could comfort her. Daphne would never understand how to handle unhappiness, how to laugh when she wanted to cry.

NORA SAT down restlessly on the arm of a chair and waited for Daphne to call her. Some of the amusement she'd felt at the idea of chaperoning Daphne's party was fading already, before the evening had started. She had been very gay, sending Fran and Ted off to the club without her, telling them that what would be only a familiar chore to them would be a lark for her, but now that they had gone she wondered whether it would not be just a bore, like almost everything else.

Well, she thought, no worse than the club, anyway—the country club with all its no-longer-young members trying to have fun, trying so desperately to forget the years; the men with their thinning hair and thickening waistlines, the women who struggled to keep their figures and the women who no longer struggled.

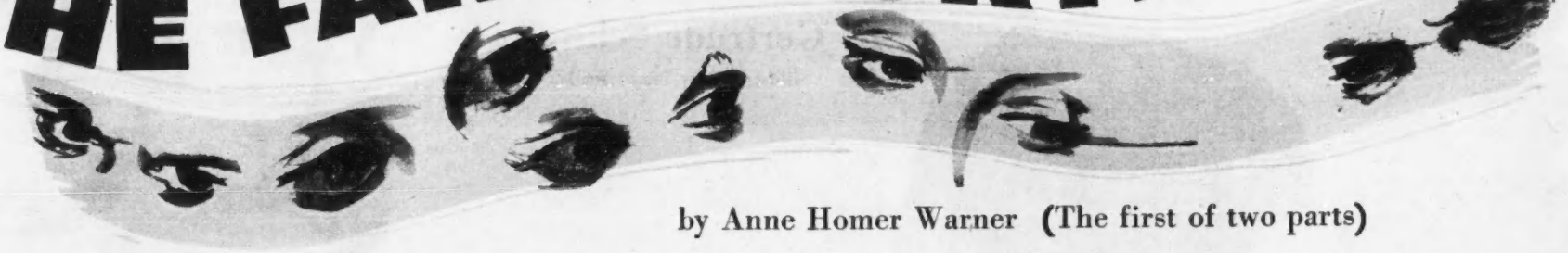
And I am one of them, she thought, one of the struggling ones . . .

She could see herself in the mirror across the room, long-legged, slim in her beautifully fitting black dress, her hair dark and shining as any girl's. From here the little lines around her eyes, the few grey strands that threaded the dark hair, were invisible—but she knew they were there.

The maiden aunt, she thought, chaperoning the young people's party.

Out in the hall a clock boomed, making ✦ *Continued on page 54*

THE FARNSWORTH CASE



by Anne Homer Warner (The first of two parts)

THE BARTON CHRONICLE carried in its daily social column the following item: Miss Kathleen Burke, who is to be married in August to Mr. Richard Loring, has gone to Montreal for a short stay. When she returns, Miss Blake will be accompanied by a school friend, Mrs. Terence Farnsworth, who will be matron of honor at her wedding.

The paragraph was brief, but to the faithful readers of the society column its allotted place in the sequence of events was perfectly clear. Kathie Blake was shopping for her trousseau. She would also buy chintzes, linens and household furnishings for the neat little cottage on Elm Street. Upon her return she would be guest of honor at a number of showers and parties. And after her marriage she would automatically become a prominent member of the Young Married Crowd.

All this was taken for granted, but nevertheless Miss Chilton (Kathie's Aunt Martha) read the paragraph with a peculiar and very deep satisfaction. She scanned it three times, savoring it with her morning coffee, and not begrudging a single penny that the trip or the trousseau would cost her. For she knew that at the end of the two weeks Kathie would return discreetly radiant—enhanced by that extra something that inevitably surrounded the Barton brides who went East to shop. Kathleen's long brown hair would be styled by one of the best hairdressers in the city. Her going-away suit would be trim and different—though not in the least startling. The chintzes and household furnishings, too, would have that intangible flair that only distance can provide.

So Aunt Martha was pleased, grateful, and just a trifle puzzled. Even now she wasn't able to fathom just how, or when, the child Kathleen had begun to click. At 12 she had been impossible—given to temper tantrums and tears and weeks of sullenness. And that was to be expected considering her background and upbringing. What *wasn't* expected was the sudden and complete metamorphosis, resulting in a Kathleen Blake who inexplicably became gracious and charming—a success in boarding school, a leader among her friends, and finally a real asset to the aunt who had been so reluctant to take her in.

Aunt Martha rang for more coffee, wishing vaguely that she had been able to go with Kathleen. But you couldn't be two places at once in this world. And with the wedding preparations already under way, she had too much to attend to right here. Finally she tucked her thick grey hair more firmly under its net, and went to phone Sheila about a doubtful name on one of the wedding lists.

Sheila Loring, Kathie's future mother-in-law, answered the phone herself. She said at once, with a gracious, intimate little laugh, "How nice of you to call, Martha. Dick put Kathleen on the train last night. But of course you know that. The poor boy is wandering around like a lost soul already. Fortunately they are very busy at the plant right now."

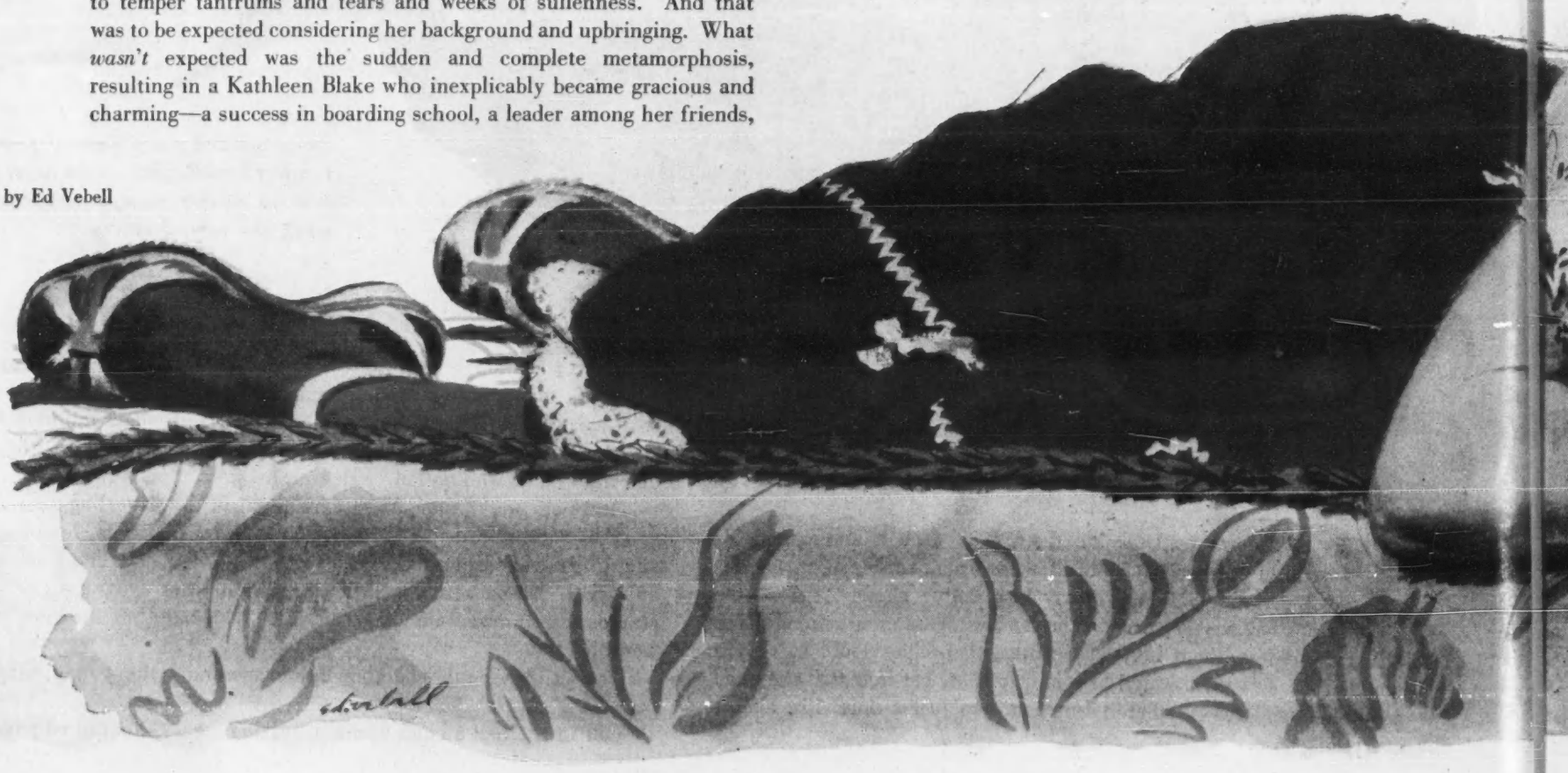
"Yes, I know," said Aunt Martha—who knew a great deal about the Loring and Winthrop Tool and Die Factory.

The two women discussed the wedding preparations with perfect equanimity. When they had rung off Aunt Martha went back to the Chronicle, but Sheila Loring sat for a few minutes by the telephone, thoughtfully contemplating her son's approaching marriage.

On the whole she was well pleased. Kathleen's background was unfortunate, of course. A father who had been both a bankrupt and faithless, and a mother who had died of a broken heart in some foreign land. But Kathleen's close association with her aunt cast a different light on all that. For Martha Chilton had for years been one of the backbones of Barton—a founder member of the country club, past president of the Women's Club, and a trustee of the library, the Art League, and almost everything else that counted.

What's more, Kathleen, Sheila Loring realized, had every personal

Illustrated by Ed Vebell



They stared at her wherever she went . . . curious hostile eyes, while evil gossip spread like an infection. She was engaged to the town's most eligible bachelor, and now involved in murder and the bitter hatred of a jealous wife

attribute one could wish for in a daughter-in-law. She was lovely to look at, without being too beautiful. She was poised and charming, and thoughtful of older people. Inevitably she had been a leader in her crowd, and had thrown herself ardently into all sorts of community work. Kathleen measured up so well, in fact, that they ought to be thankful Dick had had sense enough to pick her for a wife!

And, realizing that, Sheila sighed contentedly, retrieved the Barton Chronicle from the table where Richard had thrown it, and settled herself comfortably in the cool prettily furnished living room. She paused at the item about Kathleen's trip just long enough to wonder about this Mrs. Terence Farnsworth who was to be matron of honor. Apparently she was some boarding school friend Kathleen had known, but it might have been wise to enquire further!

THERE WERE many others in Barton who read the Chronicle that day, though some, of course, didn't happen on the society column. Old Mr. Sears, sitting heavy with fatigue behind his big rolltop desk in the Barton drugstore, was one of these. Mr. Sears had been awake most of the night, taking care of his wife Mattie, who had been an invalid for 20 years. So now he simply scanned the headlines then threw the paper on the floor and went back into the laboratory to continue with an inventory of the stock.

Dolores Bishop didn't reach the inside pages of the Chronicle either, that day. Ronnie, her husband, had been on the wagon for a month by this time. As a result his nerves were on edge; he crabbed at her, and she knew he was suffering so she tried not to mind. The whole thing made a vicious circle, because when their father was cranky the three little children became querulous too. The thing to cling to was that Ronnie hadn't had a drink for a month, and maybe he'd never have to go back to the sanatorium. This morning he complained that his coffee was cold. He shoved the cup aside and stuffed the Chronicle in his pocket. He said, "I'll get my breakfast down at the drugstore. Even old man Sears makes better coffee than this."

Dolores didn't protest, and after he had left she tried to pump cereal into the children by telling them stories.

But Mrs. Haverford, up on the hill, lingered over the item about Kathie Blake's trip with a curious wistfulness. Mrs. Sheldon Haverford was the wealthiest woman in Barton—and socially prominent as well. But now she sat behind the ✦ *Continued on page 63*



She had a curious premonition . . . Dick would make it all right. He would take her in his arms, and it would be almost as though he said: "Those pictures of Kathleen Blake they've been publishing all over the country, weren't really you at all."

five and five make ten

by Louis Brennan

LYING across the bed, her chin on pillars of arms that had already gone dead with strain, Jennie scrutinized his face. It was his eyes she couldn't avoid. A crisp brown they were, the color of ginger-snaps; with a poised keen look, somehow like a flash of light on the bright edge of a sickle just before it descends to cut a swath; yet behind the eyes a shadow, an opacity thick with all the places he'd seen and the people (by people she meant women) he'd known before she met him, and had known since then. His chin was wide, and so seemed kind. But his mouth was straight, balanced, neutral, and she would have hung by her teeth from the chandelier for an hour, if only now it could be made to speak, or smile at her. A handsome face, given an extra dimension of handsomeness by the rakish set of a naval officer's cap. Jennie kicked off her mules, that had only been dangling from her toes. And she began to giggle.

"Bill, Bill! Why is it a Navy man will never have his picture taken without his hat on?" she asked the photograph.

"I heard that," Isabel said. She had come in from her shower under cover of Jennie's giggle, a lively sound like several crickets arguing politics. "A naval officer is supposed to keep his hat on at all times, even while riding elevators."

"One of the few places it isn't very hard to keep on, I guess," Jennie said. "Must be a regulation thought up by an admiral as bald as a billiard ball."

"Which reminds me," Isabel said, moving Bill's picture from the dressing table to her night stand, "From now on I charge admission. Rates by the hour and coins of suitable dimension may be obtained from the cashier."

"How much to miscellaneous relatives and younger sisters?"

"Double to you," Isabel said. "One charge for looking at my Bill and one charge for thinking while you look."

"It's egregious, ex parte facto, and against the common law. I saw him first," Jennie, who wrote advertising copy, protested.

"Columbus discovered America, but I never heard that he subsequently owned it," Isabel pointed out.

IT WAS TRUE. She had seen him first. Next door at the Pryors, when Herb Pryor came home from the Mediterranean back in '45. Herb had brought Bill home with him, and while Herb kissed Mrs. Pryor, who was his mother, and the other Mrs. Pryor who was not his mother, and a very young Miss Pryor, Bill had been left to his own, if you like the word, devices.

"When in Rome," he had said, "grab the nearest pretty girl." It was a nice gesture, charmingly executed. But unexpectedly malarial. That is, like malaria, the symptoms of it, chills, fever, a general debility recurred afterward in Jennie's life at regular intervals. But the original contact, alas, no, it never recurred. The reason for this strange non-coincidence was no scientific mystery. Jennie had been just past 16 at the time.

Twenty-five-year-old Navy veterans, up to their left clavicles in ribbons and decorations, were likely to regard 16-year-olds as scarcely more than little green apples on the tree of life, when what they were hungering for was luscious maturity. And that was Isabel at 21—luscious maturity. There was a horrid inevitability about it: Isabel, the model (and worthy of her profession), and Bill, the hero (that's what they called them in all seriousness) ✦ *Continued on page 42*

Is it possible for a girl to grow too lovely

to be loved? Isabel was the type

who absorbed beauty from every source

. . . giving back only a glittering mirage

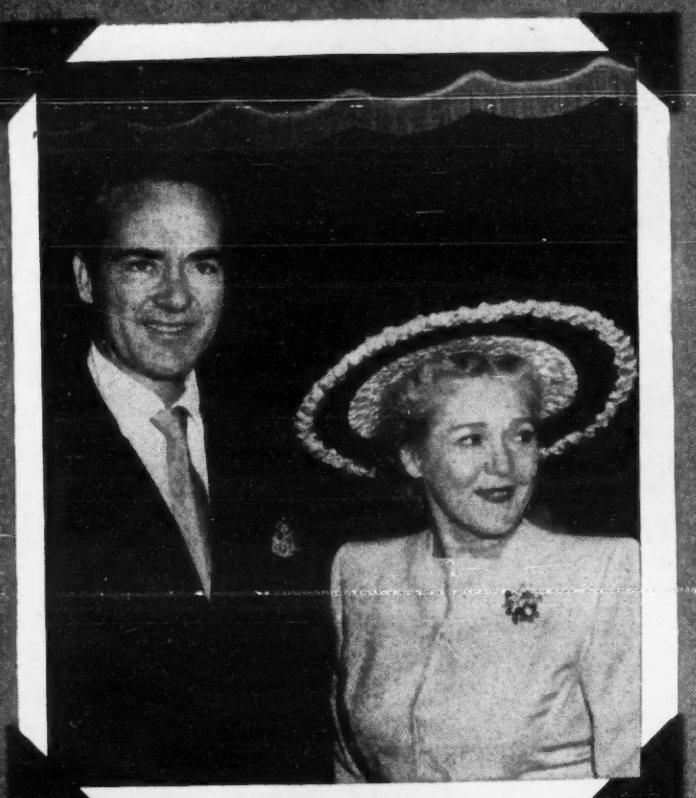


Illustrated by

John McClelland









They're More Fun

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ, celebrated concert conductor, once said to me, "When I sit in the lobby of the Royal York Hotel it reminds me of the Ritz of Paris, or Shepherds of Cairo. Here I get a glimpse of every famous person in the world."

Yes, they come and go, from kings to clowns. It was then I realized that I have lived in an era that has produced a whole industry of heroes and heroines and here under my roof the idols are nothing more than fiction characters come to life. My contact with the great or near great has been more or less "off the record"—Dorothy Thompson munching chocolate bars as she types her column; Bob Hope revealing his psychology of life; Anna Kaskas, the Metropolitan Opera star, racing down the hall to my room for quick repairs to the gown she would wear at her concert; Antoine, world-famous beautician, startling the ladies of the press by kicking up his patent-leather pumps to show his glass heels; Raymond Massey eating haggis for the first time in his life at the St. Andrew's Ball.

★ ★ ★

As social hostess of the largest hotel in the British Commonwealth the writer probably meets more famous people in a week than most Canadians in a lifetime. Taken from her scrapbook are the following (left to right): Barbara Ann Scott; Katharine Cornell; Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Rogers; Dorothy Thompson and son Michael; Gloria Swanson; Bob Hope; Raymond Massey





with their halos off!





by Cay Moore

Catering to a celebrity, or even deferring to him, is like approaching a horse on the wrong side—in both cases you get your toes stepped on. When the top ladies of the arts and theatre, like Dame Myra Hess, Bidu Sayao, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Katharine Cornell and Madeleine Carroll arrive, they register with no fuss or feathers. Often I have overheard such modest requests as—"May I please have a corner suite like the one I had last year," or "May I have a room on the north side of the hotel."

When I met Dorothy Thompson I liked her immediately. She looks squarely at you, smiles openly, and has a firm handshake. The first thing I noticed were her eyes. Wide-open grey-blue eyes, flashing with quick discernment. No photograph gives a true picture of the aliveness of her face. Some people owe their energy to vitamins, but Dorothy Thompson believes she gets her surplus vitality from a chocolate bar.

"A bar of chocolate, or a sweet or two, and out pops an article," she says.

Miss Thompson's stays at the hotel are busy ones. The telephone in her suite rings constantly. Bellboys pop in and out with telegrams, invitations and flowers. The evenings are the best part of her day. Her work is behind her and she is full of impressions and her own reactions. She is the born reporter. She sucks in impressions from everybody and every contact, and then pours them out into an article. When she is not working she smokes constantly.

One evening in her suite an acquaintance from New York asked her about her son, Michael Lewis. Immediately her eyes became softer, and the firm lines in her face relaxed. She told us a ✦ *Continued on page 80*

Home Town Girl Makes Good

by Mae Cooper

CLAUDIA WELLS looked at the people rushing by her—rushing on their way to the streetcars and buses and all their various jobs—rushing along without a sign of recognition.

Of course the men automatically stared—no matter how late a man is, he can always gobble up the image of someone like Claudia in two seconds, the way he gobbles down his morning coffee. One split second to be surprised by the black black hair; then a swift glance at the ankles. That leaves a full second plus for enjoying the area between head and foot.

But I'm Claudia Wells—she wanted to shout. Don't you know me? I'm not just *any* pretty girl—I'm Claudia Wells, author of that wonderful new best seller that everybody's talking about—

She stopped in front of McGrath's bookshop. "The Heart of the Matter," "Their Finest Hour"—a big picture of Mary Roberts Rinehart. And where was "Tears for Marina" by Claudia Wells?

She stepped inside. Books and books—hundreds of them. But no green cover with the weeping willow and the lonely girl with her hair blowing in the wind. No "Tears for Marina" by Claudia Wells.

The man enquired pleasantly, "Can I help you?"

"Yes. Do you have 'Tears for Marina'? "

"Tears for My what? Who wrote it?"

"For Marina. 'Marina'—it's a girl's name." She felt shaky and embarrassed, as if she were doing something illegal. "It's by Claudia Wells."

The man pushed out his lips and frowned. Then he shook his head slowly. "Don't believe I've heard of it. Who published it?"

"The Begley Press," she murmured. Her voice sounded distant and small.

The man looked surprised. "Begley?" At least he was impressed by Begley, and that was comforting. "Maybe it hasn't come out yet," he went on. "Just a moment, I'll look it up."

"Thank you," she blurted out, "but I'm in a hurry." At the door she turned back. "It's out. It's been out three weeks. 'Tears for Marina' by Claudia Wells."

Outside, the people rushed by her without a sign of recognition.

If you cry, you're silly, she told herself. Stop going into bookstores if you don't want your feelings hurt.

Three weeks—and where were the trumpets and the confetti? She remembered how she had dreamed and wished it was going to be. Reviews in the Sunday book sections—column-long reviews, with her picture—and interviews, and money rolling in.

The crooked streets of the lower town would never make sense to her. She looked again at the address in her purse. Markey Lane. Well, she was *on* Markey Lane. That must be the house, across the street.

She found the name on the bell. Ralph Dragerfield. The buzzer rang and she walked up one flight.

"Mr. Dragerfield?" she asked. He motioned for her to enter.

Somehow the room didn't look disordered although nothing in it seemed orderly. There were scribbled-on papers on the coffee table and on the desk and on the studio couch, and cigarette butts piled high in several large ash trays.

Claudia sat and watched him while he opened the blinds to let in the spring morning. Ralph Dragerfield, she thought. Well, I'm not impressed. Maybe three years ago—when I read "The Manderlys" or in high school when everyone was talking about "The Last Days"—but now, Mr. Dragerfield, you're simply a fellow author—a little bit ahead of me it's true, but give me time.

He was lighting a cigarette. "You're the young lady who called up last night?" he asked.

Secretly she had hoped her incognito would fail. How she would have loved Mr. Dragerfield and everything he ever wrote or was going to write, if he had said: Wait a minute! You're Claudia Wells. I recognize you from this unflattering picture on your book jacket. I've read your book and I think it's wonderful. I think—

"Yes. I'm Jean Shenley," she replied. "You said 8.30 or 9.00, so I chose 9.00."

He smiled perfunctorily. "I need a secretary for seven days. My new novel is coming out next Tuesday. I'm leaving for Bermuda the day before, and I have a lot of loose ends to clean up before I go. What kind of experience have you had?"

She was ready for that. "I worked for Claudia Wells."

"I see," he said, nodding.

Oh, he was nice! He knew Claudia Wells! He knew about "Tears for Marina."

THEN, CURIOUSLY, he asked, "What kind of work was it?"

"Claudia Wells," she repeated. "She wrote 'Tears for Marina.' " She looked at him expectantly—hopefully. There was no recognition in his face.

She raised her eyebrows and smiled in a superior way. "Really, Mr Dragerfield! The book has been out for three weeks. Begley published it."

He looked uncomfortable. "Oh, yes—Wells. Didn't she write that other thing a couple of years ago—the one about the—uh—"

"No, Mr. Dragerfield, this is her first novel," she said coldly. "And it's a very good one, too." Why couldn't she be calm? It would seem peculiar to him that she should be so concerned about Claudia Wells.

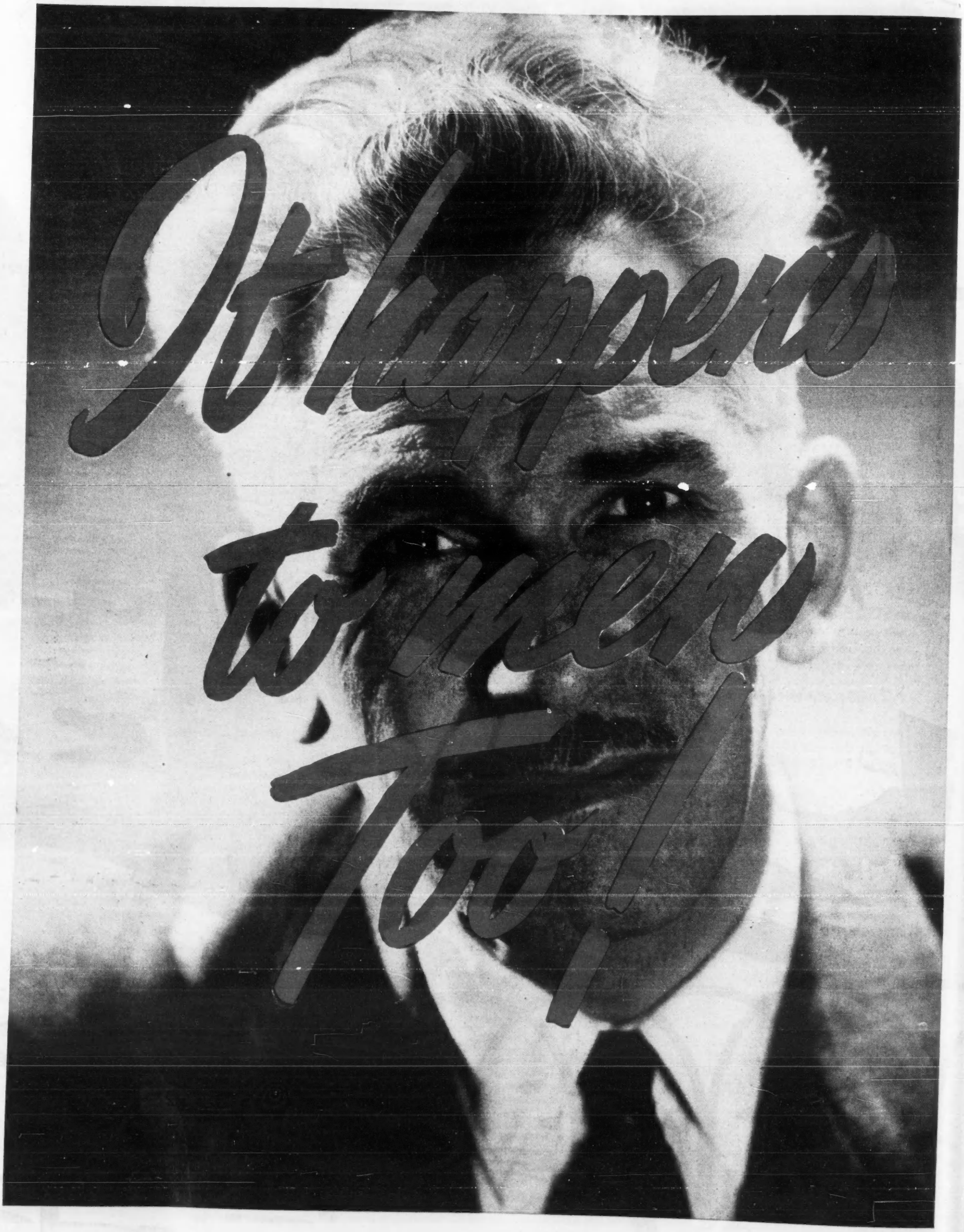
Suddenly he smiled and stood up. "Miss Shenley, I like your attitude. Loyal and loving. And me with a book coming out next week—you're just what a man needs." He put out his cigarette and added, "Pretty, too."

Continued on page 34

She was on her knees behind the third tree, the clipping finally in her hand, when the voice boomed, "Children mustn't play on the grass!"

Illustrated by Vincent Guise


Vincent Smith


It happened
to me!

Is your husband irritable, depressed, unpredictable . . . after many years of happy marriage? If so, he may be going through "change of life." Many doctors now believe men suffer the same emotional disturbances women do when they reach that dividing line between youth and age

by Peter Davidson

THE KITCHEN window is open and a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman is cutting out cookies on a table beside it, listening to the voice of her middle-aged husband in the back yard.

"Hey, Martha! What's happened to my pruning shears? Where on earth have you put 'em this time? I've told you over and over again—*don't tidy my things!* I'll look after them myself, see? Seems to me you'd have enough to do running the house without fussing around *my* stuff. And where's the sprinkler? I can't find that either. How do you expect me to keep track . . . hose . . . trowel . . . yatata yatata . . . bah!"

And the middle-aged man, whose face even Pollyanna couldn't call pleasant at the moment, heads for the kitchen door like a bear with a sore paw.

If you saw a scene like that your first reaction might well be to write the husband off as a cantankerous and unreasonable grouch. If you ever have to listen to similar outbursts from your own man that's probably exactly how you *do* react. Don't be too quick to blame him. Maybe he isn't behaving that way out of cussedness at all. Maybe he's having the change of life. It happens to men, too.

Some doctors say it's as normal and inevitable in men as in women Others insist it's never normal, very rare, and always a sign that something has gone wrong. After discussing it with a number of top authorities in Canada and the United States and hearing both sides, I found that even so there was a lot they agreed on. And since one of the things they all felt was that every woman should know at least a little about the male change of life, and it being a fact that most women aren't even aware it exists, I'm going to give you in my own words the gist of what I learned.

To begin with—what *is* the male change of life? Exactly what the name implies—the change from youth to age. At some time in the middle years the sexual system, which has been vigorous and active since puberty, becomes less important to nature's purpose with man as a male animal. So the glands begin to secrete less and less of the hormone substance that gives sexual energy. When the rate of secretion diminishes slowly, as it generally does, the change comes gradually and isn't noticeable. When it happens suddenly, as sometimes it does, the abrupt drop in the hormone level may lead to various physical and mental disturbances.

Easy to Recognize—Easy to Help

It isn't very long since the possibility of men having the change of life was a new idea to the medical profession itself. It has only been studied really seriously within the last 15 or 20 years, and there still isn't a great deal of work being done on it or much written about it for the medical journals. So even doctors, unless they're particularly interested and take the trouble to read it up in their own files or visit a medical library, are apt to be rather poorly informed. And the lay public, meaning the likes of you and me, seldom sees anything whatever about it in print and then as a rule only one side of it—open or shut, yes or no, arranged as sensationally as possible.

The first thing to be said about the male change of life is that it isn't any more of a bogey than the menopause need be for women. Most men come through it with little or no real trouble, just as most women can expect to do; and when a man makes a fuss over it (usually he doesn't know what's going on until it's explained to him, though), the best treatment is often for him to take himself by the scruff of the neck and snap himself out of it.

On the other hand the change of life occasionally gives a man a pretty bad time, the way it can a woman if she isn't as lucky as most. Fortunately it's easily recognized when you know what to look for, and easily helped too. To show you what the rare instances of this are like, here is a shortened and simplified version of an actual case history from the published notes of a famous specialist.

The patient, a man of 53, was a doctor himself. For two years before he consulted the specialist he had been very nervous, irritable and excitable. It took him an immense effort to do anything, and he was always tired. Nearly every day he had hot flashes, followed by profuse sweating which was most marked on his face, neck and the upper part of his chest. He had become greatly depressed, had lost interest in all the things he used to enjoy, and felt constantly anxious and afraid for no real reason. He slept badly, got up half a dozen times a night to prowl around the bedroom, and was beginning to wonder whether he wasn't perhaps losing his mind.

He was, in short, having the kind of change of life women sometimes have. He needed help in the same way a woman can need it, and he got it as readily as a woman could have done.

The specialist examined him, made sure he was physically sound, and then began a course of injections with testosterone propionate, popularly known as male hormone. A little over a month later the patient reported that most of his symptoms had disappeared. The injections were kept up for another two months and then dropped because there was no longer the slightest need for them. The doctor was his old self again; busy, useful and happy.

According to the authorities who say the change of life is normal in all men, he had merely had an extraordinarily tough time of it. According to those who say it isn't normal in all men, something had gone wrong which caused his sexual system to function at far too low a level. As far as he was concerned both explanations would amount to the same thing. The hormone supply of his body was thrown severely out of balance, which brought on mental as well as physical disturbances. And what the injections of testosterone did was to restore that balance, and with it his mental and physical health.

What the testosterone did *not* restore was the full vigor of his youth—a thing which, contrary to popular belief, it very rarely does. That's another aspect of the male change of life a woman should know about. When a man gets to be middle-aged, he isn't young any more, and he naturally doesn't behave as if he were. Sometimes wives don't realize this, and either think their husbands aren't interested in them any more or else, even harder to take, that they're interested in some other woman. It's the kind of misunderstanding that can lead to a lot of bickering and argument, and since it usually comes from ✦ *Continued on page* **53**

Clothes to Take You

Chatelaine chooses a special holiday wardrobe.

Clothes for fun and functionality.



Luggage courtesy McBrine

Hats by Karen Ross

THESE next few weeks are the most cherished of the year . . . filled with travel and vacation fun. Whether you're headed East or West, to sleepy resort or bustling city, you'll want clothes that really take you places in style . . . with nary a wrinkle and no fuss or bother.

TRAVEL in a light rayon worsted type suit or the lightest possible summer-weight wool. We photographed a feather-light suit of toast-colored gabardine. With it our model wears a fine natural straw, trimmed with paddy green grosgrain ribbon and fish net veil.

GOLF in a specially designed dress with an action back for freedom when you swing. Our choice is a cool-looking, rosy beige in a linenlike material. It's a style that looks good on or off the golf course. And for resort or canoe trip, denim looks right. But this year you've got a surprise coming your way. Denim is no longer traditional blue only but bright fire red! Looks like the original frontier pants. The three-piece shorts, bras and jacket become a collector's item. Complete when worn together but just as smart and useful when separated.

Places

by Mildred Spicer, Fashion Editor

The kind to dress up or dress down . . . for all occasions at a minimum cost for a maximum effect.



Summer wardrobe courtesy D'Allaird Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

FOR Saturday night's square dance—why not Alleman-left and Doesy-Doe in a color-splashed cotton skirt that swirls as you twirl. Try it with a scanty blouse for basking in the sun. The sun-back dress has become the most-talked-about fashion of the season. Designers have outdone themselves . . . uncovering shoulders, baring backs, using fabrics with skilful abandon. Ours is a chocolate brown print on a white, non-crushable fabric. It becomes a prim 'n' proper outfit when covered up by its own brief jacket.

AND the sweetest of all are the dress-up frocks of light, airy fabrics artfully cut with necklines curving low at the front, climbing high into folds of collar at the back. They're an in-between length, longer than street wear, shorter than evening clothes. You'll wear them for dinner, for dancing, for theatre and for partying in the evening. We show you what we mean in an aqua frock with party manners, as inviting as a Canadian lake. The skirt is set with wide bands of cotton lace. Try it for afternoon with a big hat. Try it for evening with jewelry and flowers.

NO NEED to change every hour on the hour to make an impression Have a collection of summer jewelry, flowers for your hair, wispy flashing scarves. The way you look can make every day a memory-making occasion. There are new friends to be made . . . long, lazy days to be filled with sun and fun . . . dreamy evenings full of moonlight moods . . . and every different outfit takes on a meaning all its own.



Love Must Be Blind

by Mary Van Fossen Schwab

Illustrated by Jack Keay



He stood there looking down at her. It was only a moment, but Stacy imagined something tense — or was it menacing — between them.

To be a nurse was to learn to face facts, no matter how unpleasant. But one fact Stacy missed. She didn't know you can be unfaithful to a man by tearing up roots through blind hurt pride; by leaving no margin for error

WHEN Stacy went on duty at three o'clock that afternoon she didn't know anything about the case. And she didn't know that at three-twenty she would meet Bruce Lockhart.

Vera Pratt, the nurse she was relieving, turned over the patient's chart to her. But there wasn't, of course, a chart on Bruce Lockhart. She had to find out about Bruce for herself: the hard way.

Standing in the nurses' office with Vera she read the chart—Claire Rogers, 24, employed by the Acme Steel Company, admitted to Haines Memorial Hospital at 5 a.m., overdose of sleeping pills.

"Attempted suicide?" Stacy asked. She tried for the professional note, but missed it by several octaves and just sounded like herself, earnest and tender and very young.

"No," Vera said firmly. "Suicide's out. From bits she's let drop during the day I think she was aiming to throw a scare into someone."

"Some man?" Stacy asked.

Vera jerked her white-capped red head impatiently. "Sure, some man. It's always a man with a girl like this Rogers." With a quick glance around to make sure no one overheard, she added hurriedly. "The way I figure it, the boy friend's got plenty of cash, but he wants to keep out of the picture. You see, the girl works but she's brought here and Dr. Stauffer himself engages the best room for her, and orders up specials. Nobody comes to enquire for her. But she gets bales of red roses and no card with them. Get the angle?"

Stacy grinned. "You and your angles!" She put the chart back on the desk and turned, with a starchy rustle, to leave. Over her shoulder she teased, "You read too much murky fiction, Vera."

"Life," Vera returned darkly, "is murkier than fiction. When you've been on this case for a while you'll know what I mean."

Stacy wasn't on the case five minutes when she began to get an idea of what Vera meant. The patient was dozing when she went into the room, but the instant Stacy put slim practiced fingers on her wrist, she opened her eyes. She was one of those lush blondes, pink and gold, and under the rigidly smoothed bedcovers Stacy could see that her curves were notable.

"Hello," Stacy said. "How do you feel?"

"Like heck," Claire said, her voice deep and throaty. "How would you feel if you'd been doped and undoped and jabbed with needles?"

Stacy's cornflower blue eyes glinted. "Like heck," she agreed quietly.

Claire asked, "Have I had any visitors?"

"You can't have visitors today," Stacy said and went over to the dresser to get the thermometer.

"Anyone been here to ask for me?" Claire persisted.

Reaching behind the mass of roses for the thermometer Stacy was pleasantly evasive. "Someone's thinking of you, all right. You've got a young thicket of flowers here." Coming back to the bed, she saw that Claire's ornamental mouth had hardened into ugliness. "Yeah," Claire sneered. " 'Say it with flowers' . . . It's a wonder they aren't daisies. You know—'daisies won't tell' . . . Well, roses won't either," she gave a bitter laugh, "not if you're careful to keep 'em anonymous."

The door opened and a floor nurse told Stacy she was wanted at the information desk. It was just 19 minutes past three o'clock when she went down the corridor and saw him—the beautiful young man. He was beautiful in a hard-bitten buccaneering way, tall with pitchy-black hair and coolly amused grey-green eyes, and assurance highlighted him like a neon sign. She thought resentfully, All he needs is a knife in his mouth and he'd look like a movie pirate.

They stood for an instant facing each other, the tall man and the small girl. Then he said in a used-to-giving-orders voice, "I came about Miss Rogers. A nurse said she'd get someone who could tell me about her."

"I am Miss Wade—Miss Rogers' special," Stacy told him coldly. "Miss Rogers is doing quite well. But ✦ *Continued on page 60*

Fashion Shorts...

Up-to-the-minute ideas for cooler living, smarter traveling this summer . . . and a preview into autumn style trends



Molded fashion in a bathing suit that is strapless and shirred to flatter as it fits. The ruffled edge follows around to the back. (Rose Marie Reid.)

LONG AND COOL for equatorial evenings. A summer evening gown of frosted organdie full of swirling skirt will make you positively drift across the floor. Wear it for the grad ball with a white taffeta petticoat. Wear it for a summer formal over a colored one. (With a large picture hat it's perfect for a garden wedding . . . bride or bridesmaid.) We saw one with an apron of the same material, ruffled around the edges with white cotton lace. The sleeves were narrow little strips and the collar stood up proudly.

A WINNING TEAM. For active sportswear it's hard to beat the T-shirt and brief fitted shorts. The shirts come in all colors and designs . . . some with buttoned necklines, others with turtle necks and still others with plain scarf-flattering necklines. The longer shorts (Bermuda style) are ideal for cycling. They end about three inches above the knee and are bonny bright in tartan plaids.

BARE SHOULDERS SHOW OFF. This summer you'll seek out the sun with shoulders, neck and arms bared. And you'll want to show off your tan. A real eye catcher is a long rope of pearls doubled around your neck, looped and caught by a single artificial rose. Another bright idea is to mass strands of colored beads together, gypsy fashion.

A SLIP OF A DRESS. In our March fashion shorts we gave you a hint about a fashion future, the slip dress. Now it can be told! In New York it's the thing. Come summer it's a natural as a hot weather tonic—straight in line and design, bare of sleeves and a perfect background for jewelry. If you're working in the city you might make one or have one made, in black or navy linen. Then wear it with a bright silk cummerbund, a gay scarf around your neck or with a cape of spanking-white tiers of piqué.

HANDSOME HAND-WOVENS. You'll bring a bright look to the table in a hand-woven skirt and stole to match place mats and napkins. They have that dinner-in-the-garden look and you'll be pretty as a picture as you whisk taste tempting dishes out to your guests.

AND THEN THE RAINS CAME. Although your plans for a happy holiday may not include the occasional shower, better be prepared. Pack a plastic raincoat with matching spats and hood. They'll fold up and tuck into the smallest space imaginable, ready for action at a minute's notice.

HOW ABOUT A BEACH COAT? It's a show-off as well as a cover-up. Two large-size towels will make one, poncho style, with the ends sewn together to form shoulder seams, leaving just enough room for your head to slip through. Gather it in at the waist with a white cord. Another bright-on-the-beach look is the terry cloth stole in white or gay-colored stripes. All you need is 1½ yards of material, stitch it up end to end and finish the seams with a narrow hem. Easy and fun!

TRAVELER'S CHECKS. A checked summerweight suit is perfect for traveling. We saw a pretty one in navy and white checks . . . specially attractive with red flowers at the lapel and navy accessories. Another travel-right color combination is a luggage-tan suit topped by a yellow shortie coat.

(And speaking of traveler's *cheques*. Remember this. They are the best way to carry your travel funds. It's a convenient and safe service provided by your bank.)

OOH, LA LA as they say in France! And you too will ooh and aah when you see what's in store for you. Strapless bathing suits to make you look like a shimmering fish as you cut through the water. Molded woolen ones that cut quite a figure! (The woolen suit is back again and in the most intriguing weaves and colors.) There are two-piece dreams, with ruffles fore and aft. Beachcombers, beware!

TIPS TO THE TEENS. Paint the rims of your sunglasses to match your prettiest cotton dress. Or better still, paint several pairs (inexpensive ones of course) to match al

of your summer dresses. Nail polish or enamel will do the trick. Make yourself a basket bag of red and white checked gingham and trim it with white piqué. Wear it with a dress to match. Collars 'n' cuffs on your dress to match the cuff around the bottom of your bag. Fasten a bunch of artificial sunflowers to the side of your white piqué cloche. Wear a wide band of ribbon in your hair and to it attach your whole collection of scatter pins. A jeweled and sparkling head you'll have! Embroider names on the cuffs of your socks. His and hers idea . . . only they'll be yours and your best beau's.

PARIS BLOSSOMS with flowers worn in unusual ways. For example, one suit boasts a bunch of violets on the cuff of the sleeve. A full flaring dress shows off field flowers at the waist. And on a pair of neutral-colored shoes there blooms a single rose . . . clipped onto the side of each shoe. Flowers "grow" in the oddest places!

THE BIGGONET. (Bet this one fools you!) The dictionary says it's a "woman's cap or hood with pieces covering the ears." Well, that's just what it is. A small, neat-as-a-pin cap that fits your head like a bonnet, without a brim, of course, and with pieces at the side, close to the face and covering your ears. In feathers it's lovely and feminine. In black velvet it's rich looking. New York showed it for spring. Watch for it this fall. It will be perfect for your dinner-downtown dress.

WE LIKE THE IDEA . . . of hats, big and brimy worn plain for one occasion, worn with a fluffy ruffle edging another time . . . of the new control systems, light, featherweight girdles and bras, designed as a challenge to the heat of summer . . . of plunging necklines cut almost to your waist (almost, we said) . . . of bright red slacks worn with a black jersey T-shirt and a gay scarf knotted at your throat, flying in the breeze . . . of a full cotton skirt with deep pockets and colorfully printed, worn with a strapless top—covered up with a three-corner scarf—big enough to tuck into the waistline of your skirt.

WHILE YOUR interest lies in the coolest and sheerest of dresses we're thinking about the clothes you'll wear next fall . . . such as hemlines, which will remain much the same . . . colors, which will be warm vibrant tones of brown, ruddy wines and pinky greys . . . such as shoes which will continue to be of number one interest in your head-to-toe picture. More straps, more color, more cut-out designs and shoes made of dress fabrics are new-looking for fall. And then we go one step farther and consider fur coats. They'll be shorter, not quite so full, and will have deep, roomy armholes.



Jane Powell, MGM starlet, looks fresh as the soft breeze that's blowing across the ship's deck. Her summer formal is white organdie eyelet over shimmering salmon pink satin.



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Home Town Girl Makes Good

Continued from page 24

Oh. Now he was going to be patronizing! A pretty loyal little secretary for the big important author.

"Mr. Dragerfield," she replied, "I don't know whether I will like your book. I can't promise a blind devotion to everyone I work for. Only if I sincerely admired a person—"

He interrupted her. "Better and better. Sincere and honest, as well as loyal. Miss Shenley, you're perfect."

She just didn't like him. She would tell him who she was and leave. Only—

"The salary is $70. Nine to five—from now until next Sunday."

Only— Seventy was very good, and she had to have part-time work occasionally, or how would she be able to finish her new novel? Not on royalties from the first one—she was beginning to realize that.

"Very well," she said, "I'll take it."

"Good. And, Miss Shenley, cheer up. I'm really a very likable guy, even if I haven't read Miss Mills' book. I can see you hold that against me."

She tried to smile and sound casual, but her lips quivered. "Her name is Wells, not Mills, Mr. Dragerfield."

"Wells — Wells. Must remember that." He lit another cigarette. "Cigarette?" he asked. Politely she declined.

"I'm a little off-schedule today," he went on. "Had to get this secretary business settled. Want to eat something? I haven't had breakfast yet."

"No, thank you," she said formally.

"Oh, come on—have something."

"Well, just some coffee," she relented. Maybe he was very nice, even if he hadn't heard of her book.

She watched him through the door to the kitchen. Yes, he was nice. And she liked his face. It was like two different faces. In profile it was grave and classic, but from the front it had humor and many interesting irregularities.

"Sure you won't have eggs?" he called in to her. "I'm having four. No? How about toast? One slice? Good. Why don't you look at the typewriter—see if you like it. There's a copy of 'Laughter at Daybreak' on the desk. Take it home, so you can start being loyal tomorrow."

Claudia picked up the book, and read the blurb. She looked at the biography and the photo in the back. He was 32 and this was his fourth novel. The picture was very flattering — much better retouching than hers. She turned to the first page, and on page eight he came in with the breakfast.

"You're going to like it," he told her. "Not the coffee—the book, I mean."

"I hope so," she said doubtfully.

"I'm afraid you don't approve of me. I'll have to read Miss Wells' book—'Tears for Marina,' isn't it?" She nodded.

He bit happily into a piece of toast. "Got it right that time, didn't I?"

Claudia smiled. She was too touchy about it. It seemed a bit ridiculous.

"Tell me," he said suddenly. "What's this Wells woman like? Young? Old?"

She looked into her coffee cup. "Oh, about 23."

"Young." Then, "Married?"

"No."

"Good-looking?"

She tried to seem objective about it. "Yes, I suppose she's rather attractive."

"A young, attractive, and evidently lovable girl." He piled some jelly on a corner of toast. "Why does she write about tears?"

HER COFFEE CUP clattered to the saucer, and sat there, off-centre. "Mr. Dragerfield," she protested. "You're not supposed to psychoanalyze the author."

"But just offhand, I would say—"

Her voice became too high, and when she tried to control it, it went from high to low and back again. "You have no right to be offhand. Read the book before you try to discuss it."

He held out the plate of toast to her. "No, thank you. I don't want any more," she said firmly.

Mr. Dragerfield looked hurt, and took two pieces for himself, a little defiantly. "My book's about laughter," he announced.

Everything on the little table rattled. Mr. Dragerfield caught the jelly spreader just before it reached his lap. He looked up at Claudia, who was standing with her napkin in her hand.

"I don't particularly care what your book's about," she declared quietly as she folded the napkin. "Furthermore, I don't think I'd be happy working for you; it's just as well that I realized it in time. I do hope you'll find somebody else. Good-by, Mr. Dragerfield!" She placed the napkin on the table, and pushed the chair away with the back of her knees.

He stopped her at the door. He spoke sternly. "Miss Shenley," he said quietly, "you *can't* be serious. I'm sure you have too much character to behave this way. You've drunk my coffee, poor as it is, eaten a slice of my toast, and got lipstick on my company napkin. I feel that you owe it to me to give a week's notice, and give me time to replace you."

Claudia suppressed a smile. Very funny. Well, she wouldn't laugh. But he had made it easy for her to change her mind, and it did mean $70.

"Very well," she said.

"Cigarette?" he asked gravely.

She took one, determined to be civil.

He started, "Now about Miss Wells—" and she stopped him.

"I wish you would never mention Miss Wells' name to me again," she said evenly.

"All right, I won't. I'm sorry I ever heard of her, the silly bag." She looked at him dangerously.

"Sorry—sorry," he amended quickly.

Frustration

by Dorothy Curtis Hare.

When he was just a tiny thing
They — psychologists, you know —
Issued stern decrees describing
How he ought to grow.
No rocking, nor a thumb to suck,
And candy? No such luck!
Just let him cry.
The exercise is strengthening.
Don't fret him with your cuddling!

And now!
They say to rock the babe
Is comforting for him and you.
Oh, lord! How can I cuddle five feet two?
Twelve years too late, they tell me to!



"Ask your Mother..."

Day after day she is at her family's call . . . sharing in mutual planning . . . helping to make decisions . . . giving a "yes" here, a "no" there, always in the interest of her family's welfare.

Yes, the welfare of her family is woman's first and greatest responsibility.

The welfare of Canada is also woman's responsibility. She serves both by her example in the home and by her influence in national affairs. Training her children in the ways of good citizenship, encouraging sound thinking in her family, making wise use of her vote . . . in these and other ways woman is a powerful and constructive influence in the life and progress of Canada.

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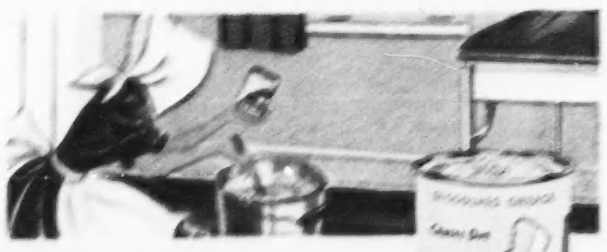
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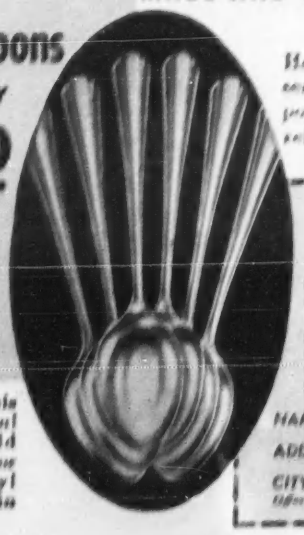
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"Forget—you like her. Tell you what: I'll get 'Tears for Marina' and read it. Then maybe I, too, will like Miss Do-Gooder-who. Fair enough?"

"I'd be very interested to know what you think of it." She added quickly, "And so would Miss Do-Gooder, I'm sure."

MR. DRAGERFIELD appeared in the kitchen door. "Lick the pot, Miss Shenley?" he asked pleasantly.

She looked up for a brief second, to see him standing there, with the saucepan in his hand, and licking fudge from the large wooden spoon. She ripped the paper out of the typewriter, put fresh paper in and numbered the page before she answered.

Her voice was cold and detached and she typed as she spoke. "I detest whimsy, Mr. Dragerfield—especially in a grown man."

Involuntarily she glanced up to see his reaction. He was looking at her squarely, and he put out his tongue. With a horrified exclamation she stopped typing. He calmly lifted the spoon to his outstretched tongue and proceeded to lick the fudge.

She pounded at the typewriter, her face three inches from the keyboard, and he turned and went into the kitchen, smacking his lips and uttering little moans of pleasure.

Five days more, Mr. Dragerfield, she thought. Only five days, and I'll never have to see you again. And if I ever come across any of your books, I'll burn them.

Finally the pans stopped clattering, and the water stopped running. The place was quiet, except for the clacking of the typewriter.

He came in and sat on a chair a few feet away from her and watched her, and she made four mistakes on one page.

Then he asked innocently, "Miss Shenley, why are you so mean to me?"

She typed a line. She would simply ignore him.

"You're really displeased with me today, aren't you?" he continued. "And I haven't done a thing to deserve it."

"You're imagining things," she replied, over the noise of the keys. "I'm merely attending to my work."

He bent down so that his face came into her line of vision. "Is it because I haven't finished reading that book yet?"

She stopped typing and looked up at him. "Mr. Dragerfield," she said, "it is of no interest to me whether or not you read Miss—"

"Uh uh," he interrupted. "Mustn't say W-e-l-."

"—whether or not you read that book," she went on, talking louder over his words. Then with great dignity she proceeded in a quiet voice edged with poison, "It was your own idea to buy the book. I merely obliged you by getting it during my lunch hour, my first day here. You handed me the $2.75 and asked me if I would get you a copy, and I did, at great inconvenience to myself. McGrath's didn't—didn't have any more left; they were sold out. I had to walk seven blocks to get it. And I have no use for a man who tells lies."

He drew himself up, his hand to his wounded heart. "Miss Shenley!" he gasped.

"Yes, lies, Mr. Dragerfield. You said this morning that you had started to read the book, and didn't want to comment on it until you'd finished."

"Well?"

"Mr. Dragerfield," she said distinctly, "while you were inside making fudge I happened to open the book, and I discovered that the first five pages were uncut."

"Oy." He sat down.

"Oy, indeed," she sneered.

She typed two pages, and then Mr. Dragerfield spoke.

"Miss Shenley," he said, "forgive me. I will read the book tonight, I promise."

His voice was sincere and friendly, and Claudia remembered how lonely she was. She bit her lip hard to stop the trembling, and she typed so rapidly that the machine jammed twice.

"All right?" he asked gently.

She pulled the page out of the machine. "Please," she begged. "Don't read the book. What earthly difference should it make to me whether you read it or not?" Her voice got higher and higher, and she put the paper into the rolls at a 23-degree angle and typed uphill.

"May I say something?" he asked.

She shrugged. "Certainly. It's your house."

"Two days ago I gave you my new novel, 'Laughter at Daybreak.' You haven't mentioned it since, so I assume you haven't read it. Is that right?"

"No," she smiled triumphantly. "Wrong! I *have* read your book. But I won't tell you what I think of it until you've read 'Tears for Marina.'"

He scowled. Claudia settled herself comfortably in her chair, and smugly resumed her typing—uphill.

Mr. Dragerfield walked around the room, looking at her out of the corners of his eyes. He stood behind her and wondered how hair could have so many lights in it and still be so black. And he wondered if it would feel as silky as it looked.

HOME TOWN Girl Makes Good. Claudia looked at the clipping once more. The Waterfield Gazette. Yes back home in Waterfield, Claudia Wells was a success—a career girl with her first novel published.

"Dear Claudia," her mother had written, "Dad and I are so proud. The Thompsons were over last night and didn't stop talking about you. Mrs. T. has read your book, and said it was a very nice little story. You don't get a royalty if she rented it, do you? Ruth Ellson asked me if it's a book club selection, and I said 'probably.' Is it? Everyone phoned us about the write-up in the paper. We bought 20 copies . . ."

She put the letter back in the envelope, and looked at the newspaper clipping again. The park across from Dragerfield's apartment was noisy with children on tricycles, and people laughing; and the little bell on the ice-cream cart tinkled with an annoying cheerfulness. Claudia smiled sadly. Home Town Girl Makes Good. Was this how it felt to make good—spending her lunch hour alone on a bench in a city park? Nobody knew she existed.

And that Ralph Dragerfield! Why did she waste so much time thinking of him, thinking how much he irritated her?

A little breeze took the clipping out of her hand and blew it up on the grass. She climbed over the iron railing and reached for the bit of paper. The breeze picked it up and carried it away.

What was so important about the silly

Now you can drive a dream



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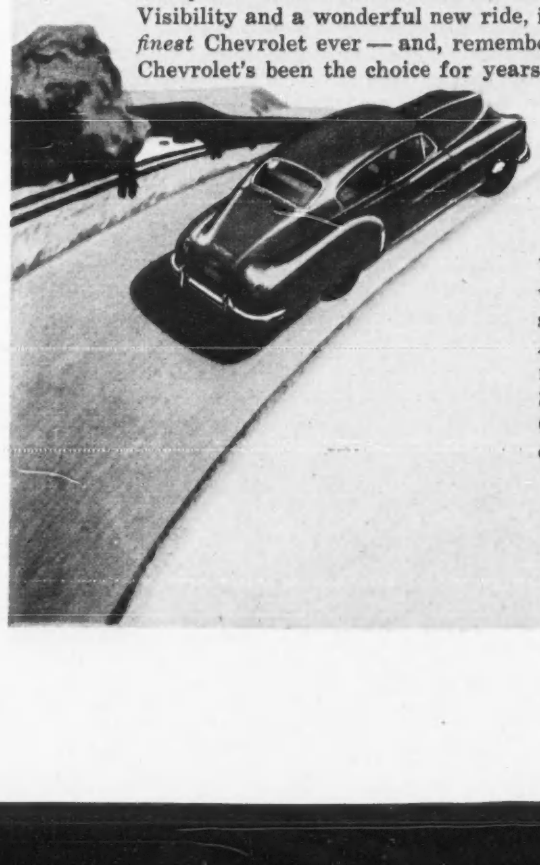
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old clipping? Yet, she felt she must have it—it was something to hold on to, a friendly word. She chased it around three trees, and eight small children stood at the railing and shrieked with laughter.

She was on her knees behind the third tree, and had the clipping, some dirt, and a few stones in her hand, when the voice boomed out, "Children must not play on the grass."

The eight children stopped screaming and three of them put their fingers in their mouths. One put his in his nose. They all watched Claudia, fascinated.

Claudia stood up, extricated the clipping from the dirt, and shoved it into her pocket. Where had he come from? "Mr. Dragerfield," she said with dignity, "this is my lunch hour, and I came out here because I wanted to be alone."

"I think I'll have to arrest you, then," he said in a loud voice. He turned to the audience of infants. "Shall I arrest her?"

"Yes! Yes! No! Yes!" they yelled. One small girl ran away, crying wildly.

Claudia started across the grass and climbed over the railing, Mr. Dragerfield beside her. The children clustered around them as they walked away.

"Aren't you going to arrest her, mister?" "Are you taking her away, mister?" they asked.

Mr. Dragerfield turned and made a ferocious face. "Gwan! Beat it, or I'll run yez all in!" They scattered, and went back to their games.

Mr. Dragerfield caught up with his secretary, and walked beside her. She walked faster, and he quickened his steps. She walked slower, and he fell back. She stopped and he stopped.

She turned to him. "Will you please go away?"

"Don't be such a snob, Miss Shenley. You're giving me an inferiority complex," he complained.

She tried to appear amused, but her mouth looked as if she'd just sucked a lemon. "Really," she said through her teeth, "a little humility might be very becoming to you. If you could just see yourself with those newspaper people, and your female admirers. You purr with delight every time someone comes in. They fawn all over you and flatter you, and you love it."

"Miss Shenley," he pleaded, "please sit down on that bench. Please?"

She told herself he was only pretending to be sweet—it was his ego—he wanted every woman to admire him. She told herself she didn't want to be friends, and sit on the bench and hold his hand—she only imagined she did because she was lonesome and because she was heartbroken about her book. She told herself all these things, but she didn't quite believe them. She looked at the bench and hesitated.

"Can't we be friends?" he asked.

With a martyred air she walked to the bench and sat down. Monday he'll leave for Bermuda, she thought, and I won't ever have to see him again, so I'll pretend I don't dislike him; it's only one more day—I can do it.

He sat down next to her. The voices of people in the park sounded cheerful and sweet, and the bell on the ice-cream man's cart had a lovely springtime sound. Suddenly she felt like crying.

He leaned his elbows on his thighs and looked down at the pavement. "You're still angry about this morning," he guessed.

"No." She had to speak very low to keep back the tears. "No, I'm not angry at all. Why should I be angry? I'm sure Miss—my—former employer wouldn't be at all interested in what you think of her book."

"But—I *did* read it," he said.

If she cried now, she'd never forgive herself. "And thought so little of it," she said in a choked voice, "that you wouldn't even comment on it."

Now if she said another word the tears would come. She jumped up and started to walk, and he pursued her.

"Miss Shenley," he insisted, "it isn't that. You don't understand. I want to talk to you about the book. But I'm afraid I won't be honest. You want me to be honest, don't you?"

She couldn't answer. She walked out of the park, and he walked with her, talking to her profile. They reached the house and went up the stairs.

Mr. Malarati in the next apartment opened his door and looked out. He held a cherrywood woman in one hand, and was absent-mindedly sanding her shoulder smooth with sandpaper.

"You were on the outside, children?" he asked cordially. "How is the atmosphere?"

Mr. Dragerfield said, "Cloudy, Mr. Malarati."

He opened the door with his key and Claudia swept in, and he followed her. They didn't speak again until it was time for her to leave.

Then he said gravely, "Good night, Miss Shenley."

And she said gravely, "Good night, Mr. Dragerfield."

THE STREETCAR was almost empty. Claudia opened the book review sections of the Sunday papers. Quickly she searched the index of each one. No. No "Tears for Marina." But there on the second page of each book section was "Laughter at Daybreak," and the grinning face of Ralph Dragerfield. Grin, she thought. Why not? You get reviewed two days before your book comes out.

Resentfully she started to read. A magnificent review. How smug he would be. When she finished it, she turned to the other. She read the first paragraph twice, and her heartbeats began to stumble over each other. Then, unbelieving, she went on to the end. She almost went by the stop. She slidged out on the quiet morning street. The air was sweet with a spring Sunday hush.

She said words to herself, like: Well! You got roasted, Mr. Dragerfield. Ha! Didn't do so well, did you? Big, successful author gets kicked in teeth, huh?

But her feelings argued with the words. Her feelings cried: It isn't fair. It's not true. It's a wonderful book. Poor Mr. Dragerfield, dear—don't believe what it says here.

She rang the bell, and walked upstairs. Well, anyhow, she decided, he won't feel so superior now to Miss Wells—I mean me. But oh, how unhappy he would be. How it would hurt him.

He saw the newspapers under her arm. He greeted her sadly. "Good morning, Miss Shenley," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Dragerfield," she replied.

"I see you have the papers," he remarked.

"Yes, I have, Mr. Dragerfield." She tried to have no expression on her face at all. She was not going to commiserate with him—neither would she gloat.

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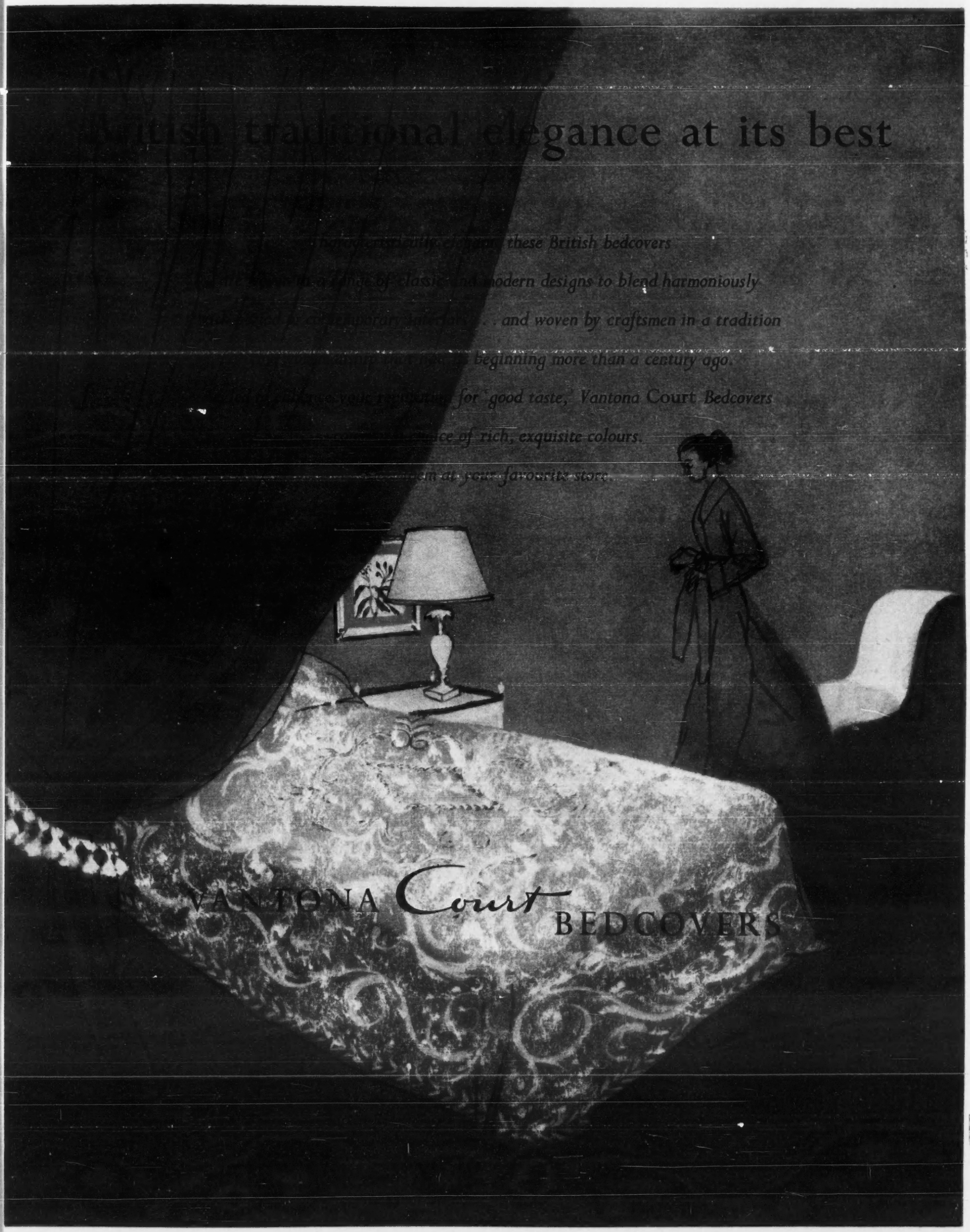
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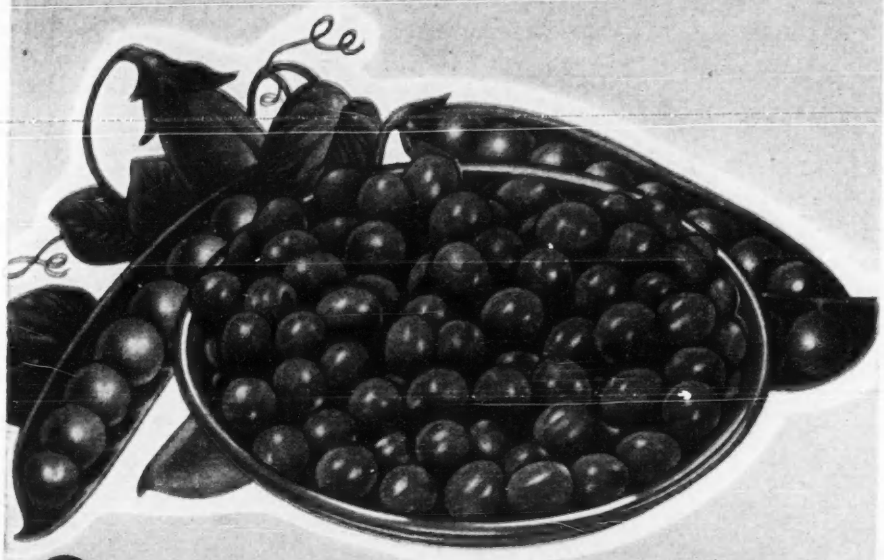
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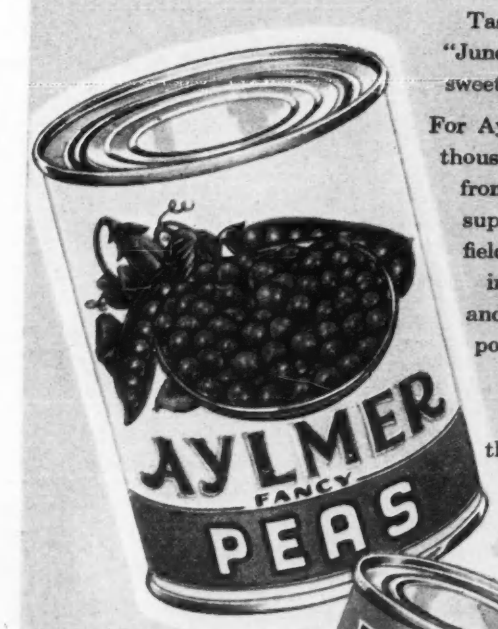
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He took the paper in his hand, and he followed her miserably with his eyes.

"Miss Shenley, please. You mustn't mind. Reviews aren't important. It's the book itself—the saying what you have to say — that matters to an author."

She turned to him in surprise. "Mind? What makes you think I mind?"

He looked at her intensely, searchingly, and she squirmed in the chair.

"Listen," he said significantly, "*I know.*"

"What do you know?" she managed.

"I know how badly you felt when you read that review. I know what you've been trying to hide from me."

"Oh!" she screamed. "How dare you!" She jumped up. "You conceited donkey."

She picked up her handbag and slapped it on her head. Like a shower of debris, its contents poured down on her. She dropped to her knees, and his head felt very hard when it cracked against hers.

"Go away," she wailed and the tears washed down her face. "I don't want you to help me."

He picked up a lipstick and a comb, and she snatched them from him. He reached for a wallet and she slapped his hand. She stuffed everything back into her bag, while she tried to stifle the tears. She sounded like a faulty faucet.

Then she stood up and he stood up, and she faced him. "That review didn't mean *this* to me." She snapped her fingers under his nose. "I was glad when I read it. I laughed—" she wept. "What do I care what anyone says about your old book? You don't mean anything to me."

She stopped crying, abruptly. "You don't even know what love is," she accused him passionately. "It's something beautiful and serious and powerful. The way you write, anyone would think love is something to laugh about. You let the hero's nose get in his way when he kisses—and in the middle of a wedding ceremony you let the bride wonder how the minister looks in pyjamas—nothing is sacred to you."

She swung about and walked to the door, and with her hand on the knob she turned back. "I gave you a week's notice the day I started, and the week was up yesterday. You can pay me for six days, Mr. Dragerfield."

He came toward her with his arms held out, and tried to talk through his laughter. "D-d-darling!" he cried.

"Don't touch me." She threw open the door and ran out. "And don't call me darling!"

He came out after her and tried to hold her. "Listen to me," he insisted.

"Leave me alone, Mr. Dragerfield, or I'll scream."

Mr. Malarati opened his door and looked out. "Some trouble?" he asked pleasantly, pounding a big piece of clay.

"Plenty," Mr. Dragerfield said in a conversational tone, looking at Claudia. "She loves me, Mr. Malarati."

"That's a lie, Mr. Malarati. His mind is wandering." She fled down the stairs.

Mr. Dragerfield dashed back into the apartment, got the book review section, and raced after her.

He caught up with her on the corner, and blocked her way. People were coming out of church, so she stood there quietly.

He held the paper up to her. "This is the review I was talking about. I thought you'd seen it."

SHE TOOK the paper from him slowly. ". . . Tears for Marina, by Claudia Wells—Begley Press—280 pp.—$2.75 . . ." Hidden away on the Mystery Books page—over in a corner—two little paragraphs. Too unimportant even to list in the index!

She hardly breathed as she read, and when she finished she felt very calm and very cold all over, even at the roots of her hair. He took the paper from her and threw it into a trash can. Then they walked silently for three blocks and into the park, and they sat down on a bench.

Claudia sighed a tremendous sigh. "Miss—Wells—will feel so hurt," she murmured.

He took her chin in his hand and turned her face to him. "It's because she takes everything too seriously. It's easy to break down and cry when something goes wrong. It takes a lot more courage and strength and maturity to be able to laugh. Tell her that for me, will you, Claudia?"

She nodded her head twice, and then she heard it. She whispered, "What did you call me?"

"Claudia," he repeated. "Claudia Wells, my favorite author."

"You recognized me from the picture on the cover," she smiled reproachfully.

"Never!" he swore. "It's a hideous picture—it doesn't look anything like you."

"Then how did you know?" she insisted.

He told her. "The way you said the title 'Tears for Marina,' like my mother says 'Ralph Dragerfield,' and a hundred other little clues. I recognized the signs—I know them all too well, my love."

He reached for her hand, and she gave it to him. Then she said, "Why wouldn't you tell me what you thought of my book?"

"Because, my darling, I would have had to say: 'I think Miss You-know-who has a fine talent—her book, in spite of certain faults, shows great promise. I think this is so, but I'm not certain. It may only seem so to me because I'm in love with the lady!' And I couldn't say that, because I thought you didn't like me. Even a Dragerfield has his pride."

He stopped her words with kisses. He discovered that her hair was as silky as it looked. Nobody noticed them—it seemed so natural for a tall young man to be kissing a small dark girl in the park on a Sunday morning in spring.

When they looked up the children were standing in front of them. There were a dozen today, 11 children and a dog.

"Are you gonna arrest her again, mister?" they asked.

"Huh? Are ya?"

"Are you gonna take her away?"

Claudia laughed. It was love, and it was beautiful and serious, but they were kissing in a park, with an attentive audience of assorted children, a fat dog, and a few squirrels—it was funny and she laughed.

Mr. Dragerfield said to the children, "Yes, I'm going to take her away and teach her a thing or two."

Then he said, "Miss Wells, have you ever been married out at sea before, or is tomorrow going to be the first time?" ✤

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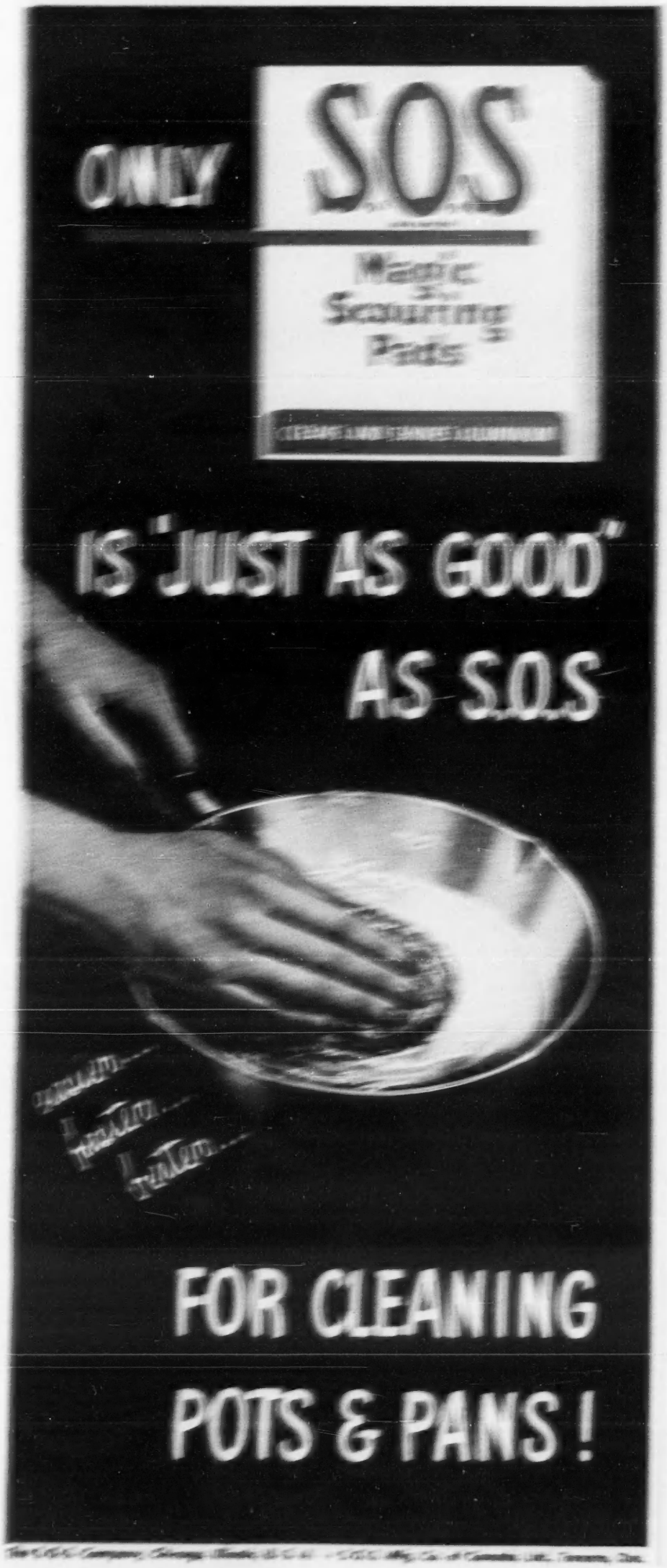
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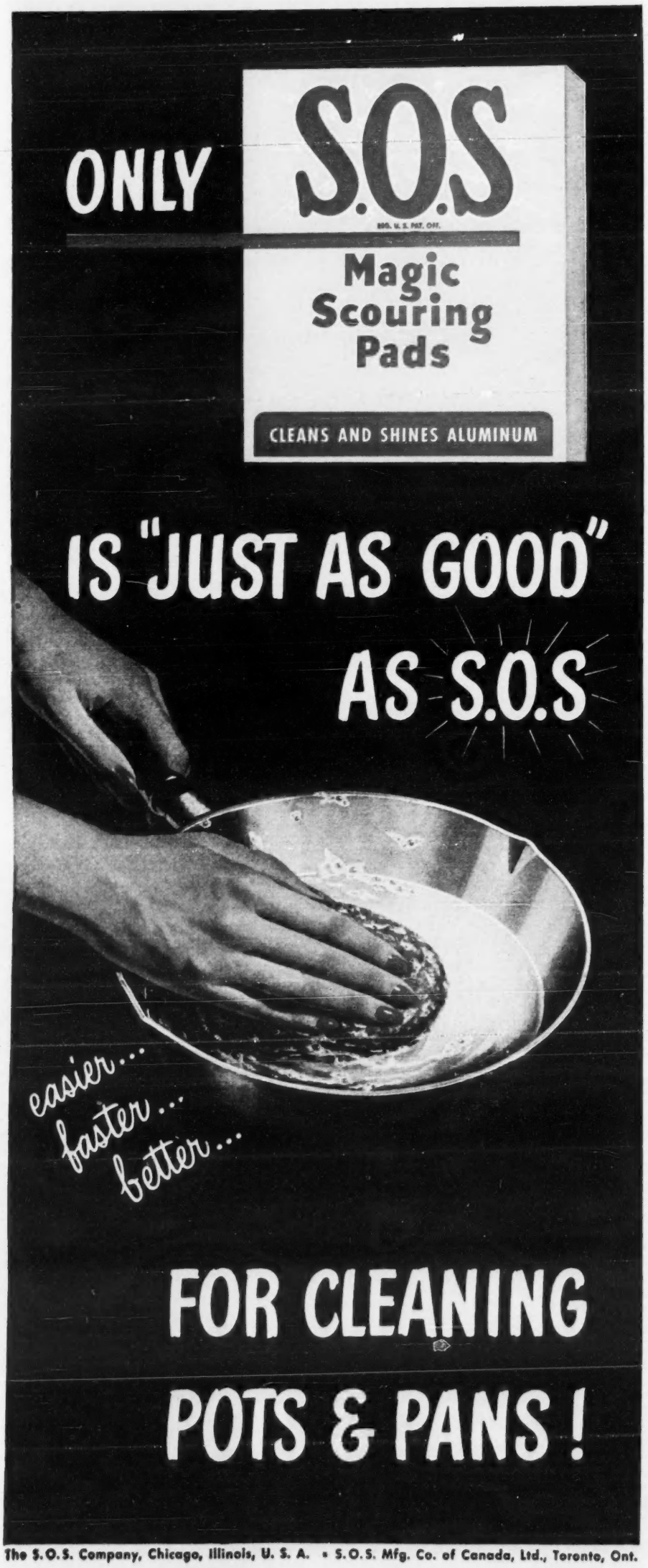
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Five and Five Make Ten

Continued from page 20

and the disposition on the part of the latter to consider himself consigned to the former by a line of poetry which had long ago licensed the brave to the fair. It was a horrid inevitability from Jennie's point of view, which was that of a worm who gets stepped on as the participants mill around.

After a couple of weeks at the Pryors Bill had finally got around to the now faded pleasure of going on home. It had taken him over six months to get back again to Isabel. When he came it was in grey tweed, with a strictly civilian and unheroic attitude toward the fair; he wanted to marry and settle down. Curiously enough that had been nearly four years ago. For Isabel had likewise in the meanwhile reconverted; the fair was now to be deserved in those days of peace by none but the brave and financially sound. So Bill had given her an engagement ring and with rather quieter audacity in the face of the hardships of noncombat had set out to accumulate something like the $10,000 Isabel insisted they needed to make a humble beginning.

As she watched Isabel dressing now, Jennie realized that $10,000 was probably not an exorbitant estimate. Isabel's particular kind of beauty would not have looked overdressed in $10,000 worth of lingerie.

"What are you thinking about?" Isabel asked good-naturedly.

"Bill's too good for you," Jennie said lightly. "But poisoning you wouldn't make him any happier, so I dropped the idea months ago."

"Honey," Isabel said, "Bill isn't unhappy. Just awed by the responsibilities of being engaged. Stop worrying about my future husband. You're a big girl now."

"Why don't you marry him then?" Jennie wriggled off the bed. "Did you have any very hot water?"

"Enough for a shower, but not for a swim. Stop frowning."

JENNIE RETRIEVED her mules and examined them thoughtfully. They were a little threadbare, but they had been Bill's high-school graduation present to her. There was undeniably more wear than looks left of them, and she wondered whether it was stinginess or sentimentality that kept her from throwing them away.

"You've about run out of excuses for not marrying him, haven't you?"

"Why, darling," Isabel made her eyes big till the intense blue of the irises looked like lazy fat tropical fish floating innocently in milk. "Poverty isn't something I thought up. They say there's always been a lot of it." She unshrugged from her shoulders a tatterdemalion old satin robe that had cost $79.95, with her model's discount, at Murvyn's a month before.

"Do you mean," Jennie asked, "that you aren't going to use that five thousand Aunt Harriet left you to marry William Henry Adams, quick like water over a dam?"

"Come brush my hair, dear. It makes William Henry Adams happy to see me looking beautiful. Now what about my $5,000? Aunt Hat left you five thousand, too. Are you planning to use it to bribe somebody to marry you?"

"That isn't the way I look at it with you and Bill," Jennie said. "Your five thousand plus the five thousand he has makes the ten thousand you need, unless I was misinformed in the second grade."

Isabel squirmed around under the hairbrush. "What do you know about the ten thousand we need? That's a fantastic story."

"If you say it isn't so, then I guess it isn't," Jennie said shrewdly, knowing Isabel wouldn't lie.

Isabel turned again, to face her image in the glass. "Honey, the idea was that Bill should have that much all by himself."

"Is Bill the only one of you getting married?" Jennie asked.

Isabel studied herself. "Baby darling, the man who marries me will do it because I'm beautiful. It won't make any difference what else I am or am not. It takes a good deal of money to stay beautiful. The older you get the more money it takes. The minute I start to fade you watch for trouble in whatever marriage I'm enjoying at the time."

Jennie shivered, and searched her mind frantically for a way to tell Isabel how repulsive this was, when she saw that Isabel was laughing at her.

"I know you love him, baby. But if you married him you'd spoil him. I think we'd better go through with the original plan. Now go take your shower." Isabel took the brush from Jennie's listless hand and gave her a good-natured shove in the direction of the bathroom.

"The more I try to understand you the more I realize I haven't read the right books yet," Jennie said, at the door.

"I'm not in the books," Isabel called gaily. "I'm merely a wild hypothesis."

The water in the shower was, of course, only tepid, and very soon ran cold altogether. How Isabel could use 50 gallons of hot water without being entirely dissolved in it was a matter her father had once considered turning over to a hydraulic engineer. But it was only one of a dozen questions of the same kind that had gone for years begging for an answer. What did she do with anything? Her salary as a model, plus her allowance, plus what she could elicit from her father, for instance. All the clothes she bought—that never got handed down to Jennie. All the things she acquired, from tennis rackets to ballet lessons. Yet all these were matters of only academic interest to Jennie against the question that had, since Aunt Hat's legacy to them, been taking an increasingly sharp interrogative form. What was Isabel going to do with William Henry Adams?

She was arrestingly beautiful, and clever in a sure, offhand, inimitable way. She had, in considerable amount, a dozen talents, and whatever she did had the priceless trademark of originality on it. But there was never any purpose to what she did save the enjoyment of doing. It was Jennie's theory that everything she used disappeared for the simple reason that she utterly absorbed it, physically or spiritually. The result was always her own enhancement. There had never been any doubt in Jennie's mind that Bill would disappear some day, like the hot water, Aunt Hat's five thousand, and last season's hats, leaving Isabel more flashingly beautiful, more desirable than ever.



Modess .... *because*



It was the afternoon of [illegible] and Jennie, [illegible] Bill seemed [illegible] silent [illegible] Dex [illegible] Isabel [illegible] Jennie [illegible] Bill [illegible] Bill [illegible] Isabel [illegible] Dex [illegible] Jennie [illegible] Bill [illegible] Dex [illegible] Bill [illegible] Isabel

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quote, Willie, you're a fine young chemist. Some day you'll be one of the best. But, Willie my lad, we're paying you all we can afford. Don't you want my kids to get a college education? You're moving ahead as fast as I ever remember a boy going. You're a human being, boy, not an alpha ray. Take it easy. Don't be so impatient. Get married and you won't need so much courting money." He laughed, dragged hard on his cigarette, and finished, "Unquote. Not for publication."

"Let's walk," Jennie said. "Something's biting me. Mosquitoes maybe." It was one thing to threaten Isabel with a cat-scratching rivalry, and another thing, of which she was not capable, to go through with traitorous moves on the blind side of the romance. She took Bill's arm gingerly.

"Sometimes I feel about this marriage like that boy on Keats' Grecian urn. Isy never gets any farther away from me, but I never get any closer."

She couldn't help the slightest pressure on his arm. "Don't you think it'll happen?"

"I've viewed the matter from that angle," he said. "I think Isy likes being engaged. As a period of life. It's something like being a high-school senior, the last lull of easy-going pleasure before they throw you off the dock into the chilly waters of reality. When that palls though, and certain conditions are met, you'll be passing piously past the pews in pink."

"Ten thousand dollars," she said to herself, aloud.

"How'd you know about that?"

"I overheard."

He threw away his third cigarette, and laughed. "I must have sounded like a fool, or a bookie, telling her how quick I'd make it. That's a lot of money. As a round figure I've learned to respect and admire it."

"You feel better now," she said. "Want to go in?"

"Sure," he said. "Let's." Encouraged by something, he brightened. "When we get that 10 thousand together we'll get married all right."

But what did he mean by "we"—the editorial, or the inclusive?

BILL ENJOYED the rest of the evening. They all did, and went home at two o'clock in fine singing voice, as smart a mixed quartet as ever whistled through a second verse because they knew the words only to the first. Jennie went right up to her room, leaving Bill and Isabel to their brief interlude of good nights. But she undressed without haste. There had been indications from Isabel.

Isabel came in humming, said nothing until she had her shoes and stockings off and was running her feet through the rug's soft pile.

"I'm going up to Saddle Mountain Monday," she said.

"To jump off?"

"I may wish I had. I'm going to read Dex's play with a cast."

"That's what you were telling Bill just now?" Jennie asked, raising eyebrows which Isabel wouldn't look at.

"I was telling him I loved him. I didn't think he'd be vitally interested in anything else."

"The reason you're telling me is so that I won't forget and mention it in front of him prematurely. Like your horrid money. Is that it?"

"Those are privileged communications, as the lawyers say. The girl involved is the one to make them."

"When?" Jennie asked doggedly.

Isabel bubbled. "It must be difficult for you, kitten. You can't make up your mind whether you'd rather have him marry me to make him happy, or marry you to make you happy."

"I know which would make both of you happy," Jennie said and turned out her light.

Jennie wasn't around when Bill heard about it. She wished she could have been; there would have been much information in his face. He came one night when Isabel was away rehearsing, looking for someone to go to the movies with him. Jennie let him bring up the subject.

"Isy asked me whether I minded. I guessed that she was already in it up to her neck, so it looked like no, I didn't mind, was a good answer. What do you think about it?"

"You did the right thing," Jennie ventured cautiously.

"I did what was expected of me," he said, faintly ironical. "It developed that the reason she courted my approval was that it will cost her a little money, a phrase of hers which is as definite as saying a small ocean. Apparently she meant the loss of pay by staying off her job."

"I don't think so," Jennie said. "This is the time she'd be taking her vacation anyway. It's the slack season before the August fur sales."

"Probably isn't important. The only thing is that Dex has a reputation for being a fair hand at inducing people to feed cheques into his enterprises."

Jennie couldn't help laughing. "Isabel spends money only on herself. He's probably in debt right now for the lunches he's bought. They mint money so it can be spent on her, she says."

"I'll rest my mind on that thought," Bill said.

He didn't, though. His mind didn't rest at all. Just as some men, who have the bodies for it, look handsomest and most appealing when they struggle, so other men are most interesting, most heart-stirring, if they have the faces for it, when they are at grips with a problem. There was nothing Jennie could do but watch, and secretly cheer for his side, without any idea which side was his because it was himself he was wrestling. Anyway it was a fine evening at a hilariously bad movie and he sent her off to bed with a kiss behind the ear and an admonition to stop eating before she went to bed.

Neither of them had seen Isabel for three days before the opening night of "Helena," so they approached it completely unrehearsed. Dex had left tickets at the box office, but they were early, so they stood outside to count the house as it filled. It did fill. There were more than a few pauses before a poster in front of the theatre while someone asked, "Who's Isabel Warner? Isn't she lovely!"

When the curtain went up Jennie felt tingles of anticipation splay out through her chest, as though the nerves were suddenly overheated.

"Funny," Bill said to himself. "But you never worry about Isabel being able to rise to an occasion like this."

"She's human," Jennie insisted, feeling qualms of sister-kinship. "I've even seen her cry."

"I'm just a fatalist, I guess," Bill said strangely.

"HELENA" WAS Isabel's Cinderella slipper. It fit her, glitteringly, as it would not have fit an actress of more ability and less beauty. For it was required that a special quality of beauty be in her, which no say-so of the text, nor trick of skill, nor of cosmetician could make an audience believe in, if the seeing eyes of the audience did not perceive it before their judgment did. There was the end of the first act, for instance, where Helena stands in a pooled spot, white and glaring, and repeats to herself the words of a young poet in the play, "You are a very beautiful woman; quite possibly the most beautiful in the world; no contest could ever prove this, but no man is ever likely to challenge it. Now it's up to you; is beauty a perfection to be worshiped, or a kind of talent, and ability, to be exercised?"

There were two persons in the audience that heard this, who would have been hard to deceive. They would have known instantly the disparity between the person who said this and the character who claimed it. But it was as true about the Isabel they knew as it was about the Helena imagined by Dexter Bell. Jennie squeezed Bill's arm, to say, "That's your wife-to-be," and he nodded even in his hypnotic daze, to show her he too was observing this apotheosis.

They went out between acts for a cigarette, and the words floating out of every group were about Isabel. Every man in the house was playing his wife or his girl friend false these two hours while he saw himself loved by Isabel who was Helena. Bill knew how it was. If he had been blindfolded he could have heard it; if he had been deaf, the pores of his skin would have informed him. What he felt, though, he didn't say.

"I didn't realize she was so gorgeous," Jennie offered.

"She wasn't a week ago," Bill said. "And I yield to no one in my appreciation of Isabel's entrancing qualities."

"Do you mean it's all a matter of make-up and costuming and lighting?"

"I do not," Bill said. "It's simpler than that. She just happens to have grown more beautiful in the last week. Something science ought to hear about."

"That isn't possible," Jennie protested.

"Look again," Bill advised.

It was true, literally and practically. Watching the progress of the second act Jennie knew that. This is what she had observed in the first, without Bill's amazingly simple explanation occurring to her. But it should have occurred to her. Wasn't it her own copyrighted theory that Isabel absorbed from every source that afforded it the food by which her beauty was nourished? Not physical beauty alone, but the interior radiance of the naturally endowed self, graceful, witty, assured, that shone through it. Admiration was what Isabel expected, an admiration that, as you gazed on her, you were more and more willing to bestow unstintingly. For a lifetime now it was this admiration Jennie knew she had bestowed on Isabel. But could you love her? Was it safe? Did Bill, as he witnessed this Isabel who was Helena, have any qualms?

The second act became doubly engrossing. Jennie could observe how Isabel used everything to her personal enhancement, the character as Dex had written it, the sets, the other players, the lighting. It was not an acting trick at all, for Isabel had only a little technique plus enough talent; it was a trait of character that found the oxygen of glowing health everywhere and in everything, and took it. For Isabel did not radiate her beauty over everything and everybody; on the contrary, having absorbed it from them, they fell into a lacklustre plainness. For the first time Jennie felt that she knew what a star was, a genuine luminary of the stage, who existed by herself and her immediate endowments, apart from any acting skill, apart from the fact of playing leading parts, a personality who only had to stand and be looked at, to be a star. What a full, what an informative word.

"Shall we go backstage?" Jennie asked, after the last curtain call.

"I don't think so," Bill said. "The gesture she'd most appreciate is for us to drive the car around to the stage door so that she can make a dash across the street and be picked up."

They had to wait quite a while, and Jennie noticed that other cars in the neighborhood were not dispersing as they should have. Their passengers were loitering outside. When Isabel finally came through the stage door, these loiterers thickened into a crowd of gawkers. Led by Dex, and laughing happily, Isabel came slowly through.

"Why she's as beautiful as she was behind the footlights," a woman said nearby.

"That's why nobody ever mistakes us for sisters," Jennie said ruefully.

"Don't be silly," Bill said. "Your

Summer Holiday Fiction

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back way goes gay:

Run riot with color . . . and watch dreary nooks and corners turn bright and cheerful. Start with sparkling floors of Gold Seal Congoleum. Congoleum, you know, boasts a wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel equal in thickness to 8 coats of the best floor paint applied by hand. So insist on beautiful *genuine* Congoleum when you buy — it's the only enamel surface floor covering with the famous money-back guarantee.

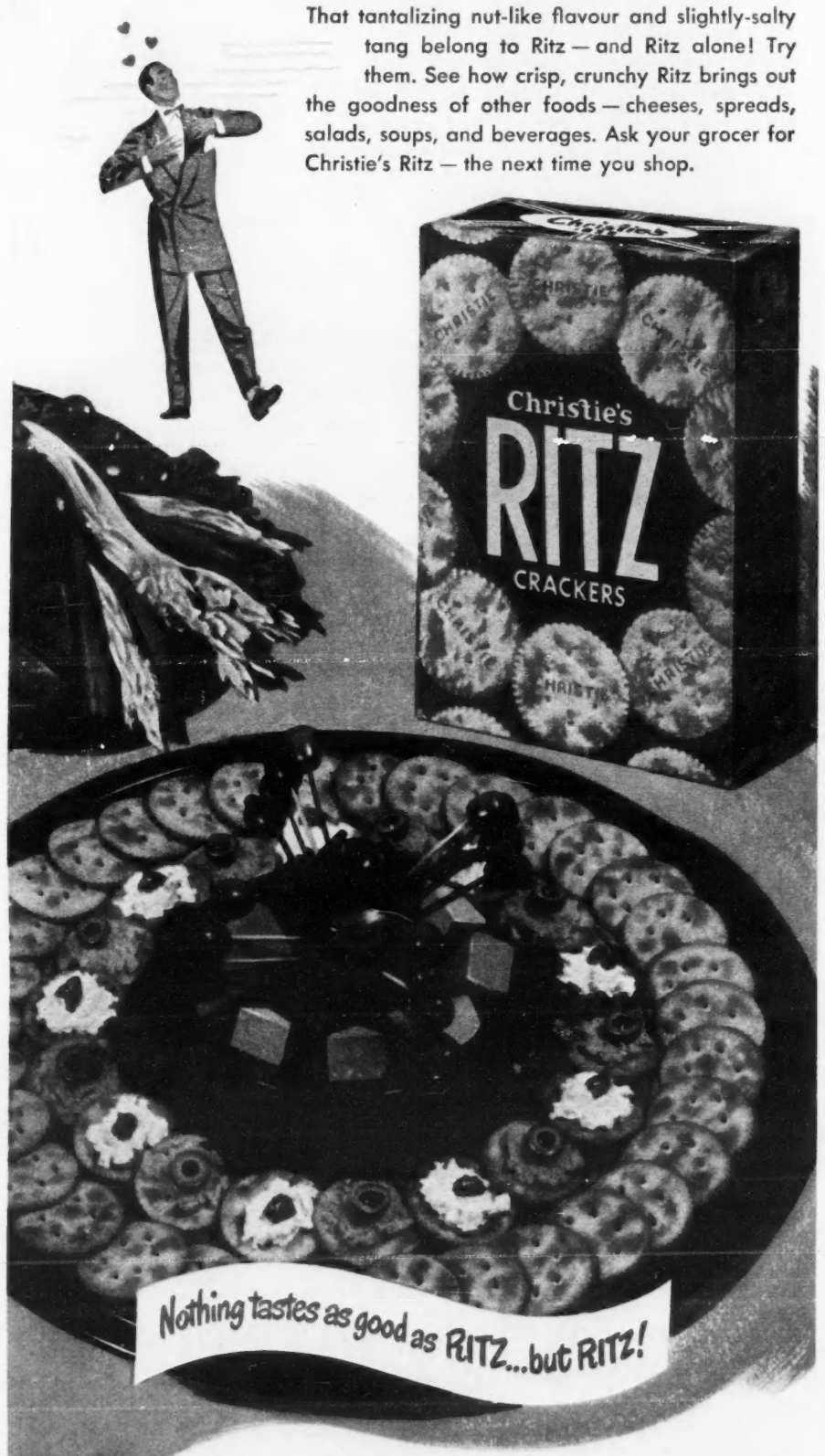
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That tantalizing nut-like flavour and slightly-salty tang belong to Ritz — and Ritz alone! Try them. See how crisp, crunchy Ritz brings out the goodness of other foods — cheeses, spreads, salads, soups, and beverages. Ask your grocer for Christie's Ritz — the next time you shop.



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faces are like. Your personalities are different."

"I know about personalities," Jennie said.

DEX HANDED Isabel into the car.

"Thanks for the service, pal," she said to Bill, and to Jennie, "I didn't go up in a single line, did I, kitten?"

"You made up a few, I'm afraid," Jennie said, having heard her learn the part.

"I don't mind," Dex said; he was plainly jubilant. "They were in character."

"Quite," Jennie said.

"Where to?" Bill asked.

"The Oak Tavern," Dex said. "I'll give you the directions. We already have a table there. The right table."

The right table was near the rear, but not against the wall. You traversed nearly the whole room, diagonally, to get there, while everybody looked, and when you sat down anybody who had a mind to could see you plainly. There was a great deal of looking, which Jennie tried to ignore and Isabel managed to reward.

Isabel took Bill's hand across the table. "How did you like me? You haven't said."

"Wonderful," Bill said. "My unstinted admiration."

"My opinion of my talents is as great as any other author's, but it wouldn't have been the play it is without Isy," Dex said.

Isabel bowed to him. "You're an exceptional writer," she said.

"No, I'm not—yet," Dex said generously. "But with this setup I don't have to be."

A waiter smoothly inserted variegated glasses into their hands, and they raised them as a toast.

"To Broadway," Dex said, and they drank.

"Are you serious?" Jennie asked.

"Sure," Dex said.

Bill cast a sidelong glance at Isabel. "Anybody interested yet?"

"Nobody important," Dex said. "I don't want them to be yet. We'll run this a week this time, and then again over the Labor Day week end. That's when we'll get somebody up here who can be interested. It'll give us time to polish it up."

"You mean a producer?" Jennie asked.

"Nope." Dex grinned. "Just people with money. I'm my own producer. I've already got my investor." He raised his glass in toast again. "To gallant Isabel."

Red danger lights began to flash furiously before Jennie's eyes. But she could think of no way, there was no way to stop this now.

"Isabel?" Bill asked. He asked Isabel as much as he asked Dex.

"Of course. Don't you think she believes in herself?"

"She has every reason to," Bill said. "Judging from what we saw this evening. That's not money though."

"Five thousand dollars is money," Dex said.

IT SEEMED to Jennie that a very long time, hours, passed while nobody said anything. She had time to review everything that went into this scene, everything that Dex had done and said, and Bill and Isabel, and nothing could have been changed. Nothing was avoidable.

"You have $5,000?" Bill asked Isabel.

"Why, yes," she said, smiling.

"How long have you had it?"

"Maybe two months. Our Aunt Harriet left me that much and Jennie that much."

Queer jagged lines, so sharp they must have hurt, came into Bill's face.

"Don't you know that five and five make 10?"

"Is somebody denying that now?" Isabel widened her eyes.

"Ten thousand dollars," Bill said, "is what we were to have to get married."

"No, dear," Isabel corrected. "Ten thousand dollars is what you were supposed to have."

This shouldn't have happened here, in a public place, with onlookers. A man couldn't let himself go. He had to sustain the knowledge, while he held fast to his feelings—a double task. It made Bill's face a mask most unlike anything Jennie had ever seen on him before.

She rose. It seemed to her that she could do better on her feet.

"Look," she said. "This shouldn't happen. It isn't happening. I have $5,000 I'll put into the play. Isabel can keep hers, and she can marry Bill."

"Fair enough," Dex said, rather idiotically.

Suddenly Bill was standing up, too.

"No, kitten," he said. "The show's over. Time to blow." He took her by the arm, and when he had guided her to the door, he explained: "I needed you, to make an exit."

That was all he said, until they were nearly home. Meanwhile Jennie had been able to swallow the gorge of tears in her throat.

"Did I do wrong?" he asked.

"No," Jennie said. "She must have been ready to do that, or she wouldn't have done it."

"I've been thinking it over. She did right too."

"There must be nicer ways of doing it," Jennie said, thinking of the pain that had been on her face.

"No," he said. "The quicker, the less pain."

"I wish there was something I could do for you."

He kept his eyes on the road. "The way I feel now about you, there isn't anything you can't do for me."

"Bill," she said, "how long have you known I was in love with you?"

"Let me ask you," he said, "whether you know how long I've been in love with you."

"That would be much more important."

"Since the end of the first act tonight," Bill said. "I realized then that Isabel had grown too beautiful to be lovable any more. When I first met her she looked like you do now. That's the way I wanted her."

"Don't you think I'll improve?" she asked, smiling.

"It's a difference in personalities," he said.

"You don't know how right you are," she said, and kissed him.

He pulled over to the side of the road, just for a moment, he said, to make necessary personal adjustments, and before the car stopped rolling he took her in his arms. For an instant, before he kissed her, she saw his face in a splash of moonlight. His eyes were a bright crisp brown—the color of gingersnaps; with a poised keen look like a flash of light on the bright edge of a sickle . . .

Helen Campbell's PAGE

JUNE IS the month of roses, as anybody knows. Also weddings . . . and wedding anniversaries . . . and wedding presents. Of graduations and serious young graduates —hitchin' their wagons to a star. Of fresh asparagus, new peas and everybody on a berry binge.

Now's the time to speak a piece about cherries—don't let the robins hear me. Tried pickling some? You might. Fill a sterilized quart jar or two pints with four cupfuls of fat, perfect cherries —the sour kind (wash them well first but leave the stems on). Add a tablespoon of salt—divide if you use pint jars—then fill to the brim with a half-and-half mixture of vinegar and cold water. Seal: invert two or three times until salt is dissolved. Nice for next winter's relish tray; no sampling for at least two months from now. Some folks add a little sugar—about one tablespoon to a quart jar.

'Tis said that a woman can throw out as much with a teaspoon as a man can bring in on a shovel. The moral is to lick your spoon. Or maybe to scrape your dish. Or something.

I've wished — haven't you — that morning glories would keep their glory for a little longer. So's a body could use them to pretty the table. And somewhere I read that a blob of wax dropped in the heart of the flower would delay them going shut-eye. So that's on my "try-it" list.

You know about sealing the stems of poppies, hollyhocks, waterlilies with flame or boiling water? Soon as you cut them. Prolongs their life and beauty. For flowers with woody stems, peel back the bark a bit and split the ends. Or lay them on a stone and give them a bang with the hammer. Easier drinking.

A new pen point inserted backward in a new holder turned out to be a jim-dandy cherry pitter. You can use it afterward to write me a letter—and that'll be nice.

Make a place on your mixed fruits platter for watermelon cut in small strips—quarter inch thick. Cress for glamour. Nice nibbling.

Cherry juice makes wonderful ice cubes to float in a glass of lemonade. Or the punch bowl. Add color, coolness and giddap. And another little drink won't do you any harm.

If you have a hand-crank ice-cream freezer try frozen strawberries—if you have the berries. Crush a quart; add the juice of 2 lemons. Then boil up 2 cups sugar and 4 cups water for 10 minutes; pour over the fruit; freeze (1 part salt, 8 parts ice is about right. For packing use 1 salt, 4 ice). One of my mother's specials, this. First time I tasted it was right after a hail storm. We gathered up the pellets and tried to forget what the hail had done to the crops.

Mother daubed her frozen strawberries with whipped cream for serving. Looks pretty; tastes good. Or do you think that's painting the lily?

Time's a' wasting, if you're waiting for the sugar to dissolve, every time you mix a tall and frosted. Whyn't you keep some sugar syrup on hand; it's thirsty weather.

Operation—honey. By airlift from basswood to beehive. The bees are busy—and am I glad.

Fish now is a dish—delish. Salmon, f'r'nstance boiled and served cold in the piece. With mayonnaise, lemon, watercress. Handsome is — and handsome does.

Serving spinach? Then put the cruet on the table. As Uncle Ernest once opined spinach without vinegar is as bad as spinach with sand. No, Vera, it won't bedevil the vitamins; wherever did you hear that?

Reach for the bottle, if you know a good thing when it bites you. Now, now, the bottle of horse-radish, I mean. Add some to whipped cream (4 to 6 tablespoons, 1 cup whipping)—sauce for roast beef, baked ham, boiled tongue. Or make a rich cream sauce, add drained horse-radish and a flick of cayenne. See what this does for pot roast.

Lady fingers split, spread with date filling. Tops sprinkled with cinnamon and fine sugar. Go nice with tea—hot or iced.

It won't stop you passing your dish for strawberries, will it, to know that they're chockful of vitamin C. Even if they're good for you they're good.

Yessir, the round is as strengthenin' as the porterhouse. For years 'n' years I've been saying this—wasn't *anybody* listenin'?

Now the whir-r-r of the sewing machine is heard all over the land. Taking stitches in time for the June wedding. And from me to you—best wishes. ✤

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Gay and Light as Summer



EARLY BIRD—No. 2887 is a misses' and women's two-piece dress just made for those spanking-white piqué collars and cuffs. Here's your dress for early-morning shopping and fresh-up days at the cottage. A neatly flared skirt topped by a fitted jacket.

SUN CATCHER—Scalloped if you please and just as neat as a pin for lounging in the late afternoon sun or for that fresh-as-a-daisy look when he comes to dinner. There's a kimona-sleeved bolero to cover up after the sun goes down. No. 2884.

TEATIME—Pretty you, in a full-skirted frock as you greet your guests for tea. The square neckline is made for your new chunky white necklace. Your waistline is tiny, encircled by a wide sash that picks up the color of the print in the material. No. 2877.

EASY TO WEAR—Picture this one in red-checked gingham or plaid cotton set off by white collars and cuffs that can be detached in a minute for easy washing. The skirt is cut in four sections with a deep inverted pleat in the centre front, and features pockets big enough to hold clothespins on wash day. No. 2879.

PARTY AIRS—A junior misses' and misses' dress for festive occasions or Sunday best. The neckline plunges into a V shape framed by a petal-like collar over tiny sleeves. The skirt falls softly into a front inverted pleat and fullness at the sides. No. 2888

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see page 84

"it's Tawny... glowing... glamorous!

...a Midsummer Dream of a Shade"

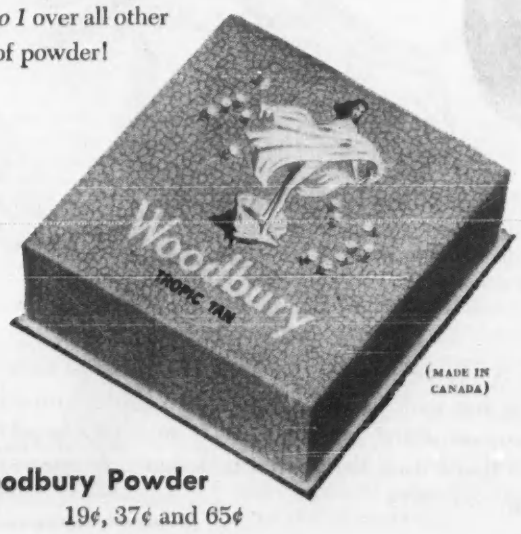
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Could be your skin was warmed by the sun to a breathtaking bronze... or could be Woodbury *Tropic Tan* you're wearing! No telling with this summer glamour shade—it's that *natural*-looking!... that perfectly toned to your skin!

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Smooth as tawny Satin!... the smoothest look your skin has ever known, with New Woodbury Powder! Only Woodbury contains the new secret ingredient that does it... gives a Satin-Smooth look that's priceless. Now see for yourself why, in a test among thousands of women, Woodbury won by an *average of 4 to 1* over all other leading brands of powder!



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Wear *Red Pepper*... a blazing, riotous red... to give the perfect vivid accent to tawny *Tropic Tan*. You'll find matching Woodbury Lipstick and Rouge in *Red Pepper* and 6 other enchanting shades. Lipstick 49¢ and 69¢; Rouge 19¢ and 35¢.





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Meet the Sun Halfway

FOR AN ACTIVE LIFE with no fuss and bother you'll want a pair of pedal pushers. No. 2853 fit the bill! They're fitted smooth at the waistline and have belt carriers to show off any of the natty new belts that fashion boasts of.

THE CAMISOLE TOP for shorts, pedal pushers or slacks. It's the perfect way to brown those shoulders into an even healthy tan. This one has shoulder straps if you prefer and can be lightly boned for strapless wear. No. 2860.

FOUR-PART ENSEMBLE. It's ideal for summer travel, because it is complete in itself. Elastic banding holds the top of the bras. The topper blouse ties in the middle and matches the full pocketed skirt. Make your shorts in a contrasting fabric. You'll wear this outfit from morn till night. No. 2871.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see page 84

Simplicity
2874

TWO FOR ONE. A double pattern, this one! It's a year of bathing suit ensembles, bathing suit with its very own coat to snuggle into and dry quickly. The princess-styled bathing suit is most flattering to the larger figure. The flared back beach coat is designed to be made from fluffy soft toweling. No. 2874.

Are you in the know?



3 guesses what girls forget most

- ☐ *Repair chipped nail polish*
- ☐ *Trim straggly eyebrows*
- ☐ *Buy a new Sanitary Belt*

Forget to keep your nails neat . . . or weed out bristling brows? Not you! Great! But how about remembering to buy a new sanitary belt? Why be like most girls, and keep forgetting—keep putting it off "till next time"? To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy *two* Kotex Sanitary Belts!

Why two? Why, for that crisp, "bandbox feeling"—you'll want a change of sanitary belts. You see, the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. It's adjustable, all-elastic; doesn't bind. So, for more comfort, more freedom, buy the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Or, better still . . . buy *two—for a change!*

Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name





At "that" time, how can you be sure of personal daintiness?

- ☐ *By bathing regularly*
- ☐ *By trusting to luck*
- ☐ *By using Quest powder*

On certain days, above all, you can't leave daintiness to chance! Bathing's important, but it's not enough. And authorities say no napkin alone can give complete deodorant protection for all women. Only with a deodorant sprinkled on the *surface* of your napkin—can you be *sure* of personal daintiness! Choose Quest Powder! Because instantly, on contact, safe unscented Quest Powder *positively destroys* odours—doesn't just mask them. And being a powder, Quest has no moisture-resistant base that tends to slow up absorption.

Get Quest today. (Ask for it by name!) For use on sanitary napkins you can't buy a better deodorant!

Quest Deodorant Powder



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

It Happens to Men Too

Continued from page 27

innocent ignorance of what happens to husbands as they grow older, more often than not it can be cleared up with ease.

Another thing innocent ignorance can lead to isn't quite so easy to cope with. Serious physical trouble in a man can give its first warning by disturbing his hormone balance and thus making him grouchy and difficult. This, of course, can be misunderstood too, and the real cause can go unsuspected until fairly advanced signs of it appear. And that isn't good, because the longer he stays away from the doctor, the harder it's going to be to make him well again.

Ignorance of what middle age can do to a man may have a different and sterner ending—his needless death. Cancer of the prostate or other parts of the genital region can give its first warning by disturbing the hormone balance and thus bringing on irritability, depression, moodiness and nervousness—all slight and none of them so much alarming as annoying. After a while these symptoms get worse, and when at last there is no doubt that something is terribly wrong with him the discovery may easily come too late.

Before we leave testosterone propionate there's another bit of urging I'd like to do. In case you don't already know, taking it except under doctor's orders can be a very poor thing indeed, and even downright dangerous. Even if it doesn't make unsuspected physical trouble worse, which it can do, there seems to be a possibility that testosterone wrongly used may cause sterility. So *never* try to be your own doctor, and always remember the male hormone can't and shouldn't be relied upon to give a man back his vanished youth.

With men, as with women, the change of life can be almost entirely a thing of the mind. A nationally known Canadian psychiatrist thinks this is the commonest kind of all.

He thinks that when married couples approach middle age they should be prepared for the change of life to happen to them both—which is a sight different from the usual married attitude, where the wife takes it for granted and the husband believes it doesn't apply to him.

As my psychiatrist friend pointed out, however, early middle age can bring a man a change of life that may have no resemblance to a woman's but is a very real change nevertheless. It isn't every man who accepts the onset of age comfortably and frankly.

He wants to prove to himself that he's still a conquering male, capable of fascinating a pretty girl with his virile charm. He also begins to have a whole new set of fears and doubts—that he's getting too old to hold his job many years longer, that he won't be able to save enough for the rainy day he's afraid may lie ahead.

If you are having, or getting near the time when it's possible that you will have, middle-age trouble of any kind with your own man, go see your doctor, you *and* your husband, and ask him to tell you both all about the change of life.

There's no percentage in running into even the slightest difficulty when it can be avoided by a little knowledge, and your doctor is the man who can and should teach you what every woman and her husband should know—that it happens to men too. ✚

Are you in the know?



What about a gift for your weekend hostess?

- ☐ *Bring it with you*
- ☐ *Send it later*
- ☐ *Either is correct*

When guesting, remember your friend's mother with some wee giftie. You can bring it, or send it later. Either's correct. But you needn't flourish the present the moment your foot is in the hall! What's more, you needn't postpone your visit—just because "that" day is nigh. For new Kotex keeps you *comfortable*. Gives you *softness that holds its shape* . . . (this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it!)



To style-wise gals, does "Empire" suggest

- ☐ *World's tallest building*
- ☐ *Great Britain*
- ☐ *Good camouflage*

Plan to go places? Or a stay-at-home vacation? Either way, you can find new glamour—by giving careful thought to your wardrobe. If you've figure faults, select styles that conceal them. For instance—the high-waisted "Empire" line does wonders for a flat-chested femme. And don't forget, on certain days, there's no *telltale* line with Kotex. For that, thank the *flat pressed ends* of Kotex. They *prevent* revealing outlines . . . do wonders for your confidence!



How to choose the right perfume?

- ☐ *By trial and error*
- ☐ *By its glamorous name*
- ☐ *Buy Mom's brand*

Sultry scents aren't suitable for teens at any time—much less in summer. Keep cool and sweet with a delicate cologne; or some fresh, light-hearted perfume suited to *your* type. How to tell? By trial and error. Try a few different fragrances in small sizes, to find the kind for you. You know, when smart gals choose sanitary protection, they try the *3 absorbencies* of Kotex—Regular, Junior, Super. Do likewise! Discover which one's right for *your* needs.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG.

"Very Personally Yours", new Free booklet for teenagers. Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . Send your name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. 0804, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

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At 44, they called Avery Dee Gentner the "Nonsense Queen." "I use it as a night cream to help keep my skin smooth and soft. I really enjoy using Noxzema. It's so refreshing."



Barrandov Kildare gives Noxzema full credit for her lovely complexion, says Hollywood. "My skin was dry and flaky, but after my doctor suggested I use Noxzema, I never had any trouble!"

Are you having any trouble with your skin?

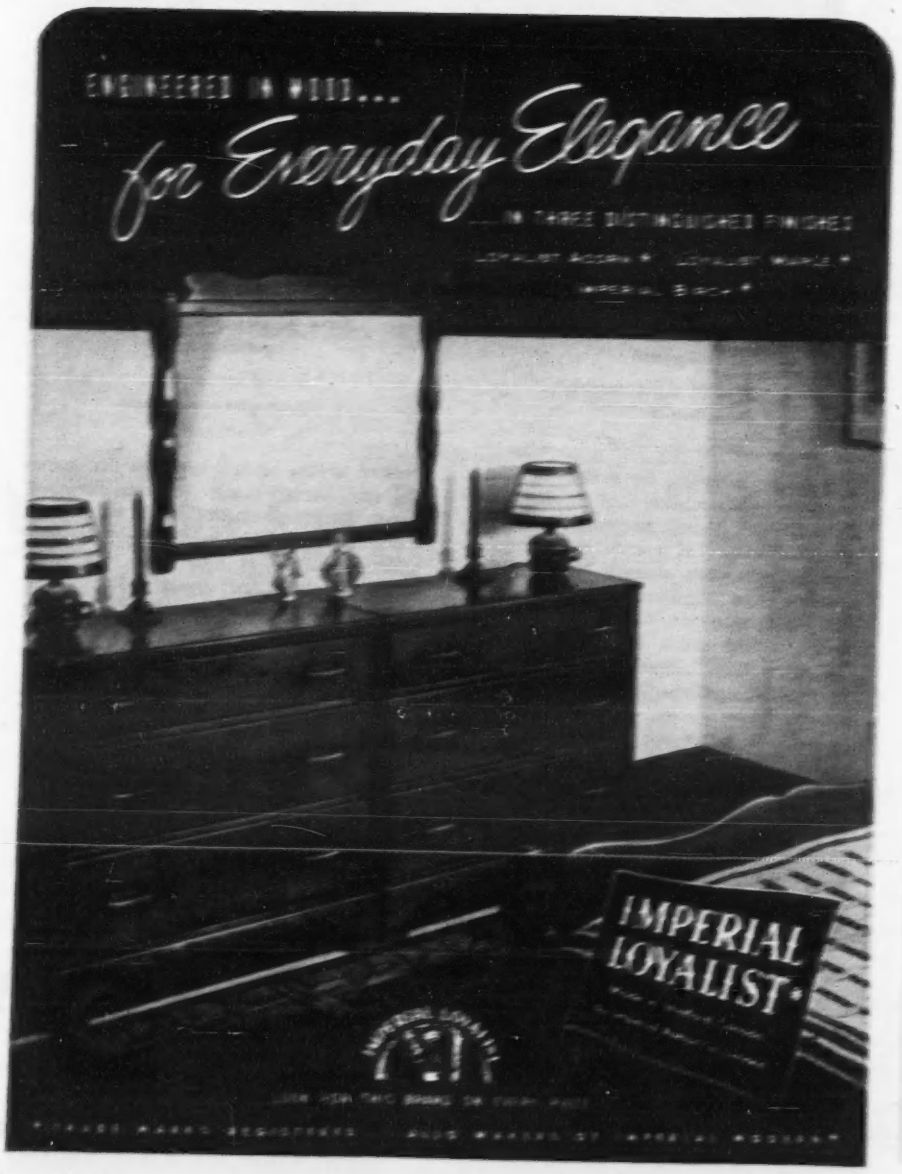
● Everybody, occasionally, has some little thing wrong with her skin—like minor blemishes, roughness or dryness. These two attractive women are no exception. But they found a solution to their beauty problems—Medicated Skin Care!

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To Be So Young

Continued from page 17

her jump and then laugh. That old chuck with its doleful wound and its ominous message carved into the wood, wreathed by appalling curlicues! It had stood in the hall at home, and even as a child Nora had thought it was hideous, but Fran, when it came time to divide their parents' things, had felt sentimental about it and wanted it.

It is later than you think, the carved words said.

Nora slid off the arm of the chair and stretched, feeling the suppleness of her muscles. Maybe it's earlier than I think, she told herself. I'm still young, really, as age goes these days and Rod isn't the only man in the world.

Daphne's voice came down to her from upstairs, high, breathless with excitement, as only the voice of a 16-year-old girl can be. Daphne, Nora thought with amusement as she ran lightly up. Fran's rebellion against the solid names, the solid ways, of their childhood. Frances and Nora and Henry. And Daphne.

"Do I look all right, Aunt Nora? Will you zip the back for me? Do you think I need pearls?"

You look beautiful, just as you are, without another thing. Turn around."

She was not really beautiful. You could not change the hereditary structure of a girl by calling her Daphne. All the Hawthorne women had always been as solid as their names, tall, inclined to heaviness, rosy with health, but never beautiful. Some of them, of course, like Nora, fought off the persistent poundage and deceived the public with charm and wit and good clothes into thinking them remarkably lovely.

And some of them, like Daphne, were young. So young, Nora thought, that it made you ache to look at her, made you feel tired and stiff and used. Her eyes glowed, her skin was perfectly smooth, perfectly firm, and when she bent her head so that Nora could get at the zipper there was a little soft fuzz growing free under the set curls, downy as a baby's.

"Do I really look all right?" Daphne kept asking. "Are you sure I don't need pearls or something?"

Nora sat in the little chintz chair and smiled up at the eager face, watched the incessant combing and brushing and rearranging of hair.

"Do you think it looks better this way or back? I think it makes my face look thinner back, don't you, Aunt Nora? You can tell me—You really know." She gave a shy little giggle. "I should think you would know, a fashion buyer for a big city store."

The child spoke with a respect that would never have been in her voice for any mere homemaker, any married woman, any wife of Rod's. Nora herself had once been a little contemptuous of women who did nothing but get married and keep house. She had worked herself up from stock girl in the store and found the challenge of business more exciting than anything any of the men who had wanted to marry her could offer—until she met Rod.

"I like your hair around your face," she said to Daphne. "You look sweeter that way."

Daphne gave a surprised little laugh. "Oh, but Aunt Nora, I don't want to look sweet!" She brushed the curls back again and nodded at her reflection in the mirror. "It does look more sophisticated this way, doesn't it? Older—"

NORA TRIED to remember when she had been young enough to want to look older, but the years had blacked out any such lovely time. She could recall only that four years ago she had scarcely given a thought to age, and now it seemed to shadow her everywhere. Four years of loving Rod and planning her future with him, feeling vital and happy and sure—short years against the endless two weeks since she had known he was not going to marry her after all, that she was losing him to a younger woman, and that she herself was [illegible] there was no savor in anything any more without him.

The front doorbell rang, and Daphne clasped her hands together with awkward suddenness, the bright color in her round cheeks deepening.

"Oh, would you answer it, Aunt Nora? I'll be down in a minute. You—you'll know what to say. I mean, just sort of introduce yourself—"

Nora got up, smiling. "Everything will be all right, Daphne. Relax a little. Is tonight so terribly important?"

"Yes," Daphne said. "Yes. It's the most important night of my life."

Nora got out before she laughed. She did not know any youngsters in the city, had not realized how intense and dramatic and funny they could be. Six years ago, when she had last visited Fran and Ted, Daphne had been a cute butterball, trying to climb trees with the neighborhood boys. Now she thought she had approached the most important night of her life.

Nora was still grinning as she opened the door. Two couples came in—two tall, lanky, scrubbed boys—two fresh-faced, bright-eyed, eager girls trying to appear bored and indifferent. They kept on coming like that, in little groups, a few minutes apart, with their clean faces and their shining eyes and their airs—all so young, Nora thought, so beautiful and young.

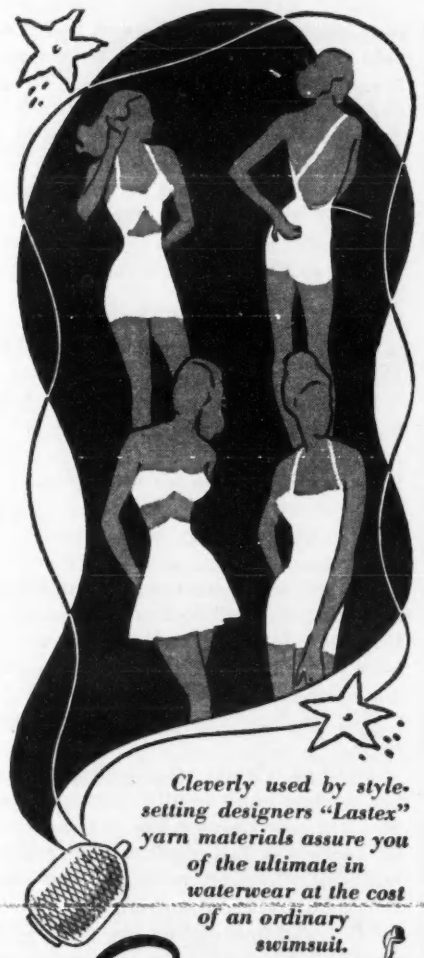
Daphne had come down after the first ones arrived, and begun chattering in a strained, unnatural voice.

"Daddy wouldn't roll back the dining room rug too—he said we'd have enough room in here. Goodness, I hope we do! Of course our records are

Hearsay

by Pauline Havard

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Watching with grey eyes the bird-filled trees,
Or sitting with her hands folded quiet on her knees.
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mostly pretty old, but I suppose we can dance to them all right. There's lots of pop in the ice bucket on the table over there, but maybe you would rather have had punch—"

Nora stood unobtrusively in the doorway, listening, wondering how Fran and Ted could have wanted to miss anything so pricelessly comic as this. Daphne evidently thought it was polite or modest to run everything down. She went from group to group, playing the hostess, telling them all the same things. Her cheeks flamed redder and redder, and her eyes kept wandering to the door. Each time the bell rang she behaved as though she were deaf, completely absorbed in the girl or boy she happened to be talking to, her voice suddenly rising and racing with artificial animation.

"Where's Chris?" someone called to her from across the room. "Isn't Chris coming?"

"I really don't know," Daphne said, with an unnatural drawl of indifference. "I suppose so."

They began to dance their wild strenuous dances, the feet light and quick, the breath coming easily, evenly, no matter how they plunged and whirled. Not beautiful dancing, Nora thought, but so wonderfully rhythmic and vigorous and young. She wondered whether Rod's new girl could dance like this—no, of course not; she wasn't that young, only a little younger than Nora, really, but the years between the twenties and thirties were long years.

She went out into the kitchen and sat down on the edge of the table, lighting a cigarette. There were other men, she thought again. There was Jim Stafford who had been wanting to marry her since before she had met Rod.

Jim was big and kind and protective. She'd be safe with him—she wouldn't get hurt. He had all the homely virtues that people often liked to pretend were dull, but Nora had never thought him dull, not before she had met Rod. She had enjoyed being with him, liked his nice quiet humor, liked the way he looked down at her, his blue eyes warm and gentle in his rugged face, making her feel small and lovely and cared for.

Jim always hustled her into taxis and wrapped her up and sent her flowers. He took her to concerts and good shows and asked her opinion of them, listening earnestly to what she had to say.

Not Rod. He had told her how things were, told her so cleverly and amusingly that she almost had not cared that he had never listened to her ideas. He had taken her dancing sometimes, because he loved to dance and did it superbly, but usually he had just come to see her. He would sprawl on the floor in his easy graceful way or pace restlessly up and down the room, talking charmingly, telling her about things he had done, people he had seen, pausing now and then to make love to her.

She thought of him with fury and passion and pain. She thought of Jim with pleasure and tenderness, calmly. Maybe that was a good way, after all, to think of a man.

She had considered Jim often before she had met Rod, played with the idea of finally marrying and giving up her work as he wanted her to do, but she had always put it off. Some day, when her job had lost its edge, maybe, when she began to feel tired or bored.



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And then Rod, who had made everything else seem unimportant, everyone else dull and insipid. Rod, exactly her own age, but with the lean, hard, vivid vitality that can make a man perennially youthful, as no woman can ever be. Rod, whose eyes were dark and quick and ardent, finding her across a room, hurrying to her ahead of his lithe, swift, finely co-ordinated body, making her feel beautiful and alluring.

Rod, she thought, my love. What will I do without you?

She stubbed out her cigarette and walked rapidly to the door, stood on the steps and took a deep breath of the fresh night air. There was no use going on like this, thinking about him, longing for him. It was over, finished. Over. Finished. *Oh, Rod . . .*

"Hello," someone said.

A BOY WAS coming up the steps, grinning, the breeze ruffling his thick, dark hair. He walked jauntily, with assurance, and as he came up to Nora he looked her over with a certain brief appreciativeness, completely unlike the unseeing respectful indifference of the other boys inside. He was as young as any of them, and no better looking, but there was something about him. In a way that Nora could not possibly have explained, this gangly, unfinished boy still in his teens reminded her of Rod.

"Hello," he said again. "I'm Chris."

There was such brash confidence in the way he said it. I'm Chris—you've heard of me, of course—there's only one Chris. Rod had it too, that boldness, that confidence—subtler, of course, smoother, but the same. The male who knew the power of his own charm, had known it, probably, since the nursery.

"Come in, Chris," she said. "I'm Nora Hanthorne, Daphne's aunt."

He held the door for her with easy courtesy, yet as though mocking at the foolishness of such conventions. When he got inside, he stood in the doorway for a moment, taking in the room, and Nora saw Daphne's back stiffen, saw her turn around slowly, as though pulled by wires, and stare across the floor at him.

He waved to her indolently. "Hi, Daph!" And cut in on the girl nearest to him. Daphne turned away and began talking too fast and too loud again, making stiff, meaningless little gestures with her hands.

So this was it, Nora thought with amusement. This was what Daphne had been waiting for all evening, this boy. No doubt she thought she was in love with him—her first crush, perhaps. There would be so many more before she was through. How wonderful to be 16 and have all that ahead, all the boys to fall in and out of love with, all the years before it had to matter!

"You're so cool about it," Rod had said at the end. "I'm glad it matters so little to you."

She had laughed, then, in spite of her pain. "Oh my dear, surely you wouldn't rather I made a scene?"

He had said, "Of course not. That's one of the wonderful things about you, that you never make scenes." But she knew he had felt cheated, without perhaps realizing it himself, because she had not let him know the extent of her anguish over losing him.

At least I retired with honor—much good may it do me, she thought. But she might have ranted, too, and wept—only long practice in restraint had prevented it—and that would have done her no good either, only made her look like herself very much afterward.

She had called up Jim when Rod had finally gone—not out of pique, not because he was a man, but because he was her friend and she felt the need of a friend. He had come at once and they had sat drinking coffee before her little fireplace.

"Do you want to talk?" he had asked her, and she had said, "No. Do you mind?"

He had looked at her and smiled, as if to say he minded nothing as long as he was with her. He had talked a little himself, but she did not know what he had said, only that his voice had been a quiet and soothing background for her pain.

She had not seen either of them again after that night. She had come here to Fran's the following day, running away from the place where Rod had been, yet unable to escape him.

"May I have this dance, Miss Hanthorne?"

The boy, Chris, was standing before her, smiling in his faintly mocking way. She saw now that he was not quite so tall as she was, rather a short boy, really, but that it would never be any disadvantage to him whatever.

"I'm glad you didn't ask me why I wanted to dance with you," he said when they were on the floor, "instead of with one of these lovely young girls." He looked at her boldly. "Most women would have, you know."

She said, "I didn't have to ask you. You think you've about exhausted the possibilities of the lovely young girls, and you want to try your worldly charm on someone who can really appreciate it—an older woman, worthy of your mettle."

He only grinned. "I knew you'd understand me," he said.

He has the same kind of armor, she thought—the same as Rod. You can never get to them, really, never hurt them.

She had thought that she had reached Rod finally, after the long time of believing it was hopeless. For a little while he had seemed to need her, actually to court her favor and be cast down by her disapproval.

"I want to marry you," he had told her. "I never expected to want any woman as much as that, but there it is."

He had been wonderful that little while, the faithful lover, the eager fiance. She had thought he was really hers, his insolence, his easy charm humbled by love. Most of the memories that tortured her were of that time, the sweet things he had done and said.

She waited now, until she and Chris were opposite the little group where Daphne stood talking with such determined vivacity, and left him with an excuse about seeing to the sandwiches. When she glanced back a moment later she saw that they were dancing together, and Daphne's face was so openly, unconsciously rapt that Nora had to look away.

Oh, to be as young as that, she thought, that happy—nothing to worry about but whether the boy of the moment would dance with you—no problems, no concern with the future!

She stood in the hall a while, unseen, watching them all, feeling a deep

Continued on page 59

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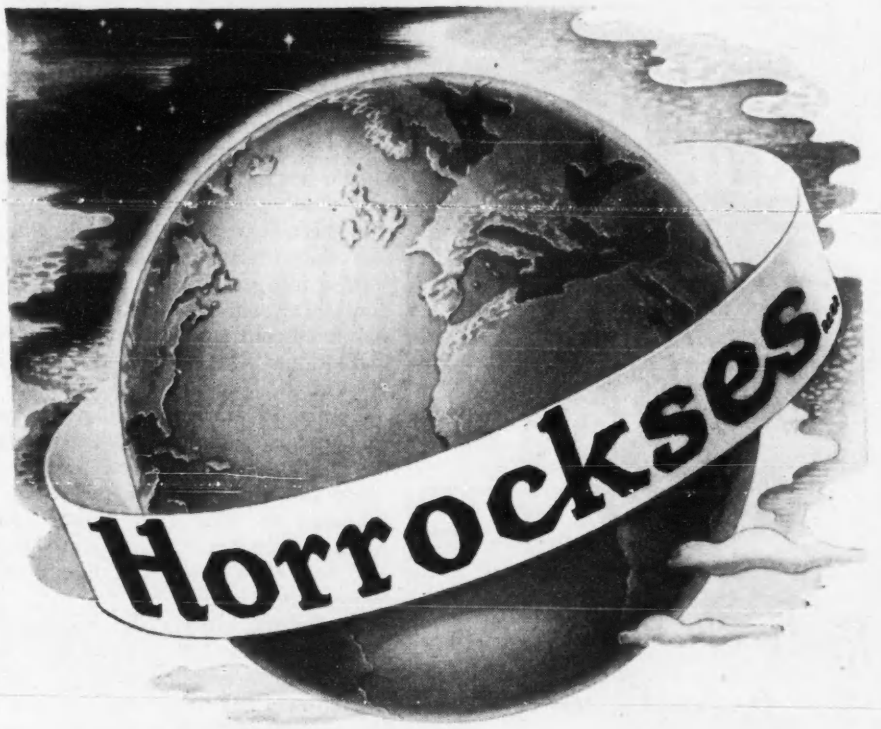
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nostalgia for her own lost youth. Surely it was only a little time since she had been a girl like Daphne, laughing gaily up into some boy's eyes, the world ahead of her. Where had all the years gone?

She should not have done this tonight, should not have stayed behind with all this youth and happiness. She would have been better off at the club, among the others of her own age, their lives all settled into dull unchanging patterns, everything behind them. There was too much contrast here between all she had lost and all these boys and girls had yet to find.

Feeling 10 years older than she was, she went back to the kitchen to arrange the sandwiches on a platter. They were ready too soon, and she picked up a magazine to read until it was time. Almost all the stories were about women who lost their men and then in the end got them back.

Maybe Rod will come back to me, she thought. Maybe he'll grow tired of her.

"You're under my skin as no other woman ever has been," he had said to her once. "I can't forget you. I've tried, you know, but I can't."

Maybe he was only trying now, once more, in a desperate effort to keep the freedom he had always valued so. He had not said he was going to marry that other girl. He had told Nora she was the *only woman he had ever wanted to* marry. This might be just his way of making sure he couldn't do without her. *Oh, Rod I'd never tie you down—don't you know I like my own freedom too well for that?*

The old clock in the hall boomed dolefully 11 times, and Nora got up, sweeping the magazine impatiently off the table. She was a fool, deceiving herself with dreams. Leave the dreams to the young ones, she thought, to Daphne and the others . . .

As she stood there she became aware of voices coming from the garden in back of the house, young voices that carried clearly on the still night air.

"It's lovely out, isn't it?" Daphne said. "Look at the little bit of a moon."

"Yeah." This was Chris. "Reminds me of the edge of a fingernail."

"Oh, yes, that's what it does look like, just exactly. You have the best way of putting things."

Chris did not answer. Nora heard their feet on the gravel, and then Daphne said:

"You aren't wearing your school ring."

"No."

"Why not, Chris?"

"It's too heavy in the summer. It makes my finger hot. What do you care, anyway? What are you asking me so many questions for?"

"I wasn't asking you so many questions—just why you aren't wearing your ring."

"Well, I told you."

There was a silence, except for the intermittent crunching of the gravel, as though feet were shuffling impatiently on the walk.

"We'd better go inside," Chris said finally. "They'll be wondering where we are."

Daphne ignored the suggestion. "I was just thinking," she said, with the high, artificial little laugh, "of the fun we had on the picnic. Remember when you ducked me in the pond?"

"Well, sure I remember. It was only a week ago."

"We had a wonderful time together, didn't we, Chris?"

"Sure, fine."

"Remember how we . . ."

No, Daphne, no, Nora groaned to herself. Keep quiet. Go inside. Can't you see? Don't you know?

But of course she didn't. She was so young, little more than a child, really. And it wasn't important anyhow. It was foolish to feel such a wrenching of the heart over the trivial romanticizing of a 16-year-old girl. Tomorrow she would be giggling with her friends the same as ever, sighing over a movie star, smiling at some other boy, with the wonderful resilience of youth . . .

"Tell me the truth, Chris," she was saying. "You haven't got your ring any more, have you?"

"Look, I told you—"

"You gave it to Ginny Bell, didn't you, Chris? That's why you aren't wearing it, because you gave it to her."

There was no answer. Feet scuffled the gravel, going away, and other feet hurried after.

"Wait a minute, Chris. Listen, I'm not mad or anything. I guess you can do what you want to with your own ring. It's just that I want to know. I mean, I have to know where—where I stand."

The voice came to Nora as though from a long way off. She stood still, not hearing the boy's answer, hearing only the fading sound of the footsteps as they walked finally away.

"Rod, let's have everything clear between us, shall we? I always like to know where I stand."

"We've been friends such a long time, Nora, my dear. I hardly—"

"Please, Rod, don't subject me to the indignity of 'letting me down easy.' I gather there's someone else. If there is, say so."

NORA MOVED her shoulders a little, as though to shake off some weight, picked up the platter of sandwiches and carried it into the dining room. She did not see Daphne anywhere, but Chris was there, dancing with a fragile little fair-haired girl, looking down at her with his impudent smile.

Nora had scarcely set the platter on the table when every last crumb was gone, as though locusts had descended upon it. They can eat like that, she thought, with such gusto, and never worry about their figures or their digestions. They can do everything and never worry because they are so young and there are so many tomorrows to blank out today's mistakes and disappointments.

She went out to search for Daphne, and found her sitting under a tree, as far away from the house as she could get. The girl's head jerked up as Nora approached, her eyes lighting with a look of hope so dazzling that when, at sight of Nora, it faded out, her face was left altogether dull and empty.

"So this is where you are," Nora said. "Everyone's been wondering what became of you. Come along back, won't you? The house has cooled off a lot now."

"Who's been wondering where I was? Did anybody ask? Any particular person, I mean?"

"No, not any particular person, Daphne."

The girl began to cry—or rather, Nora realized, she resumed crying. The handkerchief in her hand was soggy, useless, and she kept sniffling at intervals like a small child.

"Don't Daphne," Nora said gently. She sat down beside her and wiped the girl's face with her own clean handkerchief. "It can't be this dreadful."

Daphne looked at her with tragic eyes. "Oh, Aunt Nora, you don't know," she said. "Everything's over."

"What do you mean, everything's over? Everything's never over until you're dead—and perhaps not then."

"I wish I were dead."

Nora put her arm around the solid young shoulders. "What's it all about, Daphne? Love?"

Daphne nodded. Her voice, as she spoke, was punctuated with small, sobbing breaths. "He doesn't care about me any more. I thought—he kind of said—I expected he was going to give me his school ring tonight. But he didn't, Aunt Nora. He gave it to somebody else instead."

"Don't you care, Daphne. There are plenty of other boys—better boys. Don't you care."

"Oh, Aunt Nora, there's nobody better. He's wonderful. He's not like any other boy. I'll never love anybody else, never in my whole life." She began to sob again. "I'm so unhappy," she wailed, with a kind of piteous surprise. "I'm so terribly unhappy."

Nora sat holding her hand, saying nothing more. The two jilted women, she thought.

Only for Daphne there was no comfort, no consolation anywhere. She did not see that her boy would never have been any good for her anyway She did not understand how to handle unhappiness, how to laugh when she wanted to cry. She had no work in which to lose herself, in which to forget. She did not even know how the sharpest grief and longing fade, day by day, and there was no way to tell her, to make her believe it. She thought she would love this boy forever, long for him forever, and only when the love and longing were over would she begin to know how it really was.

Nora sat back against the tree and smiled up at the little fingernail of moon. She would miss Rod—but she knew that every day would dim a little the remembrance of his face, the poignancy of her love for him.

Probably he would never have made her happy anyway. She knew Jim Stafford was a better man, and perhaps she would marry Jim, or perhaps she would not marry at all, just keep on with the work she had always loved. Either way, although she might not be deliriously happy, she would be contented. In time, everything would be all right.

Everything would be all right for Daphne too, but Daphne didn't know it. She was too young to know it.

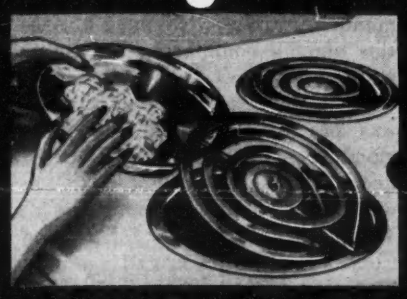
"I'll never get over this, Aunt Nora," she kept sobbing. "Never."

She had so much ahead of her, so much that was behind Nora forever . . .

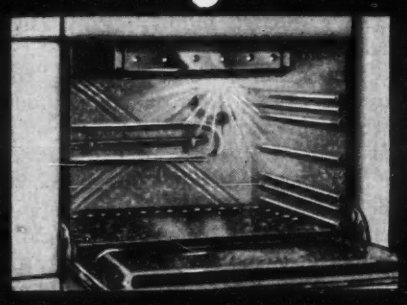
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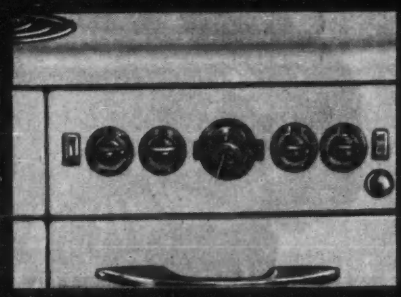
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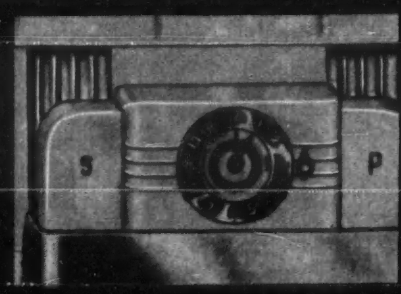
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Love Must Be Blind

Continued from page 31

she can't see anyone today. If you will tell me who called—"

"Bruce Lockhart." He was crisply businesslike. "Someone told me—that is I understand Miss Rogers took an overdose of sleeping medicine. Right?"

Stacy nodded her smooth brown head. "Right." So someone told him! A very cool number: just the kind of number you would expect the man in this Rogers business to be.

His eyes assessed her. "Miss Rogers' special," he said reflectively. Suddenly he smiled. When he smiled he looked less like a pirate. He looked more like the kind of person you would like to have around in a crisis. Or like the kind of person you would like just to have around. It was most confusing. "Special," he said, "is a good word to file you under."

SHE FELT her face burn and it made her furious. She turned swiftly, but he stopped her with a hand on her arm. "I'm sorry," he said as if he meant it and he took his hand from her arm. "I wasn't being fresh. I was just—"

"Being stupid?" she suggested evenly.

"With that," he grinned wryly, "you've got *me* filed. Now then about Miss Rogers," he went on quickly. "I want her to have everything she needs. Tell her that, please. Also that I didn't know until a short time ago about her"—he hesitated—"her illness."

"Yes," Stacy said, contempt icing her voice. "I'll tell her."

He regarded her sharply. "What's wrong? You sound as if I'm public germ No. 1."

She replied curtly, "Call it my clinical tone," but she wouldn't let it go at that. She gave him back a question. She knew better than to ask it—the question was outrageous, besides it wasn't any of her business—but suddenly *she had to know*. She asked, "What is your connection with Miss Rogers?"

He didn't look outraged, just surprised. "Why, I thought you knew. I'm Acme—that is my brother John and I—we're the Acme Steel Company and Miss Rogers is one of our stenographers."

The wave of relief Stacy felt was startling: almost she smiled at him.

He changed the subject abruptly. "You know," he said, scrutinizing her keenly, "they're quite a thing. Your eyes, I mean . . . so blue and the lashes black as sin."

There was his smile again, and this time it was, she noted, curiously disturbing. Instinctively she braced herself: after all a girl didn't achieve 24 birthdays and a RN after her name without a working knowledge of chemical and biological disturbances.

She said stiffly, "Is there anything more you want me to tell Miss Rogers?"

He retired the smile. "No. Not now. But I'll probably be in again tonight—" he flipped her a salute, turned and swung off down the hall. And Stacy went back to her patient.

Claire was asleep. The room was heavy with the scents of roses, French perfume and Haines' Memorial's carbolic solution. Stacy raised the window, letting in a refreshing current.

Claire sighed, and opened her eyes.

"Say, what's the idea," she demanded fretfully, "leaving me alone all this time. I could've passed out twice and you wouldn't know it."

Stacy consulted her wrist watch. She was out of the room, she reported amiably, just five minutes. "Mr. Bruce Lockhart," she pronounced the name with precision, "was asking for you." There wasn't a flicker of change in Claire's careful mask, and again Stacy knew that odd wave of relief. She finished hastily, "He says you are to have everything you want."

"Everything I want," Claire repeated through her teeth. "Now that's real big of the guy. I'll have to think up something. Or maybe"—her eyes slitted shrewdly — "Mr. High-and-Mighty Lockhart can give me some ideas."

Stacy queried mildly, "Why High-and-Mighty?"

"Listen, babe," Claire gritted, "that guy was born with a diamond-studded rattle in his hand, and he thinks all he has to do is give an order and everybody'll start jumping through hoops." She rolled over on her elbow, propping her chin with her hand. "You ought to see where they live—this Bruce guy and his brother and the brother's wife and kid. I saw the place last summer when they gave a party for the people at the plant. It's a regular Hollywood job—swimming pool, butler, maids. The house is huge. Meet Mrs.—Duchess John Lockhart entertaining the help."

Stacy, who never encouraged gossip with a patient, smiled and said firmly, "You have talked enough for now."

But Claire ignored her. "I'll say she's nobody's glitter babe—the Lockhart dame. No looks. No style. Strictly from mouse! But does she pull the ritz on you. Like her grand brother-in-law, who comes in here and says, 'Miss Rogers must have everything'—on account of she's a poor sap but she works for the Lockharts."

Stacy could have laughed if she hadn't sensed in Claire's tirade something more than an ingrowing grudge against people who were oversupplied with this world's goods. Wasn't there, she questioned silently, a personal angle here that was darkly murky? She couldn't help but wonder and somehow feel a little sick.

Was it this question in her mind that made her look forward to evening visiting hours? Made her feel somehow disappointed when they came and went and Bruce Lockhart didn't appear? Then half an hour before she went off duty, someone rapped on the door. When she opened it—there he was.

HE WAS wearing dinner clothes with an overcoat slung across his shoulders: a buccaneer in a black tie and black pearl studs. "I came with Dr. Stauffer," he said authoritatively, coming into the room and closing the door behind him. "I have permission to see Miss Rogers."

Claire said instantly, "Well, what do you know, so I rate a visit."

In three long strides he crossed over to the bed where she lay watching him with a tight guarded expression. He stood for a moment, looking down at her. It was only a moment, but Stacy imagined something tense—or was it menacing?—between them. Then the moment passed as he said easily: "The doctor gives a fine report on you. He says by tomorrow you'll be good as new."

Claire laughed harshly. "How good is new?"

He disregarded that. "Everyone," he added, "has been anxious about you."

"Everyone," she agreed.

Or did she make it sound like a question? Stacy couldn't be sure.

Claire raked him over with suddenly smoldering eyes. "So you've been to a party."

He nodded his black head. "A family party."

"On you," she jeered, "that should look good."

"On my brother," he corrected smoothly. "John is celebrating his sixth wedding anniversary."

Angry color dyed her face. She muttered fiercely, "And that would come first with you."

Bruce didn't reply. Instead he turned abruptly to Stacy. "Oh, Miss Wade, I forgot—Dr. Stauffer wants to see you in the nurses' office."

Stacy didn't want to go to the nurses' office. She wanted to stay here in this room and ask Bruce Lockhart: Are you the man who sent the roses? But she couldn't do that, of course. She held herself very straight in her stubbornly starched uniform, gave him an aloof little nod and went on out.

Dr. Stauffer, looking surprisingly out-of-character in a dinner jacket, put down the Rogers' chart as Stacy joined him. His plump ruddy face abeam, he said, "These amphetamine-sulphate injections surely do the trick. We've never had anything so successful before in counteracting the effects of the barbiturates."

"Yes, doctor," Stacy murmured tonelessly.

Dr. Stauffer was chief-of-staff at Haines and took a fatherly interest in the personnel. He gave her a keen look. "Tired?"

She managed a nice little smile for him. "No, sir."

The doctor sighed. "Well, I am. You see"—he indicated his jacket—grinning, "I've been partying . . . and parties mow me down. But Bruce—that's young Lockhart who's in seeing your patient—Bruce has been on the same party and he'll be out on the golf course at six a.m. and then put in a stiff day at the plant. But me"—Dr. Stauffer grimaced—"I feel my Anno Domini."

Stacy took a deep breath. "Dr. Stauffer, Miss Rogers really doesn't need me any longer. Do you think I should report for duty tomorrow?"

"I don't know," he frowned consideringly. "When I was asked to take this case specials were insisted on. But I may discharge the patient tomorrow. Suppose we leave it this way: You report for duty and if Rogers goes home I'll use you on that thrombosis case."

Stacy didn't say: But I don't want to stay on this case another minute because I don't want to see Bruce Lockhart . . . because I don't want to feel all tense and breathless. She said, "Yes, doctor."

Bruce came along then. Dr. Stauffer told him to wait a minute while he looked in on Miss Rogers, and hustled off. Stacy replaced the chart in the rack and when she turned to leave, Bruce blocked the doorway.

"Hi," he said, leisurely and for all the world as if he had dropped in to keep a date with her.

What had happened? Less than five minutes ago he was tense and hurried. Less than five minutes ago he treated her as so much hospital equipment. But now he was relaxed and his eyes on her were disturbingly aware. More disturbing though was the way her pulses responded to his nearness.

She offered him a stern nod and tried to push past him. But he wouldn't push. "Look," he said, "I want to see you when you go off duty. May I?"

"No," she said unhelpfully.

He stepped aside with a mocking little bow. "The lady says 'no,'" he murmured.

And that, she told herself, swishing quickly by him, is that.

BUT IT WASN'T, because when she left the hospital a bit later, he was waiting for her at the gate.

"I waited," he said casually, "to give you a lift."

"Thanks, but I'm only two blocks from my apartment and I like to walk." A chill gust of wind whirled out her blue cape like a banner and she caught it around her, hugging it close.

"But it's going to rain," he said and put two fingers under her elbow, steering her toward the curb and his parked car. There was the stuff of her cape and its heavy red woollen lining between his fingers and her elbow, but she felt them, separate and disquieting.

"Rain? Tonight?" She tilted her face up to the bright-starred heavens. "That's absurd."

"I didn't say tonight," he contradicted patiently. "I merely mentioned—it's going to rain. It always does," he flicked her a grin, "sometime."

She smiled. She couldn't help it. But she pulled her elbow free. "I'm walking," and she started briskly up the street.

"So we're walking," he said, falling into step beside her.

It didn't matter, she told herself, whether he came along with her or not. And that was when she knew that it did matter. Beyond anything. But it's mad, she thought. Someone you didn't know existed this morning, someone you may not see again after tonight.

They turned the corner and there was the DeLuxe Lunch, its white-tiled front gleaming under a garish garland of lights. Bruce said, "Dinner parties always give me malnutrition. Let's go in here." Stacy thought: someone you may not see again . . .

They found an empty booth toward the back and they sat facing each other across the narrow black-enameled table. She had left her little white cap at the hospital and the wind had ruffled a brown frill of curls across her brow. As she put up her hand to subdue the frill Bruce said gravely, "Donny will like you."

"Who is Donny?" she asked warily.

Before he could reply a waitress interrupted, but when they had ordered their doughnuts and coffee, he explained: "Donny is my brother John's five-year-old son and a very special guy."

Stacy stiffened. So the sophisticated young man would try to disarm her with a family-man approach! She remembered the look of burning spite on Claire's face when she had said ". . . a family party . . . that should look good on you." Was it, she wondered, a regular line with him? Had Claire been fooled by it? And was it the line he had used to lead her along . . .

Continued on page 78

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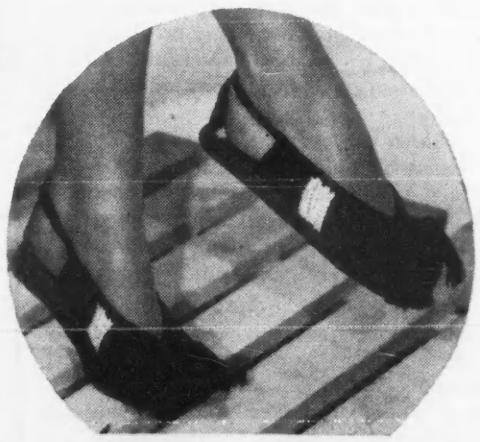


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The Farnsworth Case

Continued from page 19

vines on her big porch, wrapped in an old grey wool cardigan (she was feeling the cold these summer days) and thought about Kathie Blake. She had never known the child well—just here and there, at the country club and church gatherings. But somehow Kathleen had always reminded her of her daughter Anne. They'd both had a vividness, and a kind of remoteness too. And they'd both had the long-legged, coltish sort of adolescence that seemed to flower, almost overnight, into a special kind of maturity.

By this time Mrs. Haverford was thinking almost entirely about Anne. The way she had looked the day she graduated. Somehow you'd never have dreamed, to see her then, that a few years later she would die in childbirth, leaving a young son who would become—unruly.

But unruly wasn't the word for Matthew, and Mrs. Haverford knew that only too well. In failing Matthew, she had failed Anne, who had given her life for the boy. Finally Mrs. Haverford laid the paper aside, and took from her pocket the letter from the headmaster of Matthew's school. When she had decided what to do she would destroy the letter. But she needn't hurry, and she mustn't make a mistake.

It is doubtful if anyone in Barton lingered as long over the paragraph about Kathie's trip as Barbara Casey did that day. "The local stores aren't good enough for her!" Barbara thought scornfully. But it wasn't really scorn Barbara felt. Mostly it was envy and a curious kind of malice. For in her heart Barbara had always felt that Kathie Blake was at the root of her troubles. Nothing was working out the way she'd hoped; and basically that was Kathie's fault.

IT HAD all happened—or started, at any rate—two years before, when they'd all spent a lot of time going to football games and parties. Barbara was the prettiest member of the crowd—she had always been sure of that. (How could she help being, when she had dark red curls all over her head, and heavily lashed, pansy-blue eyes?) But for some undiscernible reason Kathie Blake always got the men. She'd smile and fling her hair back over her shoulder, and pretend not to care—and they'd all come flocking around.

It had burned Barbara up. And then that winter Nick Lovell had dropped her like a hot cake and fallen for Kathie, and that had been the last straw. To hide her chagrin, to show the world she didn't care, Barbara had become engaged to Johnny Williams. Johnny had no money and no prospects, but when he fell for her, she promised to marry him.

But now she was aware of a growing disappointment. For one thing Kathie Blake went right on being popular and having things her own way. But even that wouldn't have mattered so much if Johnny hadn't turned out to be lazy and good-for-nothing—an out-and-out failure. He was smart enough; he could have had his pick of jobs in Barton. But instead he spent hours out in his barn, experimenting with various forms of concentrated foods.

Barbara thought the whole performance ridiculous and somehow shameful too. She wanted her future husband in an office, like the other men she knew. But when she tried to argue with Johnny it was like running up against a stone wall. Just last night she'd told him flatly that she didn't want to be poor, and drive around town in an old pickup instead of a decent car. "Why don't you get a job?" she'd asked, for at least the hundredth time. "The way it is now, people are beginning to say you're queer."

And Johnny had grinned at that. "Maybe I am," he agreed. "Maybe all of us are, to some degree." And then he'd added, with a heavy sigh, "I know I'm giving you a rotten deal, Barbara. But I have to figure things out in my own way. Take this new formula, for instance. If it clicks, I'll be making a real contribution . . ."

"You and your contribution!" Barbara exclaimed, unable to endure the rage and frustration that nagged at her constantly nowadays. Because no no matter how hard she tried, she didn't seem able to convince Johnny. "If you ask me," she said unhappily, "all you want is an excuse to putter."

Johnny shrugged, but his smile was quizzical. "That's a chance I have to take," he said. "Most ideas seem pointless until they work." And he added cheerfully, "Who knows? This time I may get a break."

So, as usual, nothing had been settled; because of that the item in the Chronicle seemed to Barbara like the last straw. After breakfast she sat on the porch of her parents' home, her bare legs on the rail, her green wedgies dangling, and stared at it with mounting resentment. Right now Kathie Blake was away buying a trunkful of clothes; in two weeks she'd come back and marry the richest young man in town. And, of course, after that she'd have everything her own way.

Even Dick's mother was in favor of her. All the older women were. She had a habit of talking to them at dances, or pretending to be really interested in what they were saying. It was quite a

Argosies

By Sydney Bushell

Each time we launch our little questing ships,
Letters from home to you who are away,
And one by one, each from its mooring slips
To go a-voyaging beyond the bay,
Our blessing goes with every fragile barque
And on the treasure that is in their holds
Laden beyond their phantom Plimsoll mark
With love, such as a parent's heart enfolds.

The beacon of our love their guiding star,
Safe-harbored, one by one is hailed, and then,
Full-laden, breasting our own harbor-bar,
Proud argosies come sailing home again.
Dear ones of ours, however far you roam,
"All's well — all's well!" so long as you write home.



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$100.00 for Best Recipe

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: May I ask you to do me a favour? All the bridal doings in the papers these days have had me puzzling how I could send along my "best wishes" to every "Miss" who is about to become "Mrs." and take up the job of homemaking. I'd like to share with her our wonderful array of prize-winning recipes and I'd like to tell her, too, that our dietitians would be very pleased to help her with her cooking problems. To do this, I need *your* help. So, if you have a newly-married friend or relative—or an about-to-be—won't you please enclose her name and address when you send in your entry to the contest? Just write it on a *separate* paper and mark it "BRIDE"—so we won't confuse it with your own name when reading your letters.

Without taking a poll of people's favourite foods, I think it's safe to say that cheese would be near the top of the list. This appetizing, nourishing food is right at home at picnics, parties, snack fests, as well as company and family dinners. So it was no surprise to receive a grand variety of recipes for the March "Maple Leaf" Cheese contest. From these, our judges chose a dish that rated raves from one and all. We're sure you'll agree, and join us in many thanks and

SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS TO:
Mrs. A. J. MacLaurin, 311 Fourth Street, West, Cornwall, Ont.
for her $100.00 prize-winning
"MAPLE LEAF" CANADIAN CHEESE-PINEAPPLE PIE

¾ cup fine, dried bread crumbs
¼ cup melted Margene
¾ cup sugar
2 eggs
3 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¾ teaspoon grated lemon rind
¼ cup table cream
½ lb. package "Maple Leaf" Canadian Cheese, grated (easiest to do when thoroughly chilled)

Method: Mix crumbs with Margene and ¼ cup of the sugar. Pack on the bottom and sides of a greased 8-inch pie plate. Beat the eggs until thick, add the remaining ½ cup of sugar gradually, beating after each addition. Add the flour, salt, lemon juice and rind, the cream and the "Maple Leaf" Canadian Cheese. Mix thoroughly. Pour into the crumb-lined pie plate. Bake in a slow oven (300°F.) for about 30 minutes (or until the mixture will not adhere to the point of a knife inserted in the centre). Remove from oven. When cool, spread with:

PINEAPPLE TOPPING (optional)

3 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 cup sweetened crushed pineapple

Blend sugar and cornstarch in a saucepan. Stir in pineapple, and cook over moderate heat until thickened and clear, stirring constantly. Cover and cook for 10 minutes longer. Cool. Serves six.

THIS MONTH, WE OFFER ANOTHER $100.00 FIRST PRIZE for the best recipe or idea for serving **KLIK or KAM.**

This delightful, pure pork two-some, KLIK (in the oblong tin) and KAM (in the round tin) gives you an easy way to speedy, satisfying meals or snacks. Both are perfect for hearty picnic sandwiches, baked as a meat loaf, fried with eggs for breakfast, or combined with other good foods in casserole dishes. I know you'll think of a dozen different ways to serve them—so won't you tell me your ideas in a letter? Remember, best recipe wins $100.00!

CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO! To each family who writes, Canada Packers will send a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for a 12-ounce tin of either KLIK or KAM.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for First Prize, but we promise only one Voucher per family. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the $100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the First Prize, as well as the Free Voucher, your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, June 30th, 1949. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my September magazine column. It could be YOU!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited, 2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

TOAST BOATS are a handy quick-fix item for a party. Just brush thin, crusts-off bread slices, with Margene. Fit them into muffin or tart tins. Bake until brown. Remove and fill with creamed mushrooms, chicken, salmon or whatever your little heart fancies.

DISCOVERY DEP'T.: Best thing yet for opening those pesky vacuum-sealed jars is a screwdriver. Don't let the man of the house catch you—buy your own!

TINKLE-TINKLE goes Junior with a tiny bell laced into his wee shoe. When the bell is silent, come a-runnin' Mama—likely there's mischief a-foot.

A PRETTY TABLE is a "must" at bridal parties. Buy inexpensive crash. Cut into a cloth and serviettes. Machine stitch a thread about 1" in from each edge and then fringe. I admired one dyed a soft grey with half the serviettes in pink. Pussywillows and carnations centred the table and the cake was iced in pink with silver balls. An idea for you?

Time once more to sign off, so let me remind you to mail your entry not later than midnight, June 30th, 1949. And don't forget to enclose a new-bride's name! I'll be looking forward to hearing from you. Cheerio!

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, Brenda York

technique if you wanted to bother. And suddenly Barbara tried desperately to remember the things they used to say about Kathie years ago when she first came to Barton. Things about her mother, and her father, who had been somehow disgraced. But that was all *too far off*. And anyhow it didn't help. Not with Kathie Blake having a wedding which would be the big event of the social season.

It was July, but there was a kind of soft chill to the air. Finally Barbara slouched out of the swing, wandered into the house, and threw the Barton Chronicle into the waste basket.

The next time Kathie Blake's name appeared in print, almost everyone in Barton who could read read every word of the story—though no one more avidly or tirelessly than Barbara Casey.

THE BARTON CHRONICLE carried the first news release in toto, under the heading LOCAL GIRL INVOLVED IN MURDER. The first accounts were somewhat garbled, which left plenty of room for speculation. But this much seemed to be clear: a Mrs. Lydia Farnsworth had shot her husband in the game room of their country home at three o'clock in the morning, because she was jealous of Kathleen Blake.

Miss Kathleen Blake of Barton, the papers reiterated over and over. It seemed funny having the name of the town all over the big city papers. In one, when they ran Kathie's picture they said: BARTON GIRL ONLY WITNESS TO SLAYING.

There was an inquest, and gradually more details of the killing emerged, none of them savory. It seemed that Kathleen Blake had been a house guest of the Farnsworths. The night of the murder there had been a party and considerable drinking. A number of guests had left about three in the morning, and when Lydia Farnsworth returned to the game room, after seeing them off, she discovered her husband, Terence Farnsworth, with his arms around Kathleen Blake. She had become enraged and had grabbed a gun from a holster on the wall. He had leaped for it, there had been a struggle, the gun had gone off and he had been shot through the heart.

To this account the Barton Chronicle appended a parenthesis: (Mrs. Lydia Farnsworth was to have been matron of honor at the wedding of Miss Kathleen Blake and Mr. Richard Loring, Jr., of Barton. Prior to the wedding, Mrs. Farnsworth was to have visited Miss Blake at the home of her aunt, Miss Martha Chilton, on Waverley Ave. Ed.)

After the inquest Lydia Farnsworth was indicted for manslaughter and released on bail. Kathleen Blake, chief witness, was released on her own recognizance, until the trial, which would take place in the fall.

The day after this report the Chronicle ran a short item in the society column: The wedding of Miss Kathleen Blake and Mr. Richard Loring, Jr., which was to have taken place in August, has been postponed.

Barbara Casey read that with a quick vindictive glow in her heart. She told Johnny that night. She said sardonically, "It seems that the Blake-Loring nuptials are off for the present."

Johnny nodded. He said, "It can be tough on a girl, getting mixed up in a thing like that."

Barbara shrugged. "They didn't tell much about it in the papers," she said. "But you can read a lot between the lines."

IT WAS hot in the city that day, and Kathie Blake sat alone in her hotel room. Because of the heat she had pinned her hair back of her ears—and now she sat motionless on the bed staring at the rug, which was very ugly.

She was just beginning to emerge from the shock, and she wondered vaguely if that was something nature did to you on purpose in times of stress. Perhaps there was a kind of opium in your brain. And when things happened the opium was released, dulling your perceptions and making a kind of numbness all through your nervous system.

But now it was beginning to wear off and, sitting alone in the room, Kathie could feel the awareness in flashes—disjointed, and even now not entirely real. Maybe the night at the Farnsworths would always be like that—something to close your mind against. You couldn't dwell on it—all the people and the highballs, and the music from the radio, and Lydia laughing that shrill way and Terry muttering foolishly about the "almighty bonds of matrimony."

Perhaps it would never seem true, Kathie thought drearily. For one thing it didn't make sense, though now she could see that throughout the whole week end there had been something evil in the air, something distraught and overly tense. But that business with the gun had seemed like fooling. Terry putting his arm around her and Lydia coming in and saying wildly, "I've had about enough, I can't stand any more!" and reaching for the gun.

After that there had been the police and the inquest and phone calls to Barton. And someone had told her that Lydia was sure to get off. The drinking and Terry Farnsworth's previous record—all of it would count in her favor. And Lydia had changed so much since boarding school that Kathie couldn't tell at all how she felt.

So now she sat very still, trying to remember things through the blur. The phone calls from Barton, for instance. Aunt Martha had offered to come to her, but she had done so reluctantly. She had said coldly, "I'll come if you need me, Kathleen." But Kathie, in her vagueness had said, "Oh, no, Aunt Martha. I'm fine, really."

Dick hadn't offered to come, but he'd arranged a lawyer for her—a good one. And the last time he had phoned he had said that they all thought she had better stay until after the trial. "Give things a chance to blow over here," he had said. His voice had sounded strained and awkward. "I—somehow it doesn't seem like you, Kathie. A married man, and all."

And just what had he meant by that?

"Like you," he had said. Like me—Kathie Blake.

BUT NOW a dreadful thing was happening, because she seemed to see eyes staring at her from the ugly pattern of the rug. Staring at her—staring and staring. The eyes of Clark Weldon, the postmaster, and Ted Wiggins, who sold tickets at the station. The mild blue eyes of Richard Loring, Dick's father. The eyes of old man Sears at the drugstore, of Dolores Bishop and Mrs. Haverford who lived up on the hill and raised delphiniums for the garden club.

All up and down Elm Street and Waverly Avenue and out at the country club and down at the station, they were staring and staring.

And she knew suddenly that she could never go back. She would hide herself. Perhaps she would run away to the far ends of the earth.

You shouldn't stare at a rug. After a while it begins to move. The pattern shifts—and there were Barbara Casey's pansy-blue eyes, veiled and triumphant, and Aunt Martha's, and the eyes of all the girls who were waitresses at the Green-Gate Lodge.

Kathie stood up. She went into the bathroom and scrubbed her face with ice water. She brushed her hair hard, and still it was shiny brown and she remembered that Friday, before she went out to the Farnsworths' for the week end, she had bought a veil of tulle and orange blossoms. She had tried it on at the store, and it had made a kind of softness, like a halo.

But that had been a different Kathie Blake altogether. And the eyes had looked at her differently. They had been friendly, or admiring, or deferential. They had smiled when she bought things at the drugstore, or ordered a meal at the restaurant . . .

Finally she put on a fresh blouse and found her gloves and pocketbook and went out. The clerk behind the desk stared at her curiously, but she hurried through the open doors into the street. The heat was pervasive, but Kathie walked fast. She walked until she came to the river. Finally she sat down on a bench. She was only vaguely aware of the activity around her, but she knew that this was better than sitting in her room.

After a while she lit a cigarette. She thought, "To those children playing over there, to that man, looking at the river, I am just a person like any other. A girl in a tan blouse and a blue silk skirt, smoking a cigarette. Certainly not someone involved in a murder."

The thought was comforting. It was part of wanting to run to the far ends of the earth—away from all the eyes that would stare, or look away, or smile falsely. And suddenly Kathie knew why she was so afraid of Barton. She had felt the eyes on her before, like that, a long time ago. And it hadn't been good at all.

She had been 11 then, and she had just come to live with Aunt Martha. And only gradually had she become aware of the way people looked at her. As though she were a little queer—someone apart. The ladies who came to call on her aunt would look at her that way, and then say things in low voices: "Way down in Brazil! Imagine it! Dying in some scrubby hotel, with only that poor child . . ." They would say: "He ran off with some woman. They were both killed in an auto accident." They would say: "He left nothing but debts . . ."

They hadn't been deliberately unkind, but people seemed to think that a child was deaf, or dimwitted. And when they were nice to her there was a kind of deliberateness; there were overtones—it was always as though she wasn't really one of them.

At school it had been the same way. Maybe the other children had heard things about her, too. She hadn't realized at first, but after a while she had begun to. And she had felt the way you do when you're lost in the woods, and no path you take leads anywhere at all. It was an uneasy feeling, and a lonely one. Kathie tried being defiant. She tried rudeness and sulkiness, and not caring, and hiding for hours at a time in the attic.

And then one day she found a different way, and followed it. It started down at the Barton drugstore. Mr. Sears was behind the soda fountain himself that day, and eight of the girls in Kathie's class were having sundaes and planning a club. A girl named Debbie Chase was the leader. She had a pencil and a notebook, and while the others giggled and whispered, she wrote things down.

Kathie was 12 then, and she was standing alone, over by the candy counter. They must have noticed her, because after a while she heard one of them say, in a shrill audible whisper, "Goodness no, not Kathie Blake." And someone else said, "For one thing, she's much too queer."

All the girls giggled, but Kathie stood very still, and the hot shame went all through her body like a fever. At first she couldn't think what to do. Whether to turn on them angrily, or run away and hide, or maybe pretend none of it had happened.

Finally she glanced anxiously, and almost fearfully, over her shoulder. She saw the eight girls at the soda fountain. She saw their bright eager faces, their curly bobbed hair. She could feel the shimmering excitement of their endless plans and secrets—like a bright living thing in the familiar drugstore. And suddenly it came to her—the thing she must do, if she weren't to be lost and alone forever.

With an attitude of unconcern she moved away from the candy counter and over to the cosmetics. After much thought she bought a small bottle of toilet water; and when the girls left the drugstore, she trailed after them. Finally they began to separate. When that happened Kathie slipped up to Debbie Chase and said, "Here, Debbie, I have a present for you."

Debbie turned in surprise. "Why, Kathie Blake," she said. She stammered in bewilderment, "Why, how nice!" She unwrapped the bottle of toilet water and admired it. She looked into Kathie's frightened, grey-brown eyes and felt more important than she ever had in her life before. She slipped her arm through Kathie's. She said, "That's the nicest present I've ever had."

SO THAT was the beginning of the change in Kathie Blake. It didn't happen all at once. Aunt Martha never could put her finger on just when the child began to improve. But after a while people were saying, with vague surprise, "Why, she's really very sweet." They were saying, "The little Blake girl was quite good in the school play."

Almost right away it became easier. Once you have walked down Elm Street with your arm twined around your best friend's waist nothing is ever quite the same again. Kathie worked harder than the others at basketball and skating and tennis; she threw herself more ardently into the plays and clubs. And after a while the pattern began to form.

In time she almost forgot why she was always so anxious to please Aunt Martha; or why it was so important that Mrs. Haverford should smile at her, and that Dolores should ask her to her party.



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But almost unwittingly her life became based on this need for approval. So deep-seated was the need that Kathie herself wasn't wholly aware of it. She simply knew that she didn't want to do anything quixotic or unconventional. She wasn't tempted by the wagering of some of her friends; because nothing was so important to her, really, as the warm protective glow of being liked. Nothing was quite equal to the friendly smiles, the swift admiring glances, the fact of never being left out of anything that counted.

So now Kathie sat on a park bench near the river, staring at nothing at all. And though she didn't remember the thing that had happened at the Barton drugstore, the taint of it remained. She knew too well how the eyes would look; she knew how it would feel when they talked about her, when they nodded self-consciously, when they turned away. And it wasn't good. It wasn't bearable, even.

But she could feel the hot sun through the thin cotton of her blouse, she could see the glinting sparks of it on the river. And the indestructible core of her mind uncoiled relentlessly, so that she remembered things in flashes. Skating on the river in moonlight, for one thing—skimming over the ice with a group of laughing friends, a bonfire glowing warmly in the background. Or the picnics they used to have down at the lake, the long afternoons of swimming and fun.

Strangely, she couldn't push any of it out of her thoughts—the dances at the country club, the Christmas services at church, and those brisk fall days when they would all drive down to the university to the games. Aunt Martha had given her a short beaver coat, and she had almost always worn flowers . . . And now it came to her with shocking clarity that none of that could be forgotten. It included all her conscious life—all of it that counted, anyhow. It included growing up, and being kissed, and the first long dress with puffy sleeves. And now that it was threatened, it had taken on a new enchantment, a curious timeless finity.

She thought, "If I don't go back now, I never will be able to."

For she knew that once having sought her out, the eyes would stare at her wherever she went. She would see them at night, and when she woke up in the morning. The thing would gather momentum, like an infection, attacking the source of all her memories and all her dreams. And it wouldn't get any better. It would get worse.

There wasn't any defiance in her. But there was, after all, a frail and shrinking strength. Finally she decided that she would go back to Barton right now, this very day, and stay with Aunt Martha until the trial in October. The first thing to do was phone Dick, and tell him. Then she would arrange about trains.

She walked back to the hotel quickly, not thinking about anything at all. When she got to her room she went straight to the telephone, and put a long-distance call through to Dick—person to person. And then she had to wait.

She lit a cigarette, and avoided looking at the rug. And she tried to think how Dick's eyes would look when he got her phone call. And the curious thing was that she could remember everything else about him—but not that. She knew the color and shape of his eyes. She knew that they had a laughing, caressing sort of warmth. But she didn't know how they would look at her now—after the thing that had happened.

She reached back into the past for reassurance. She thought of all the things they had done together. The family dinners—and the way they would finally sneak off, laughing, so as to be alone together. She thought of the times he had taken her driving. The wind would blow through her hair, and they would make plans. The plans were all good. How many children they would have, what kind of home they would someday build, the trips they would take together. And while they talked she would have a feeling of extraordinary happiness, for it was almost as though their minds worked in the same groove, wanting the same things.

But now something was missing, some element in their relationship that she couldn't make concrete. It went beyond their kisses and their plans. For now, more than anything, she wanted to be sure of his love and his loyalty. But somehow she wasn't.

She tried to remember more clearly the times he had called her on the phone. What had he said about postponing the wedding, for instance? At the time she had been too numb with shock to think clearly. But finally it came back to her. He had said, "Everyone thinks it would be very bad taste to have the wedding right now, when you're still involved in this thing."

And that was self-evident, of course. A bride who was also a leading figure in what the papers called "a passion slaying"! It wasn't surprising that Dick and his parents should seek to avoid that. But now, for the first time, she began to wonder how it would look to people, having their wedding postponed after what had happened. Wouldn't they jump to other conclusions, besides the one of bad taste?

Relentlessly, implacably, she began to see the eyes again. And they were all staring at her. Ted Wiggins, down at the station, and Barbara Casey, and Gracey Smith, and little Miss Gilbert who had been her Latin teacher in high school. They were all staring at her, and they were all thinking, "It's really not surprising that Dick Loring wouldn't marry her, under the circumstances . . ."

He was going to marry her, of course. In the end everything would be the way it had been. But right now . . . Kathie stood up and walked around the room, and drew deep uneven breaths.

And then the phone rang. She picked up the receiver and heard Dick's voice. "Hello, Kathie, are you all right?" he said. And he sounded anxious—but not quite anxious enough.

She told him she had to come home. They argued for a long time. Dick was against it. He explained urgently that for her own sake she ought to stay away until things had time to "blow over." But finally he gave up trying to convince her. He said reluctantly, "Have it your own way, then. I won't come to the station to meet you. There's no point in making a spectacle of ourselves. But I'll phone your Aunt Martha, though I'm quite sure she won't approve."

After the phone call she was trembling from exhaustion. And she knew that going back was going to be even harder than she'd imagined. "There's no point in making a spectacle of our-



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Swift's Premium

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selves," he had said. And of course he was right. There would be plenty of people to get pleasure from the event if Dick Loring, son of Richard Loring, president of the Loring and Winthrop Tool and Die Works, should go down to the Barton station to meet his notorious and tainted bride.

THE BARTON CHRONICLE carried an item about Kathie's return in the morning paper the next day. The paragraph was brief. It merely said, "Miss Kathleen Blake is returning from Montreal, and will remain with her aunt until the trial, which is scheduled for October."

When Dick Loring read it, he realized savagely that it had been a mistake to call the taxi company, and ask them to meet Kathie's train. But, after all, it would be all over town soon enough! He felt a little sick though. He didn't like the way people looked at him in the street, or down at the plant either. Kathie should have had more sense. It wasn't fair to him or to his family. After all, they had a reputation in the town.

Mr. Sears, down at the drugstore, read the item too, and told his wife about it. He said, "Kathie Blake is coming back to face the music." And in his tired voice there was a hint of admiration.

Mattie looked up from her pillow and smiled. Her grey hair was neatly braided and there was something very young about her smile. But Mr. Sears thought heavily that most people had forgotten the way Mattie used to be—the Mattie he had married. And he still thought of her that way—tenderly, and sadly.

Dolores Bishop came across the item too, that hot July morning. Her eyes were blurred with fatigue, and when she read that Kathleen Blake was coming home, she experienced a curious mixture of pity and satisfaction. When you have been shrinking from people yourself for so long, it can be a relief to have the spotlight turned away for a while. But at the same time she couldn't help feeling sorry for Kathie. And she thought that maybe, when you have been as perfect as all that, it makes the comedown harder. She thought of Kathie as she had always been—not condescending, never that—but at the same time a little too good, too sweet, too invariably charming. She thought, "Maybe it's better the way it happened to me. Gradually. First I was married to a weak good-natured likable man. Then a little later I found I was married to a heavy drinker. By the time I knew I was married to a drunk I had got used to it, and so had everyone else."

Dolores was tired that day, which was why she sat in the kitchen, with the dirty dishes all around her, scanning the Chronicle listlessly. Last night had been a particularly bad one. Tom Powers had come back from the office with Ronnie, and he'd had a bottle of rye in his pocket. Dolores had discovered the bottle in time, and smashed it on a rock. Ronnie had blazed with anger. But later on, in the middle of the night, he had cried in her arms. And that had been worse than the anger. A lot worse.

Finally Dolores sighed and got to her feet and tackled the dishes. "Poor Kathie, it isn't any fun!" But the thought somehow made her easier in her mind, made her able to smile at the children when they came tumbling into the kitchen, tracking dirt all over the floor.

To Kathie the trip home was interminable. Already she regretted her decision. What was she trying to face down anyhow—gossip, old associations, or simply a battered reputation? She didn't know any longer, the train was hot and stuffy, and she wondered wearily if Dick hadn't been right about letting things blow over.

As the train neared Barton her apprehensions increased. Dick had said he'd arrange for a taxi. That meant Chuck Jones and his ancient sedan. The thought of Chuck was reassuring, but when she stepped down onto the station platform he was nowhere in sight. She saw Tom Wiggins, the clerk, eyeing her from the door, and Johnny Williams loading something into his pickup. Tom vanished at once, but Johnny sauntered over. "How was the big city?" he asked. "I understand they got you into kind of a jam back there."

He was grinning, but there was encouragement in his dark eyes, and no condemnation at all. Kathie was surprised, and she experienced too a faint relaxing of that dreadful tension. She had never known Johnny very well, but she remembered now that at one time they'd said he had a brilliant future, but instead he'd turned out to be eccentric and rather shiftless, with no "backbone," according to all reports.

Right now, though, none of that seemed to matter, for at least she didn't have to stand here alone waiting for Chuck. She said uncertainly, "When I left home I never dreamed . . ."

"None of us ever do," Johnny agreed. "Life is unpredictable." He waved toward the pickup. "I came down for a couple of sacks of grain—why don't you let me drive you home?"

Kathie hesitated. She felt dazed and uneasy, but she couldn't help realizing that Johnny didn't seem as shiftless as everyone said. True, he was wearing blue jeans and an old sweatshirt, and hanging around the station when most men were at work. He had, too, the youthful rounded look of cheek and chin, and the close-cropped curly hair of his college days. But in his dark eyes there was a quiet maturity that didn't jibe at all. She said finally, "Why do you need grain?"

"It's a formula," Johnny explained. "If it works I'll have a product with a large vitamin content and no waste. I've been trying out various angles for the past couple of years."

"Oh," she said, scarcely hearing—because Tom Wiggins, the station clerk, was staring at them through the window.

Johnny reached for her bag. "Come along," he said. "I go right past your house; it's the shortest route."

She knew that wasn't true, and right then Chuck Jones drove up. She explained hastily, "Dick ordered the taxi for me. I guess Chuck must have been delayed, but since Dick ordered it . . ."

Johnny's dark eyes held discernment and something else she couldn't define. It was almost as though he understood her fear of the people staring, and the things they would say, and the headlines in the paper. He carried her bags to the taxi and loaded them in. Then he said, "Take good care of her, Chuck. She's had a rugged couple of days."

But Chuck's jolly round face wore a fixed, self-conscious smile, and he mumbled, "Good afternoon, Miss Blake," as though even the words were an effort.

Johnny waved good-by, and then Chuck was driving faster than usual

through the town. When they reached the house, Aunt Martha met her at the door, and though her eyes were veiled, her manner held an icy reserve. She said, "How are you, Kathleen?" But when the taxi had been paid off, and they were alone, she said bitterly, "I think it very unfortunate that you insisted on returning like this. Sheila Loring thinks the same. Under the circumstances you might have had a little consideration."

Kathie nodded helplessly. Everything looked familiar, and at the same time very strange. And she began to wonder why she had let herself in for this. Why she had walked into such a trap. It had seemed the courageous thing to do. But now she saw that by coming back she had simply put herself at their mercy. And already all her firm resolves were fading away.

She said, "I think I'll go up and rest."

But Aunt Martha wasn't going to let her off that easily. She said, "You might have remembered, Kathleen, that you owe me something after what I've done for you all these years."

Kathie stared almost blankly—because there it was again. That feeling she'd had when she was 11, that she was living on charity. She hadn't felt that way for a long time, not since Aunt Martha had begun to approve of her. Because somehow that had made it right between them—mutual and good.

Aunt Martha shrugged. "Go on up, then. Dick is coming over after dinner. The Lorings have been very charitable, I must say."

Kathie went upstairs and lay down on her rose taffeta spread. A few minutes later Lottie, the new maid, came up with a tray. Lottie was a country girl with a round flat face and small round eyes. Kathie didn't know her very well.

Now she said, "Let me take the spread off, Miss Kathleen, and get you comfy. Train riding in all that heat!" she said, babbling nervously.

Lottie bustled around. She folded the spread and plumped up the pillows, and drew down the shades so the afternoon sun wouldn't flood the room. On the tray there was a pot of tea and crisp rounds of toast and a platter of sliced cold chicken.

When Lottie had gone Kathie sat on the bed, against the pillows, and sipped the hot comforting tea. And for the first time she was very close to tears. But she didn't cry.

She ate everything on the tray, and then lay flat on her back, staring at the ceiling. And she saw that there was a way out; a compromise. She could be ill. She could have a nervous breakdown, or something like that, and stay right here, seeing no one but Lottie. That way she wouldn't have to walk down Waverley Avenue. She wouldn't have to go to the Barton drugstore or the country club. She wouldn't have to go any place, or see anyone.

She lay very still and thought about it, with an almost paralyzing ache of desire. It would be easy to do; she felt half sick already. She felt very weak and tired, and there was a pain behind her eyes, from not sleeping, probably.

After a while she got up and unpacked her bag, and had a bath, and changed into a yellow cotton dress. The dress was new; it had a crisp young look. Kathie brushed her hair hard, and put on lipstick. Then she sat in the little tufted armchair, and waited for Aunt Martha to call her to dinner.

Dick wasn't due to arrive until nine, and during dinner Kathie had a curious premonition. She knew suddenly that Dick would make it all right. Perhaps that had been in her mind when she decided to return. He would take her in his arms, and look at her a certain way, and it would be almost as though he'd said, "Those pictures of Kathleen Blake that they published all over the country under the heading, 'Murder Triangle,' those weren't really you at all." And after that Dick, so big and handsome and assured, would become a kind of bulwark between herself and the world. Unconsciously she began to will it to happen. She reminded herself that Dick had always been remote over the phone, unlike himself. But when he saw her it would be quite different.

They ate dinner almost in silence. The new maid served deftly and quietly. But at the same time Kathie had a vague feeling that Lottie was offering her support. Something about the way she would hold the dish of potatoes—so steady, with the spoon carefully placed. And about the way she offered the platter of ham a second time, with such a kind anxious smile. Kathie realized then, with a swift pang of gratitude, that Lottie hadn't stared at her once.

After dinner they sat in the living room instead of on the front porch. Promptly at nine Dick arrived with his mother. That was what made it no good, of course. Having Mrs. Loring there. Dick didn't even kiss her. He just smiled awkwardly. And then the four of them sat there, talking of this and that. They didn't mention the murder or the inquest—but the knowledge of it hung between them in the stiff conventional living room. And she felt the way she had when she was 11, and knew that there was something queer about her. Only now it was worse because she had had the other thing—the sense of poise and assurance, of being liked.

After a while she became aware that Dick was looking at her curiously, with a new kind of desire. His eyes seemed to dwell on her slender bare legs, and on the long easy lines of her body . . .

Kathie couldn't stand it. To quiet her nervousness she reached for a cigarette. Dick lit it for her, and she saw that his hand was trembling.

Aunt Martha and Mrs. Loring were gossiping quietly together. They were talking about Lottie, the new maid. It seemed that Lottie had been "unfortunate." She had had to marry in a hurry but then the baby had died and her husband had divorced her.

Aunt Martha said, "I'm keeping a sharp eye on her. I don't want any more goings-on. But good maids are hard to find."

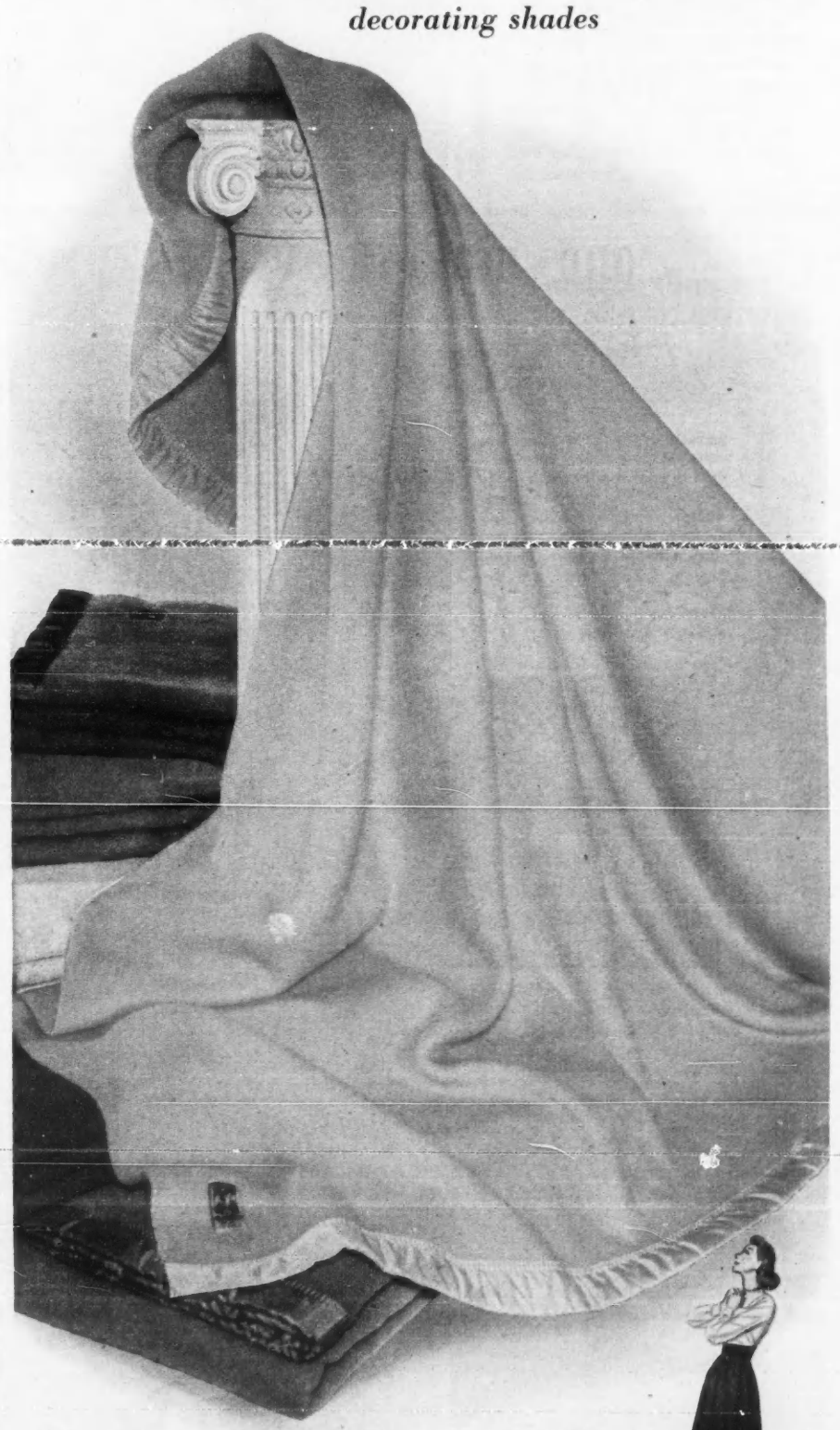
Kathie's nerves were on edge, and she had an uneasy feeling, as though the walls of the room were closing in on them. She said quickly, "You can't always tell. Maybe it wasn't Lottie's fault, or maybe she really loved him."

She had blurted the words out, in a high unnatural voice, and now they were all staring at her. Too late, she realized that she never would have said that before. Her life would have been too full, too busy, too beautifully complete. She might not even have been aware that Lottie was in the house.

But it was clear from their faces that she had made a mistake. Her words and the too eager tone of her voice had helped confirm their suspicions. And

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she understood now, reluctantly and miserably, that they didn't any of them feel about her the way they had before. She had become involved in a national scandal; years ago her father had run away with a South American girl, and been killed in a notorious auto accident. So me people were just made that way, and others weren't.

Finally Aunt Martha said stiffly, "Of course everyone is entitled to his own opinion, Kathleen. But you can't close your eyes to facts."

"I know. That's true," Kathie agreed, in a low voice.

She was desperately tired. But she had to sit quietly for another hour, while they talked about the Loring and Winthrop Tool and Die Company, about Ronnie Bishop, who seemed to be straightening out—about everything on earth except the wedding and the future, and how they felt.

The next morning Kathie walked down Waverley Avenue, and over to the section of Elm Street known as the "Shopping Centre." She invented a few errands, and tried to walk slowly and easily as she would have done before. But it was even worse than she'd imagined. Some of the people she saw pretended not to notice her; others smiled uneasily and hurried on. But a few stopped to talk.

Miss Delhaney was one of those who stopped to talk. She was a birdlike little woman, who taught Sunday school and wore old-fashioned hats. And when she saw Kathie she hopped out of her car and hurried across the sidewalk. "Hello, Kathie," she said. She lowered her voice. She said, "Do tell me about it. Do you think they'll convict her? What happened? Did they have a real fight and all?"

Kathie felt the cold dread all through her body. Because Miss Delhaney's interest wasn't good. It was too avid, and her little brown eyes gleamed with a kind of pleasure.

"I don't know," Kathie stammered. "That is, it all happened so quickly."

Miss Delhaney looked unconvinced. She said, "But you were there, you were even responsible . . ." And then she nodded briskly, and went on her way. But there were others who spoke to her, and avoided the subject so elaborately and pointedly that it was almost as bad.

By the time Kathie reached the Barton drugstore, her heart was pounding. But she walked through the familiar opened doors just the same, and waited at the back of the store to ask Billy, the high-school boy who helped out, for a jar of cold cream.

To her surprise old Mr. Sears saw her there and came over and shook hands. "Glad to have you back with us, Kathie," he said. He frowned thoughtfully at the cluttered counter. He said, "Come to think of it, I was in a house once that got struck by lightning. It was a kind of boarding place, and there was a man on the attic floor who got killed."

He looked directly at her then, and his grey eyes were very quiet and kind. "Those things happen," he said. "In this world, you never know when something is going to strike."

Kathie felt the tears stinging behind her eyes. They pressed against her throat too, and she had to talk over them. She said breathlessly, "I know, I do know . . ." And because she might break down if she said any more, she asked hurriedly, "How is your wife, Mr. Sears? Is she any better?"

Old Mr. Sears smiled. "Mattie's coming along," he said. "She has the radio and all. But she'd like it right much if you'd drop in and see her. She gets pretty tired of just me."

"Why I'd like to," Kathie said—pleased, and surprised as well. Because she had never known Mr. and Mrs. Sears that well.

A lot of people came in for soft drinks right then; and Kathie left without the cold cream. But she carried with her a small oasis of strength. Old Mr. Sears had been selling her sodas and face powder ever since she came to Barton, and she'd never known before that he had eyes like that—lucid and very calm, as though he understood everything.

The tiny core of strength didn't stay with her long, though. It vanished before she got home. It evaporated completely when Debby Chase (now Mrs. Roger Terhune) went by wheeling a baby carriage, and smiled that false, fixed smile, before glancing away.

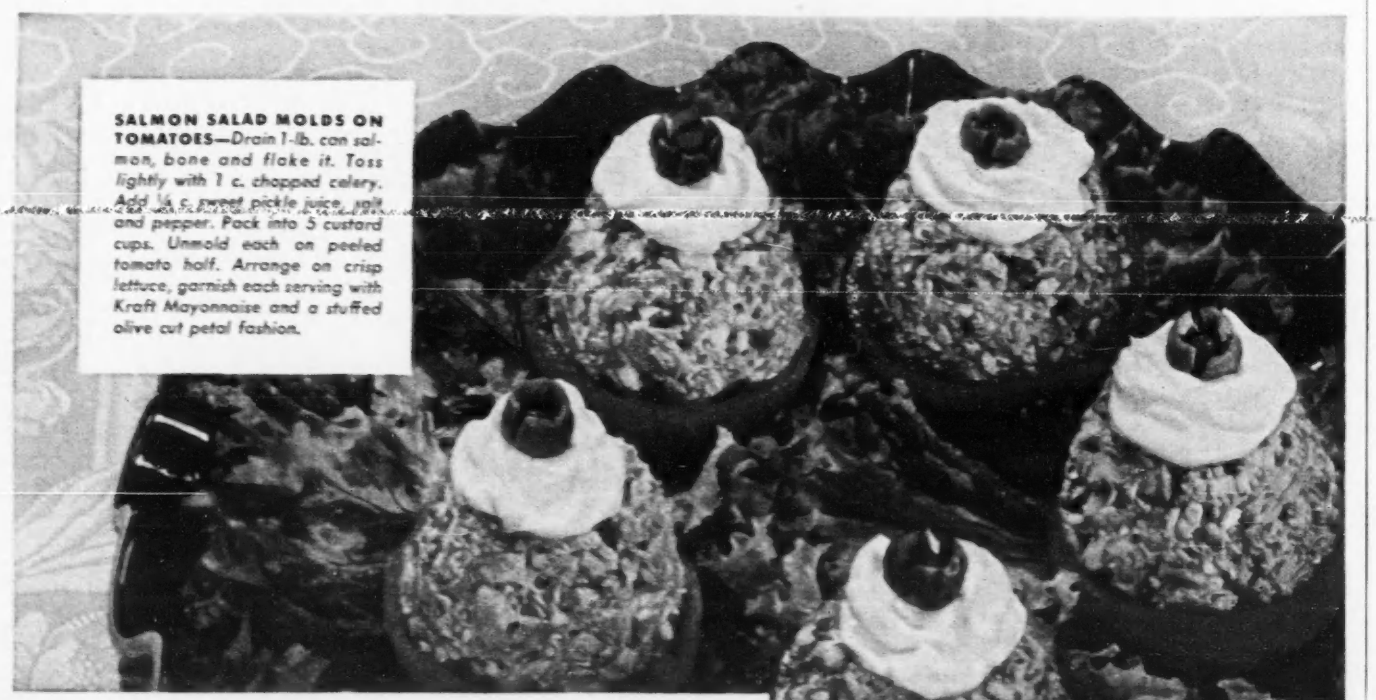
There was a Saturday night dance at the country club two days later. Aunt Martha said, "If Dick Loring is decent enough to take you, the least you can do is be gracious about it. Kathleen. You have a lot to live down, you know."

"Yes, I know I have," Kathie agreed at once—because when you have been told something often enough you come to believe it.

She wore one of her trousseau dresses to the dance—brown and white silk. She wore sheer stockings, and colored

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SALMON SALAD MOLDS ON TOMATOES—*Drain 1-lb. can salmon, bone and flake it. Toss lightly with 1 c. chopped celery. Add ¼ c. sweet pickle juice, salt and pepper. Pack into 5 custard cups. Unmold each on peeled tomato half. Arrange on crisp lettuce, garnish each serving with Kraft Mayonnaise and a stuffed olive cut petal fashion.*



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KRAFT *Mayonnaise*

sandals, and a new shade of red on her lips. Dick was detained at the factory, so she drove to the dance with Aunt Martha. In Barton, Saturday nights at the country club were family affairs, and everybody went.

When they arrived the familiar lobby was crowded, and the first person she saw was Richard Loring, Dick's father. He was a rolypoly, undistinguished-looking little man. But the moment he saw her he broke away from the group of friends he was talking to and hurried over. "How's my daughter-to-be?" he asked in loud jovial tones, and kissed her.

It was awkwardly done, but Kathie looked into Richard Loring's mild blue eyes and saw a spark there, of defiance and determination. She had always thought Dick's mother the dominant one in the family, but now she realized, with a flash of intuition, that it was his father who had championed her, and insisted that the engagement, at least, should stand.

He circled her waist with his short plump arm. "I have a table, Kathie," he said cheerfully. "Dick'll be along any moment."

He piloted her into the big familiar room, and over to a table in the corner. Mrs. Loring was already there, and one or two others. But it was Richard Loring who kept the party going. Dick joined them after a while. He was almost a foot taller than his father, and people had often remarked on the fact that a plump, mild little man like Richard should have such an outstanding son. They said it respectfully, though, for Richard Loring had been very successful in business.

Richard clapped him on the back. "You two youngsters go ahead and dance," he said jovially. "If I was a few inches taller I'd claim that pleasure myself."

Dick looked trapped, but he stood up.

They circled the floor slowly, and to Kathie it all looked just the same. The elk's head over the fireplace, the ornate balcony along one end of the room, the raised platform for the orchestra. Here she had experienced the warm enticing glow of solid popularity. But tonight, though she had plenty of partners, it wasn't good.

Some of the high-school kids cut in on her, gangling boys who never would have before. Others of her own crowd avoided her pointedly. After a while she felt dizzy and breathless, and her face hurt from smiling too much.

The orchestra wasn't very good, but it played on and on relentlessly and finally Dick said, "Come on, Kathie, let's get out of here!"

Kathie agreed, at once. They wandered out along the darkened veranda and down to the artificial lake. It was a romantic spot, or perhaps it only seemed so because of the associations. More than one Barton boy had asked her to be his wife, here by this quiet shimmering little body of water.

Dick chose a secluded nook, behind a big overhanging rock. Kathie said, "It won't be as bad as this again—coming to the club and all. The first time is always the hardest."

He put his arm around her then, and drew her close. "You're pretty darn beautiful," he said.

Her head was against his shoulder; she could see a crescent moon, high up in the clouds. And for the first time she wondered, with an almost unbearable pang of hope, if in the end everything wasn't going to be the same. The wedding had been postponed; there had been a lot of unpleasant notoriety. But some day that would be forgotten and they'd have the life they'd planned.

With Dick's arms around her, with no one to stare, some of the tenseness went out of her. She said, with a sigh, "It's so peaceful here."

"And you're so sweet, Kathie," he said. He bent and kissed the hollow of her throat. He caressed her bare arms.

Kathie drew away. And then she put her arms tight around his neck and clung to him. She said eagerly, "We could get married right now! We could elope, and not even bother with a wedding. Dick, why didn't we think of that?"

Dick laughed. "And can't you just imagine the press notices *that* would get us," he said, ironically.

He reached for a cigarette, and Kathie stared at him uncertainly. "I don't know what you mean," she faltered.

"They'd have a field day with us, that's all. Can't you picture it? 'Murder witness elopes. Richard Loring, Jr., marries leading figure in Farnsworth Case.' They would go to town."

"How long must we wait then?" she asked uneasily.

Dick shrugged. "There'll be the trial in October," he pointed out. "That will stir the whole thing up again."

She felt lost and confused, but she tried to keep her thoughts coherent. Dick was right, of course. He had a position to maintain, and it wasn't his fault, this thing that had happened.

He said, "You may have noticed that we've managed to keep my name out of the mess, so far. Mother has some friends in the newspaper business, and as soon as you phoned us, she got right on the wire and pulled some strings."

He flipped his cigarette butt, and it made a glowing spiral, and then a faint hiss as it struck the water. He put his arm around her again. "It'll take time, honey," he said, "but we'll work it out, somehow. Don't let's worry about it now."

He held her close and kissed her again, with an urgency that she had never experienced before. "You're so darn sweet," he whispered. "You know I'm crazy about you."

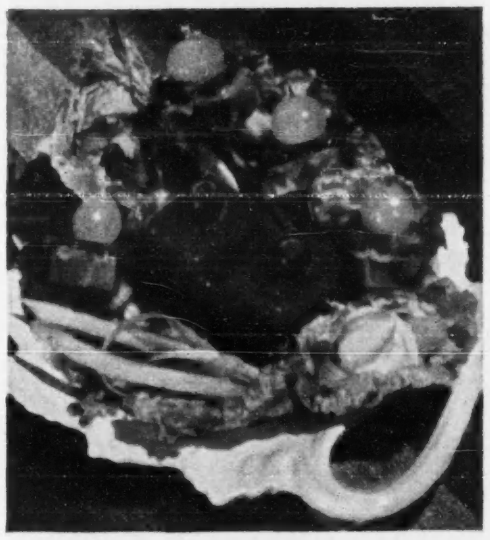
She tried frantically to think, but her mind was a tangle of confusion. Each day this knowledge of her own inferiority had been driven deeper into her consciousness, until now she had no feeling of worthiness at all. It had been both subtle and strong, the gradual deterioration of her ego. In a way it had been almost like a pendulum. Her former security had plunged her even deeper into self-distrust.

Dick's arms, holding her, were strong and relentless. "You're so beautiful," he muttered unsteadily. "I don't blame that Farnsworth guy a bit."

Kathie used all her strength, and pushed him away. She stood up. She said shakily, "I'm going back to the club. You shouldn't have said that to me."

She ran up the bank, away from the lake. But when she reached the house, saw the light streaming from the open windows, she hesitated. Then she went around back, to a deserted recess of the wide veranda, and curled up in a chair in the darkest corner, waiting for her heart to stop pounding like this, for some of this dreadful feeling to go away.

Concluded in next issue



BEST TRICK OF ALL IN SALAD MAKING

● When you've spent time choosing the best ingredients and paid good money for them, it surely would be unwise to risk ruining the final result by using ordinary vinegar. Heinz Vinegar does more for salads because it is uniform in strength, sparkling clear and so full flavoured a little goes a long way.



KETCHUP-ONION FRENCH DRESSING

● Combine in a bottle, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon granulated sugar and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Add ¼ cup Heinz Cider, Malt or White Vinegar and ¾ cup salad oil. Shake thoroughly until well combined. Add 1 tablespoon Heinz Tomato Ketchup and ¼ cup chopped sweet pickled onions or ½ teaspoon onion juice and again shake thoroughly.

Suitable for many varieties of vegetable salads.



MAYONNAISE

● Combine 1 tsp. Heinz Prepared Yellow Mustard, ¼ tsp. granulated sugar, ½ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, ⅛ tsp. paprika. Add 1 egg and beat thoroughly. Add ½ cup salad oil, a few drops at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Gradually beat in 1 tbsp. Heinz Cider Vinegar. Gradually beat in 1½ cups salad oil, thinning as the mixture thickens, with 2 tbsp. Heinz Cider Vinegar.

For Fruit Salad: Whip 1 cup whipping cream until stiff. Combine ½ cup mayonnaise and 2 tbsp. liquid honey, then fold in whipped cream.

● Coax out the full flavour of your salads with any one of the three Heinz Vinegars. Heinz Malt Vinegar is brewed from grains—Cider Vinegar has a delicious fruity flavour—White Vinegar has a lively bouquet of its own.

HEINZ VINEGARS

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The Picnic Basket . . .



Food is most fun at a picnic! When you take to the open road give your family a treat by packing up these appetite-tempting dishes . . . some all ready to eat . . . some all ready to heat over an open fire.

by Marie Holmes
Director Chatelaine Institute

ALMOST ANY day now you can expect the lure of fresh breezes beside a lake or just the call of the open road to awaken the summertime urge to eat out of doors. Someone in your family will say, "Let's have a picnic." You respond with enthusiasm, but are you prepared? Is the picnic equipment ready, is the hamper dusted off and have you a menu pattern at your finger tips?

To help you the Institute has designed blueprints for three kinds of picnics.

The Campfire Picnic

The first and most popular picnic lunch is the one where at least part of the food is cooked over the campfire or wayside fireplace. Along many Canadian highways these days you'll find picnic spots equipped with these convenient stone fireplaces, some supplied with a neat pile of wood. Wood or no wood, experienced campfire cooks like to take along a bag of charcoal just to make sure they'll have the right kind of fire.

If you and yours are ardent campfire picnickers you might consider purchasing now some simple pieces of equipment for outdoor cooking. The folding grills, both low and table height style, are sold in department and hardware stores. There are toasting forks and hamburger forks and other gadgets to add to the fun of cooking over an open fire. Of course, hampers, fitted with sets of plastic dishes, and knives and forks are a delight to anyone who has a picnic-loving family. Our suggested menu pattern includes a dish that can be cooked fairly quickly once the fire is ready. Eager appetites don't always appreciate a long wait for their supper.

Baked Pork Loin Roll
Mustard Pickles in Jar
Campfire Medley
(Lima Beans, Onions and Tomatoes)
Finger Salads
(Cabbage Wedges, Cauliflower Sections)
with Russian Dressing in Jar
Buttered Brown and White Rolls
Fresh Fruit
Picnic Raisin Bread **Cream Cheese**
Beverage

HOW TO PLAN: Cook the pork loin at home and have it well chilled before packing. Cook the lima beans and put in a jar or take along a couple of cans of lima beans. And don't forget the can opener for the tomatoes. Pack the raw vegetables for salad in ice cubes in jars or large vacuum jug. The dressing can be carried in a jar. (The vegetables are dipped in this for convenient eating.) The picnic raisin bread can be sliced before packing and the cream cheese fresh from the refrigerator should be wrapped in aluminum foil to keep it cold.

With some grills it's a good idea to avoid cooking too many dishes over the fire. Often there's room for only one or two utensils on the grill at one time.

Baked Pork Loin Roll

2 to 3 pounds smoked pork loin
⅛ cup brown sugar
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
whole cloves
2 tablespoons honey or corn syrup
1 cup ginger ale or canned fruit juice

Leave meat in the transparent paper wrapping. Place in kettle. Cover with water. Bring to boil, then simmer gently for 2 hours. Let cool in the water in which it was cooked. Lift out. Remove wrapping. Place in small roasting pan. Spread fat side with mixture of brown sugar and mustard. Stud with cloves. Drizzle the top with honey or corn syrup. Pour ginger ale or fruit juice around the meat. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 to 40 minutes or until golden brown, basting occasionally with liquid in pan. Serve hot or cold.

Continued on next page

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the Heart of the Lunch Kit

Campfire Medley

4 strips of side bacon
2 large onions, sliced
1 can tomatoes
4 cups cooked lima beans
Salt and pepper

Cut bacon in small pieces. Put in frying pan over moderate heat. When partially cooked add onions. Cook, stirring frequently, for about 10 minutes. Add tomatoes and cook 10 minutes longer. Add lima beans. Keep over fire until mixture is thoroughly heated. Season and serve.

Yield: Four "Picnic" servings.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Picnic Raisin Bread

⅓ cup unstrained orange juice
2 tablespoons unstrained lemon juice
1 cup seedless raisins
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
½ cup table molasses
¼ cup granulated sugar
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
2 cups sifted bread flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¾ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ginger

Grease an 8 x 5-inch loaf tin thoroughly. Combine orange and lemon juice and bring just to boiling point. Wash raisins. Add to hot fruit juice. Let cool. When cool, add orange rind, molasses, sugar, beaten egg and melted butter or shortening. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, salt, cinnamon and ginger into mixing bowl. Add first mixture and mix just until blended. Turn into greased loaf tin. Let stand for 20 minutes. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. (Moderate Oven).

Bake at 350 degrees F. for one hour. Bake in centre of oven on middle rack. Turn out on wire rack and allow to cool for several hours before slicing.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Hot Picnic Supper

When you can't be sure of a good campfire spot you need not do without a hot supper. Just bring out one of those large vacuum jars (the one-or two-gallon size). Make up a hearty soup or stew, pour it piping hot into the vacuum jar and it will still be hot 100 miles from your kitchen. In another vacuum bottle put your hot beverage. Round out the menu with crisp raw vegetables, breads, cakes and fruit.

Menu

Picnic Stew (in vacuum jar)
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Olives, Celery, Carrot Sticks
Sponge Cake Sugared Berries
Crackers and Cheese
Tea or Coffee (in vacuum bottle)

Hamper Supper

There are still plenty of devotees of the real old-fashioned picnic spree involving a basket lunch. Our pattern for this, however, has a modern touch. Instead of the usual made-up sandwiches which get limp and soggy en route if the journey's long, we suggest taking the fillings for the sandwiches in jars. Set these in a pail of ice, covered with lots of newspaper. Then there will be no danger of spoilage if it's a hot day.

Hamper Menu

Assorted Breads, Buttered
Jars of Fillings, Canned Meats,
Prepared Mustard, Relishes
Hard-cooked Eggs, Fresh Tomatoes
Dill Pickles Cucumber Wedges
Orange Cupcakes (sandwich style)
Mary's Fudge Squares
Hot or Cold Beverage

HOW TO PLAN: Make Fudge Squares and Orange Cupcakes well ahead. Cut the cupcakes in half, spread orange butter frosting in sandwich fashion.

For sandwich fillings, take along some canned luncheon meats (in the can); Combine mashed baked beans with grated carrot and relish and pack in a jar. Put in a jar of peanut butter and a cheese mixture (grated cheese, prepared mustard and chopped celery) in another jar.

Mary's Fudge Squares

Cake Mixture
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
½ cup butter or margarine
2 eggs
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup sifted pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup chopped walnuts or pecans

Topping
8 marshmallows
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 cup icing sugar
1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 to 2 tablespoons cream
½ teaspoon powdered quick coffee
½ teaspoon vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ square unsweetened chocolate, melted

PREPARATION: Line the bottom of an 8 x 8 inch cake pan with waxed paper. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Put the 2 squares of chocolate and butter in top part of double boiler and place over boiling water to melt.

METHOD: Beat eggs lightly, add sugar gradually. Add the melted chocolate and butter. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt and add to creamed mixture. Add vanilla and nuts. Stir lightly until blended. Turn into prepared cake pan and bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 minutes. (Do not overbake, cake should be moist when cut.) Turn out onto wire cake rack, remove paper and turn right side up.

TOPPING: While cake is still hot slice marshmallows in half crosswise (using scissors dipped in hot water). Place marshmallows, cut side down, evenly over top of cake. Allow to cool. Meanwhile make frosting as follows: Cream butter and gradually add icing sugar and the one melted chocolate square. Add cream (enough to make it of spreading consistency), flavorings and salt and beat until light and fluffy. Spread over top of cooled cake and marshmallows. With a fork spread the ½ square melted chocolate over top of frosting, forming darker streaks.

When set cut in squares to serve.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

How To Freeze

ASPARAGUS AND STRAWBERRIES

by Jacqueline Roy

"IT'S JUNE in January" used to be just the title of a song. Now it's an everyday story to hundreds of homemakers and their families, thanks to the process of fast freezing.

Whether you're lucky enough to have your own freezer or whether you use a locker the food preparation is the same.

Asparagus

How to select. Choose tender perfect stalks ½ to 1 inch thick.

How to prepare. Wash well in cold water, using a brush to remove any sand or loose scales. Remove woody portions and cut to desired length—usually 5 inches for quart-size cartons. Sort into three groups according to thickness of stalk and scald, one carton lot at a time, allowing a few extra stalks for shrinkage. For "cuts," cut stalks into 2-inch pieces before scalding.

How to scald. On the stove have ready a pot with about two gallons of boiling water. Do not use an iron one as it discolors asparagus. Tie asparagus loosely in clean cheesecloth or stand in a wire basket, tips up. Lower into boiling water and cover pot. When water comes to a full boil again start timing the scalding period. Allow 2 minutes for stalks ½ inch thick, 4 minutes for stalks 1 inch thick. Occasionally move the asparagus about gently with a wooden spoon so it will be evenly heated. Keep covered. When scalded remove from water and chill at once.

How to chill. Put asparagus in icy or cold running water in a large sink or dishpan and move about gently for more rapid chilling. Take from water as soon as chilled—about three minutes. Drain and package immediately.

How to package. Pack asparagus in quart - size, moisture - vapor - proof containers specially made for fast-freezing work. You can buy them at freezer lockers or department stores. Alternate tips and bottoms of stalks to give a tighter pack. Allow ½-inch head space at top. Wipe inside edges of liner with dry clean cloth to remove any moisture. Gently press out any air at the top and seal tightly with a warm iron or curling tongs. Label each carton with the date and name of food and freeze at once.

How to freeze. Place cartons in freezer against freezing surface right side up.

Don't crowd cartons. Freeze below zero, according to freezer instructions.

If taking to freezer locker, keep cartons in refrigerator until ready to leave. If locker is more than 15 minutes away, carry cartons in box insulated with newspapers.

How to thaw and serve. Since frozen vegetables can't be satisfactorily refrozen after they've once thawed, take from your freezer only what you need at one time.

Upon removing carton from freezer, open and allow asparagus to thaw just sufficiently to separate stalks. Put about ¼ to ½ cup of water in a saucepan, add a little salt and bring to a boil. Add asparagus, cover with a tight-fitting lid and rapidly bring back to boil. Reduce heat so water just boils steadily and cook only until asparagus is tender—about 7 minutes. Start counting the cooking time when water comes to the boil the second time. Drain and serve.

Strawberries

How to choose. Berries should be ready for table use—perfect, fully ripe, deep red all through and not too large. Prepare as soon as possible.

How to prepare. Sort, removing soft or spoiled berries. Put one quart at a time into a large pan or sink filled with cold water and gently move about with the hands. Change the water for each quart of berries. Allow 30 seconds for washing. Drain. Remove hulls with sharp knife—don't pinch off hulls. Drain again on several thicknesses of absorbent paper on a tray.

If berries are to be used for sauces, puddings, etc., cut them in half, if for fresh fruit dessert, leave whole. Sweeten.

How to sweeten. For cut berries, use dry sugar—1 cup sugar to 4 cups berries. Put cut berries in a bowl and sprinkle with dry sugar. Gently stir until sugar is dissolved, allowing about 4 minutes. For whole berries, use sugar syrup—1 cup sugar to 1 cup warm water. Stir together until sugar is dissolved, then chill thoroughly. Pour over berries in carton, allowing about ⅔ to 1 cup syrup per pint carton, 1 to 1½ cups per quart carton, or enough just to cover the fruit.

How to package. Pour berries into moisture-vapor-proof container specially made for fast-freezing work. Fill carton up to ½ inch from top—about 1½ to 2 cups fruit, using a wide-mouthed funnel for ease in filling. A waxed cardboard funnel called a "mandrel" is supplied with some types of cartons. Wipe inside edges of liner with clean dry cloth to remove any moisture. Gently press out any air at the top and seal tightly with a warm iron or curling tongs.

How to freeze. (See asparagus.)

How long to store. Frozen fruits should be kept only from one growing season to another.

How to thaw and serve. Frozen fruit can't be satisfactorily refrozen after it's once thawed, so thaw only what is needed at one time.

When using as fresh fruit dessert or as a sauce, serve while there is still a little frost left in the berries. Leave berries in unopened carton at room temperature for about two hours, then open and serve at once. Thaw fruit in glass jars before trying to remove it. If you need only half a package, cut in half while frozen, and return unused part to freezer, well wrapped. Fruit that has once been frozen is slightly more perishable than fresh fruit and must be kept refrigerated. Frozen strawberries may be used in puddings, pies, shortcakes, whips, muffins, the same as fresh fruit. ✤



RED DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

Yield: Two 8-inch layers

½ cup Jewel Shortening
1¼ cups sugar
2 eggs
2 cups sifted cake flour
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
2 squares chocolate
1 tsp. vanilla

CREAM Jewel and sugar thoroughly. Here you save time and effort—Jewel creams so easily. Blend in well-beaten eggs. Sift flour, salt and soda together. Add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Blend in melted chocolate and vanilla. Bake in two 8-inch layer pans, bottoms of which are lined with two layers of waxed paper, in a moderate oven (350°F.) about 35 minutes. Cool. Frost with Quick Fudge Frosting.

QUICK FUDGE FROSTING

1 egg
¼ cup Jewel
2 squares chocolate
1 tbsp. cream
½ tsp. vanilla
1½ cups sifted powdered sugar

Beat together egg, melted Jewel, melted chocolate, cream and vanilla. Beat in powdered sugar to form a thick spreadable frosting. This is a delicious cake with even, pleasant texture and smooth rich icing. Your husband will love it!

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Martha Logan
Swift's Home Economist



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Meals of the Month

JUNE 1949

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
WED 1	Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Scrambled Eggs Mixed Green Salad Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Baked Wieners and Sauerkraut Mashed Potatoes Chocolate Rennet Dessert Coffee Tea
THU 2	Orange Juice Cereal Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Asparagus on Toast Cheese Sauce Radishes Fresh Strawberry Tarts Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Steak Parsley Potatoes New Carrots Raisin Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 3	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Bread Sticks Celery Curls Waffles and Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Baked Fish in Milk French Fried Potatoes Asparagus Cottage Pudding Crushed Strawberry Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 4	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cheese Fondue Head Lettuce French Dressing Fruited Jelly Whip Iced Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sausages Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Hot Gingerbread Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
SUN 5	Orange Slices Cereal Toasted Scones Honey Coffee Tea	Fruit Salad Plate Hot Tea Biscuits Leftover Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Boiled Tongue Savory Tomato Sauce Parsley Potatoes Corn Maple Walnut Ice Cream Small Cakes Coffee Tea
MON 6	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Peanut Butter and Banana Sandwiches Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Tongue Scalloped Potatoes Creamed Carrots Tossed Salad Canned Fruit Coffee Tea
TUE 7	Stewed Prunes Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Cocoa	Poached Eggs on Toast Celery and Carrot Sticks Butterscotch Blancmange Wafers Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Mixed Grill (Sausages, Chops, Bacon) Potatoes and Peas Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
WED 8	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Fresh Vegetable Salad Bran Muffins Creamy Rice Pudding Cookies Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Prune Whip Coffee Tea
THU 9	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Cream of Chicken Soup Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Pickles Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa	Fricassee of Veal Mashed Potatoes Baby Beets Corn Muffins Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
FRI 10	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted (leftover) Corn Muffins Jelly Coffee Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Buttered Asparagus Radishes Sliced Oranges and Bananas Fruit Bread Tea Cocoa	Boiled Salmon with Parsley Sauce Raw-fried Potatoes Julienne Carrots and Celery Lemon Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 11	Grapefruit Juice Cereal French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Cream of Green Vegetable Soup Toasted Bacon Sandwiches Jelly and Cream Date Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast Stuffed Spareribs Mustard Pickle Baked Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Orange Tapioca Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 12	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	(Picnic Supper) Potato Salad Wiener Curls Green Onions Carrot Sticks Brown Bread Sandwiches Fresh Fruit Jam Turnovers Bottled Beverages	Pot Roast of Beef Horse-radish Gravy Mashed Potatoes Peas and Onion Rings Boston Cream Pie Coffee Tea
MON 13	Orange Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee Tea	French Omelet Chili Sauce Tossed Salad Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Mustard Pickle Scalloped Potatoes Asparagus Maple Pinwheels Coffee Tea
TUE 14	Grape Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Melba Toast Orange and Celery Salad Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Stewed Tomatoes Radishes Green Onions Vanilla Baked Custard Coffee Tea
WED 15	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jelly Coffee Tea	Fresh Spinach with Poached Eggs Whole-wheat Bread Grilled Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Lemon Snow Pudding Coffee Tea
THU 16	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Spring Vegetable Salad Hard Rolls Lion's Gate Pancakes Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Creamed Potatoes Minted Carrots Fresh Strawberries Cream Coffee Tea
FRI 17	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Toasted Muffins Jelly Coffee Tea	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Raw Carrot Sticks Green Onions Chocolate Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Baked Fish Fillets Lemon Garnish Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Stewed Rhubarb with Bananas Coffee Tea
SAT 18	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee Tea	Cold Meat Plate with Potato Salad Vegetable Aspic Celery Curls Floating Island Tea Cocoa	Baked Wieners in Yorkshire Pudding Corn and Tomato Casserole Lattice Cherry Pie Coffee Tea
SUN 19	Half Grapefruit Cereal Poached Egg on Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Assorted Sandwiches Relishes Marmalade Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Raisin Sauce Browned Potatoes Spinach Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
MON 20	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Plain Omelet Green Peas Branflake Muffins Fruit Salad Cup Nut Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Ham Fruit Chutney Creamed Potatoes Asparagus Custard Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
TUE 21	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toasted Muffins Conserve Coffee Tea	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Celery Curls Stewed Rhubarb with Strawberries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Creamed Ham in Toast Cases French Fried Potatoes Baby Carrots Caramel Nut Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
WED 22	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Chicken Soup Carrot and Onion Salad Rolls Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Braised Oxtails Mashed Potatoes Beets Vinaigrette Rhubarb and Orange Pie Coffee Tea
THU 23	Sliced Oranges Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee Tea	Double Decker Sandwiches (lettuce, hard-cooked eggs, cheese) Canned Fruit Icebox Cookies Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls in Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Creamy Corn Cottage Pudding with Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
FRI 24	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Tomato Juice Cabbage and Green Pepper Salad Crunchy Biscuits Assorted Cheeses Tea Cocoa	Boiled Salmon Egg Sauce Mashed Potatoes Green Cabbage Half Grapefruit with Honey Coffee Tea
SAT 25	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	(Picnic Supper) Hamburgers in Buns Baked Beans Cole Slaw Fresh Strawberries Fudge Squares Coffee Soft Dripks	Meat Loaf Onion Gravy Mashed Potatoes Creole Celery Orange Cake à la mode Coffee Tea
SUN 26	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Waffles Syrup Coffee Tea	Cold Meat Loaf Potato Chips Cabbage Salad Canned Cherries Orange Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Roast of Lamb Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Asparagus Strawberry Cream Pie Coffee Tea
MON 27	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Creamy Eggs on Toast Chili Sauce Raw Carrot Sticks Butterscotch Pudding Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Lamb Currant Jelly Creamed Potatoes Peas Sliced Oranges with Moist Coconut Coffee Tea
TUE 28	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Clam Chowder Grated Raw Carrot and Cabbage Salad Whole-wheat Bread Strawberry Tapioca Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Meat Pie Boiled Potatoes Butter Beans Milk Sherbet Sponge Cake Coffee Tea
WED 29	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Corn Muffins Syrup Coffee Tea	Macaroni in Cheese Sauce Lettuce Salad Crusty Rolls Jelly and Cream (leftover) Sponge Ca... Tea Cocoa	Grilled Liver and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Baby Beets and Greens Rhubarb Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
THU 30	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cream of Pea Soup Biscuits Carrot Sticks Mixed Fruit Salad Coffee Bun Tea Coffee	Barbecued Spareribs Lyonnaise Potatoes Buttered Asparagus Chocolate Cupcakes Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea

Strawberry Marmalade

(Something new and different in a strawberry preserve)

2 oranges 2 lemons

½ cup water ⅛ teaspoon soda

1 quart strawberries

7 cups sugar

½ bottle liquid pectin

METHOD: Peel oranges and lemons. Remove white membrane, slice rind very thinly and simmer in ½ cup water and ⅛ teaspoon soda for 10 minutes. Add orange and lemon pulp and simmer 20 minutes longer. Wash, hull and crush strawberries. Combine with fruit and rind, and measure. There should be 4 cups. Add 7 cups sugar and bring to a boil and boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in fruit pectin. Let stand five minutes, then skim. Pour into hot, sterilized glasses. Cover, while hot, with liquid paraffin.

Yield: 8 six-ounce jelly jars.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

How to make a Husband HAPPY!



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Make better coffee everytime in a SILEX coffee maker

Vacuum Cleaner Tricks

Ten practical hints on care and use of that dirt-removing wonder — the vacuum cleaner

by Jane Monteith

The dust bag should be emptied after each using, turned inside out and whisked several times a year. Because the bag on both cylinder and upright vacuum cleaners is designed as a filter, the suction power will be reduced if the bag becomes clogged with dirt. Consequently, the cleaning power of the machine is reduced. *Never* wash or dry clean a vacuum cleaner bag yourself. Send it to the manufacturer to be cleaned whenever necessary.

Remove clinging hairs and threads from the bristles of the brush roll (which is the rug-sweeping mechanism in an upright model) each week. If the metal bar looks greasy, clean it with commercial cleaning fluid or carbon tetrachloride. Check the length of the bristles occasionally. If they won't touch a card placed across the nozzle opening, they need to be replaced.

To clean waste baskets of every last crumb of lint and dust: point the hose attachment into the empty basket and let suction pull the dirt out of cracks and seams.

Desk blotters will have a longer life if you clean them regularly with an upholstery brush tool.

Empty ash trays with the hose attachment. It will suck *cold* butts and ashes into the bag.

Dust dial phones with the soft brush dusting tool. Run this same tool over the inside of the record player and over the keys of a typewriter. The combination of suction and a soft brush is ideal for places that are almost impossible to dust by hand.

Dust records with the soft brush attachment. Run it lightly over each side of a record, then dust will be removed without danger of scratching.

Clean hats with vacuum cleaner attachments. Use the upholstery brush tool for felt hats, the soft brush attachment for straw or fabric millinery. Hold the brush a few inches away from flower trimmings to dust them without pulling them loose.

Houseclean the stove with the hose attachment. Be sure the stove is cold before starting to work. Then point the end of the hose into the oven and round the burners to remove crumbs and dirt. Reach down behind and under the stove to remove curls of dust with the same attachment. (Try it behind and under the refrigerator too.)

Dust kitchen shelves—without removing the contents—in weekly clean-ups. Work the crevice tool around the articles on the shelves until it picks up all the dust and crumbs. ✤



If you bake at home— these are easy to make

It's bound to be a "Good Morning"—when you serve delicious, hot-and-fragrant Cinnamon Buns for breakfast. They'll win you plenty of praise . . . made with Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

Full-Strength—Goes Right to Work

Modern Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps for weeks and weeks right on your pantry shelf. It's fast—it's ACTIVE. All you do is:

1. In a small amount (usually specified) of lukewarm water, dissolve thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.
2. Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes.
3. THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe.)

Next time you bake, insist on Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Keep several weeks' supply on hand. There's nothing like it for delicious soft-textured breads, rolls, dessert breads—such as all the family loves!

CINNAMON BUNS

Makes 2½ dozen

Measure into large bowl
1 cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of
2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
In the meantime, scald
1 cup milk
Remove from heat and stir in
½ cup granulated sugar
1¼ teaspoons salt
6 tablespoons shortening
Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.
Stir in **2 well-beaten eggs**
Stir in **3 cups once-sifted bread flour**
and beat until smooth; work in
3 cups more once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine
1½ cups brown sugar (lightly pressed down)
3 teaspoons ground cinnamon
1 cup washed and dried seedless raisins

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong ¼-inch thick and 16 inches long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with raisin mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place just touching each other, a cut-side up, in greased 7-inch round layer-cake pans (or other shallow pans). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven 350°, 20-25 minutes. Serve hot, or reheated.



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BRITISH RAILWAYS

Love Must be Blind

Continued from page 31

along to that overdose of sleeping pills?

"Stop it." Bruce ordered abruptly. "Stop despising me."

Flushing, she attempted a denial. But Bruce brushed it aside. Leaning toward her, he said, "Will you give me a break? Will you let down that stern disapproving guard you're holding up against me? Just while we are here, pretend you're having fun. Pretend"—his voice deepened—"I'm the guy you like going places with."

Stacy unfastened her cape and pushed it back off her shoulders. The collar of her uniform fitted high around her throat, giving her a prim little-girl look. "All right," she said unexpectedly. "I'll pretend."

Bruce's expression was inscrutable but he never took his eyes from her face. "Thanks," he said quietly.

THE WAITRESS brought their order, and when she had gone, Bruce said, "You can't do a good job of pretending if I go on calling you Miss Wade."

So Stacy told him her name ". . . it's a short cut for Constacia, my intrepid great-grandmother who went out to China as a missionary nurse." She laughed softly, "Dad insists that giving me her name put a mark on me. He says in my early youth I used to trip up my playmates so they would skin their knees and I could iodine their wounds and nurse them." She took a sizeable bite of doughnut and continued thickly, "Dad swears that naming me Constacia made me want to follow my ancestor's example."

Bruce chuckled. "You mean that your intrepid great-grandmother went charging around China tripping up the Chinese?"

They laughed together—and after that pretending was easy. The coffee helped too. It was hot and fragrant, and since Stacy didn't take sugar in it she passed her packet over to Bruce. "Which proves," he sighed gratefully, "that you are a sterling character."

She tucked in her mouth ruefully. "I'd rather be a glamourous character."

"But you are, darling," he assured her easily. "Didn't you know?"

"Of course. But a girl likes to be told." And then, because his "darling" had shaken her, she said crisply, "May I have more coffee, please?"

So they both had another round of coffee. They had scrambled eggs too. "On account of," Bruce said, "I want the party to last."

Stacy brooded. "The best scrambled-eggs parties are held in our kitchen at home, anywhere from midnight to dawn."

"Tell me about your parties," Bruce invited, his eyes tracing the tender curve of her mouth.

Stacy told him dreamily: "Well, there's dad just in from putting the paper to bed. Dad is editor-publisher of our home-town paper. Well, he comes in and yells for mother. If she's gone to bed she comes flying downstairs in her faded blue bathrobe and a cute little halo of bobbie-pins making up her curls for tomorrow. She and dad go out to the kitchen and start whipping up eggs and toast and coffee. Then the twins appear—Della and Sue are the twins, they're 19 and terrific social whirlers. Usually they've been out somewhere and they bring their dates in with them. Everybody talks at once about everything. And there's a lot of arguing and laughing. And, oh, yes, there's Timothy."

Bruce scowled. "Timothy?" Timothy, Stacy explained, was the bull terrier and Bruce came unscowled and said, "It doesn't sound real—a party like that."

Stacy put down her coffee cup with a small crash. "You mean you can't have a real party in the kitchen?" she demanded indignantly.

Bruce shook his head. "I didn't mean that." He picked up the red plastic salt shaker and started moving it around the table top like a piece in a chess game. Almost as if he were talking to himself he said, "I don't remember ever having a party with my father and mother. I don't remember that I ever saw them together—they were divorced when I was seven. After that my brother John and I never had a real home. We shuttled between mother's apartment and father's hotel and summer camps and boarding school." He pushed the salt shaker aside and looked at her grimly. "That's a tough routine for little guys, Stacy." It was the first time he had used her name and he paused for a moment as if he would make an occasion of it. Then he went on quickly, "The way I see it, there wouldn't be so many smashed marriages if people didn't work so hard at saving their pride: if they worked harder at believing in each other. After all, that's what love is—believing in a person more than principles or facts."

Stacy contradicted him stubbornly. "But you can't shut your eyes to facts. You can't believe in *anyone* or *anything* more than principles."

"That kind of talk," he replied harshly, "shows you don't know anything about love."

She remembered Claire Rogers and an unreasoning anger shook her. She flung back, "I suppose you know all about it?"

A bleak look came over his face. "I know what I saw between my father and mother and—" he hesitated, his eyes narrowed considerably. "Listen," he said slowly, "I've never talked about this"—he paused, a look of sharp surprise in his face—"but it's suddenly important to me to have *you* understand it." He folded his arms on the table and leaned toward her and she was aware of a tense urgency in him as he continued: "My father had an affair with another woman. It was a brief infatuation. You see, father had a weakness for flattery—lots of men are like that and they can't help it any more than they can help the color of their eyes. He didn't love the woman. He loved my mother. I believe she knew that. But her pride wouldn't let her forgive him."

"You mean she should have forgiven unfaithfulness?" Stacy exclaimed incredulously.

Bruce whitened. "There is more than one kind of unfaithfulness to love. There is the unwillingness to forgive—to accept weaknesses in those we love. And if there are children, aren't you being unfaithful to them when you tear up their roots? Take a little guy like my nephew Donny. I've seen how important it is to him, the security he has in his parents and his home. I see the difference between Donny's sense of belonging and the cast-off feeling that John and I had. Sorry," he interrupted

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CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

himself with an apologetic laugh, "I promised you fun and I've given you an oration—" and just like that he switched back to lightness.

NEVER HAD Stacy met such a bewildering young man: one minute he was letting her see behind his gay bold front and the next he was slamming a door in her face. But he couldn't slam a door on the feeling she had of something new between them. Something that made her feel speeded-up, excited. Like a shot of adrenalin, she thought sternly, and that takes you straight back to chemistry, my good nurse.

But she couldn't keep to her stern thinking with what happened next: "We're going dancing," Bruce said, and when she told him she couldn't go night-clubbing in her uniform, he assured her this was a strictly private party; and hustled her into her cape, out of the DeLuxe Lunch and back down the street to his car. "But it's late," she objected, and instantly she didn't care if it was late as day after tomorrow, and she got into the car.

They drove out River Road, past the old stone bridge, to Picnic Cove—that small mossy clearing overlooking the river—and Bruce flicked on the radio and stopped the car. "May I have this dance," he asked formally.

It wasn't like any dance Stacy had ever danced before: there was the throbbing insistent beat of the music and the starlight glinting down on them, a pale gold enchantment. A chill wind coming in off the river whipped her hair into a jaunty halo, and Bruce, his cheek pressed down against that satiny fragrance, held her close. Presently, as though he read her mind, he murmured, "I've never done this before. I was saving it for you."

It was almost shocking to realize how passionately she wanted to believe that. But there was the nagging doubt: how many other girls had he brought here, and danced with under the stars? Girls like Claire Rogers. A shiver raced over her and made her catch her breath sharply.

Bruce's arm tightened. "You're cold, Stacy," he said, and he steered their steps back toward the car. They didn't talk on the way back except for his asking the address of her apartment. Then just before they arrived, he reached for her hand. "Hello, my love," he said, and she felt his lips shape the words against her palm. He gave her hand back to her and she curled it into a tight fist in her lap. Then she gripped both hands together to stop their shaking.

At her door he said matter-of-factly, "I'm calling for you tomorrow night, of course." Then he pulled her into his arms and kissed her. On the mouth, thoroughly. Shatteringly. "Good night, my love," he told her and went quickly away.

When Stacy reported for duty that afternoon, Vera Pratt told her their patient had been discharged. "I've ordered a cab for her," Vera said, walking down the corridor with Stacy, "and as soon as you get her off Dr. Stauffer wants you on the thrombosis case. I'm going on it in the morning." They stopped at Claire's door and Vera added in a whisper, "Listen, I've picked up a juicy bit on the Rogers lass . . ."

Stacy smiled vaguely. She was wearing a hang-over from last night's starshine that made the old doubts of Claire Rogers less menacing. "Save it till tomorrow," she advised and opened Claire's door.

A few minutes later she was to think it would have been better to let Vera tell her than to hear it from Claire herself.

CLAIRE WAS dressed and sitting in the easy chair beside the window. She wore a black tailored suit with a raffish red hat on her bright hair and a huge red leather purse made a splash of color in her lap. She didn't look like Dr. Stauffer's overdose-of-barbiturates case. She looked a very stunning job.

Stacy said cheerfully, "So you're leaving us," and she didn't have to work at cheerfulness: the world was a cheerful place.

Claire gave her harsh laugh. "This hospital isn't all I'm leaving. Tomorrow I'm leaving this burg. I'm quitting Acme . . . got a job with a modeling agency."

Stacy, collecting a toothbrush and compact from the dresser and packing them into the suitcase Vera had left open on the bed, said, "You should be just what the doctor ordered for a modeling job." Then, because she felt such a rush of relief that Claire Rogers was going away, she said gently, "Be careful how you take any more sleeping pills, Miss Rogers. You were lucky this time. But it doesn't pay . . ." She was going to say it didn't pay to take chances, but Claire cut in:

"*Those* sleeping pills paid all right! And paid off too!" She snapped open the red purse on her lap and took out a folded slip of pale blue paper. "Get an eyeful of this cheque." She unfolded the slip of paper and held it out to Stacy. "Look at it," she insisted, and there was nothing for Stacy to do but just that.

The cheque was made out to Claire Rogers. It was for $5,000. It was signed by Bruce Lockhart.

Claire said gloatingly, "I told you maybe Mr. High-and-Mighty Lockhart would have an idea of what I need. Well, when he came to see me last night, he had this with him . . ."

Stacy heard her own voice, flat and cold, saying, "Quite an idea. And now suppose we go downstairs and see if there's a cab." And she closed Claire's suitcase, got her coat from the closet and helped her on with it. They went out to the elevator. Claire talked all the way downstairs, and on out to the front entrance. Stacy said "yes" and "no" in the right places. She saw Claire into a cab, and said "Good-by." Then she went back upstairs and reported for duty on Dr. Stauffer's thrombosis case.

Her new patient, an elderly woman with dark frightened eyes, was very ill and Stacy was kept busy. She worked with sure disciplined efficiency. This was her business and she understood it. She hadn't understood a man like Bruce Lockhart. That was why she had fallen for starshine So there was more than one kind of unfaithfulness to love, was there? Well, he should know. He took one girl dancing and he paid off another girl with a new job and a cheque. How many other girls had there been before Stacy Wade? Hadn't there been too many for him to remember? Oh, how easy and cheap he must think her! This cheapness she felt for herself was a

Continued on page 87





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Never mind the high comedy, the situation is dangerous.

★ ★ ★

Next to getting a house, the great unsolved problem of civilization today is looking after a house. In two new films, the kitchen-sink crisis is met far too smartly. In THE WEAKER SEX, a harried housewife gets aid and comfort from a Navy brass-hat who does the work.

★ ★ ★

In ONCE UPON A DREAM, Googie Withers lives in a dream house; wears lovely clothes night and day; hates housework. A handsome young character thereupon walks in, takes over and runs the place like a charm. All this is done strictly for laughs. But should this foolish idea of domesticating male citizens become the basis of a fad instead of a farce, the thing could be serious.

★ ★ ★

In the cinema trades, a sleeper is a real success which sneaks in unexpectedly. Such a one indeed is FLOODTIDE. Among other attractions, FLOODTIDE unveils some of the new tricks in film production on which the British industry has been working secretly for five years. One to watch for is the cameo close-up.

★ ★ ★

FLOODTIDE is Scottish, both in fact and in flavor; a romance on the Clyde. The period in which it is set is this week.

★ ★ ★

In particular, the cast includes four young players whose names may mean little to most people now but that will no longer hold true once the picture has been seen.

★ ★ ★

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films ask for the playdates at your local Theatre.

An EAGLE-LION *Release*

They're More Fun

Continued from page 23

story about Michael, who apparently inherits her crispness of expression. At that time Michael attended a boarding school with week ends at home. When he was asked by a house guest what he thought of school, he exclaimed:

"That isn't a school. It's a concentration camp. All day, it's 'Stand up. Sit Down! Halt! Show your hands! Show your nails!' My mother writes about the poor people in concentration camps and then sends her own son to one!"

Bob Hope's wit is as nimble as on the screen or over the air waves. Like a reporter with a nose for news, he has a "nose" for new gags or new twists to old jokes. However, he takes the business of a comedian seriously. During one of our serious discussions Bob passed on some advice to me: "Always be yourself, never try to imitate." It seems that Bob failed in show business for many years in an effort to present a song and dance act. It was not until he decided to clown and just be "himself" that he was a success.

Bob and Jerry Colonna are great pals, and off-stage delight in kibitzing. During their visit in town Colonna spent all his spare time shopping. His hobby is collecting suits. Bob prefers the tweedie jacket with plenty of color. He traveled with three white nylon shirts which he laundered with the same ease as a woman would do her hose.

The screen's most fluttery female, ZaSu Pitts, is a woman of action. Shakespeare said of one of his best-loved comedy heroines that "a star danced when she was born," and in the case of ZaSu, a star must have danced, capered and reeled—yet it was a very lucky star. For ZaSu Pitts goes through life in a manner not like you and me. The things that happen to her could not happen to anyone else. She is a living magnet alike for high adventure and mad disaster, and from all her experiences she emerges triumphant and more entertaining than ever.

Shopping with her is an experience. She is always in search of antiques and claims the more dust in the shop, the better the bargains. Cooking is one of her hobbies and new cooking gadgets another of her collections. She has a trunkful of them. During one of our shopping tours in Toronto a freak April snowstorm caused the taxi to skid and tie up traffic on Wellington Street. ZaSu emerged triumphant from the accident with a set of dishes. During the confusion of the collision she had left the driver and myself to take care of the trivialities connected with smashed fenders while she dashed into a china shop.

ZaSu eats candies continually. She keeps a box in her theatre dressing room, one beside her bed, another in the living room, and always eats candy on her shopping tours. Like Dorothy Thompson, she must derive her energy from chocolate. It seems that ZaSu always has some person with a wild patent or promotion that needs cash. Whether she has much wealth left from her mad investments, one thing is certain that she is one of the wealthiest women in friendships. Recently she telephoned me from New York: "Have you a television set?"

"No."

"Then you won't see my mug on the screen, and they say it is good!"

I don't believe any actress or celebrity receives such a manifestation of popularity as does Mary Pickford. Her suite is a mass of flowers and she is swamped with invitations. Always the gracious hostess, she is never too tired to chat with her fans and has an extraordinary memory for names.

On her last visit she arrived smothered in gardenias—all gifts from New York friends. Although she had little sleep, she quickly freshened up for the press conference called for nine o'clock. Reporters and photographers gathered in her sitting room anxious to hold her up at the point of a pencil. Mary greeted the gang, calling many of them by their first names. She tossed her hat to her maid, and then perched herself on a table in the centre of the room. As always, she gave a good interview. She has a keen sense for news herself, and therefore comes equipped with some meaty news story that makes good copy.

I can still see Mary—dangling her tiny feet, surrounded by fruit and flowers, oblivious to the noisy phones and page boys popping in and out with telegrams. Her maid took over the phone in one bedroom, while her manager answered in another bedroom and I tried to cope with the one in the sitting room.

Would Miss Pickford attend the first night at the symphony? Would Miss Pickford come to a literary luncheon? . . . visit a bazaar? . . . the King's Plate? . . .

Again: Did Miss Pickford remember Lizz Jones, whom she went to school with, and the days they loved to swipe her mother's chocolate cake. And what do you think!—Lizz was downstairs with some chocolate cake.

When her manager joined us in the sitting room, I handed him the scribbled phone messages and said:

"I'm getting out of this madhouse."

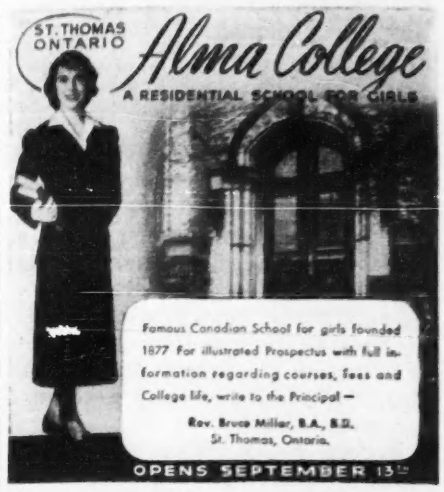
"Please don't," he pleaded. "I want you to listen to the itinerary I have made for Miss Pickford."

It was a full program with very little time left for her personal engagements. Miss Pickford has implicit faith in her manager's judgment and leaves most decisions to him. Mary read over the list of telephone calls—"Some of them are old friends, and if I haven't the time to see them, I want to talk to them on the telephone."

It was then close to noonday, and Miss Pickford was due for a public welcome at the City Hall. She dashed into her bedroom, where the maid had all her clothes ready. Mary always wears white gloves, and wherever she goes carries a surplus of fresh ones.

There was one time when Raymond Massey wore no studied stage expression—and that was when he was staring doubtfully down at his plate of haggis at the annual St. Andrew's Ball. Did he know what haggis was made of, I wondered. As I watched him I could only think of a small boy trying to face his first dish of spinach!

To satisfy my own curiosity I asked the chef how he prepares haggis. He uses a recipe that came direct from Balmoral Castle.



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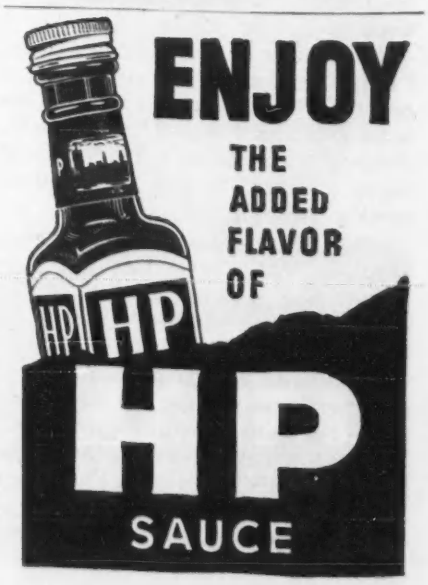
It plays a double role—gives the homemaker a safe guide to better buying and helps the manufacturer in perfecting and marketing his product. Because a product receives the Seal of Approval **only if it's good**, it's your guide to wise buying.

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"A really good haggis, served hot, should be covered with Scotch whisky."

"How much 'stuffings' do you order?" I enquired.

"To feed 1,500 guests I require 51 sheep stomachs, 80 pounds of sheep paunch, 190 pounds of lamb liver; 150 pounds of lamb lungs and 60 pounds of lamb heart."

I watched the cooks chop up the liver, hearts and lights, mixing them with 25 pounds of beef suet, 35 pounds of onion, 15 pounds of parsley, two pounds of salt, one pound of nutmeg, a pound of coarse black pepper and three gallons of meat broth. A huge metal trough filled with this mixture of "inwards" and oatmeal was fed through a sausage machine and into the limp white lamb paunches to make shapeless soft puddings. This neat bundle is put into steam kettles and cooked for two hours in a vegetable broth.

The relishing of haggis has been going on for 200 years. The St. Andrew's Society had its charter before the United States had their Independence.

The question that stumped the experts was—"Who pays the duty, if any, on sets of the Encyclopaedia Britannica won by Canadians?" The experts were the three regular wizards on "Information Please" program. The question was popped by a Toronto reporter at a press conference held in a suite upon their arrival.

Smoky-eyed Oscar Levant, crouched in an armchair, detached his gaze from a girl reporter's hat and blinked. John Kieran swallowed and grinned; F.P.A. cocked his cigar at the ceiling and looked at where it was cocked; while Clifton Fadiman, perched on a table, smiled toward Dan Golenpaul—the guy who pays their bills. Dan Golenpaul replied: "Darned if I know. Canadians win sometimes, but I never found out just how they got their sets of Encyclopaedia Britannica."

Up until this question was popped the press conference was somewhat strained. The three "brain trusts" sat poised, waiting to be challenged, and it seemed awkward for one newspaperman to be quizzing another, especially in the case of Mr. Kieran and Mr. Adams. However, shyness mellowed into ripe friendship with Franklin P. and his giddy yellow tie and his grey suit, with the baggy back-seat drape, captivating all the femmes. When the girls swarmed about Oscar Levant he got more nervous and called for more coffee. Suddenly he wanted to find a baby grand piano, and it had to be a Steinway. When the piano was secured, he changed his mind and went for a walk, alone.

Of the group the two men who shone in their simplicity were John Kieran and Franklin P. Adams. The following evening after their weekly broadcast I asked Mr. Adams how he remembers so much, and he nonchalantly replied: "Once upon a time, when I was a boy, one of my schoolteachers told me I *must* remember everything I learned, and I thought she meant it."

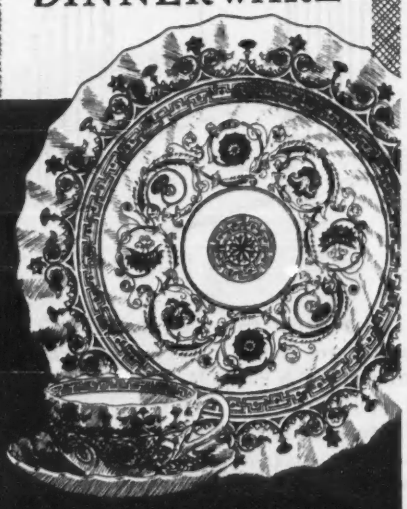
It was in October, 1939, when I first met Kennard L. Wedgwood, a distinguished-looking white-haired visitor from England. Over afternoon tea he revealed to me that in the vault of the hotel lay the formulas which have been guarded by six generations of the Wedgwoods. He was taking them to the New York office, so that if the factories in England were destroyed, the secrets of the famous blue ware and brilliant cream glaze—so far never duplicated by china makers—would be safe.

Gertrude Lawrence has the buoyant step and gleaming eye of a person who has just won the sweepstake. She has a keen interest in people and a most contagious sense of humor. While she looks enviably smart in fashionable clothes, she can look amusingly dowdy in others. During one of her recent visits she telephoned me to come to see her "new love." It was an evening gown. Her problem was when and how soon could she wear it! The gown made for her by Sophie was an adaptation from a Lady Windermere costume. The black satin princess-cut model was richly embroidered in black jet and the stage and screen star wore it with all the charm of a Victorian lady. Gertrude Lawrence loves to tell of her early days when she and Noel Coward didn't have a penny. She has risen above struggles and hardships that would have killed you and me.

Kate Smith has only visited the hotel once during my regime. Kate's voice, talking or singing, realizes around three million dollars a year. The rotund singer pays an annual income tax of approximately $90,000. However, all these figures don't concern Kate, as her energetic manager, Ted Collins, takes care of all financial and other worries. When Kate is broadcasting she sits in an armchair and reads a script which was

Continued on page 84

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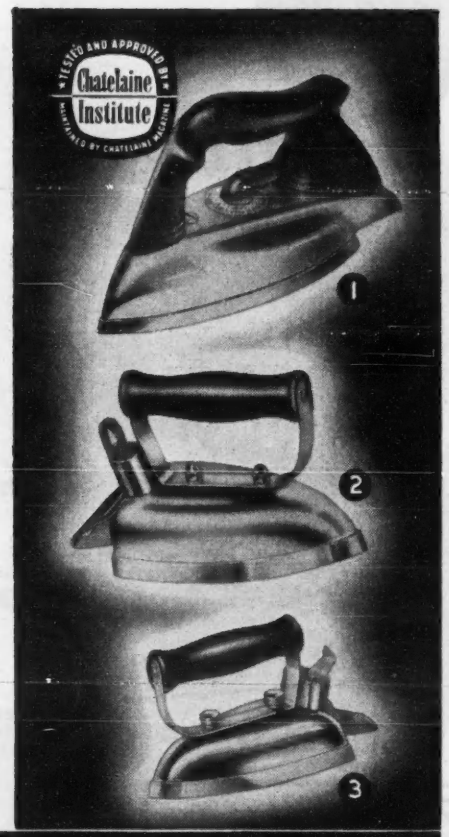
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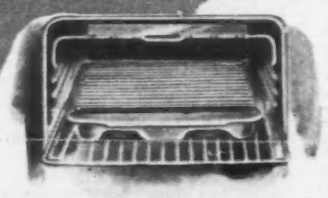
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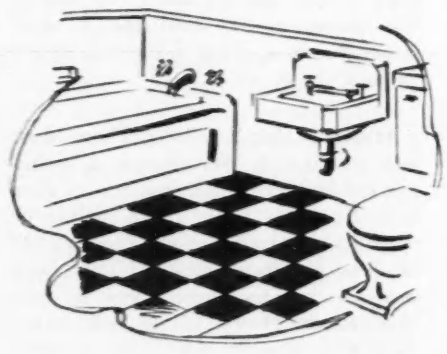
They Found a New Way

by John Caulfield Smith
Home Planning Editor.

WHETHER you're planning to build or remodel, you'll be interested in many stimulating new products now coming off Canadian assembly lines. We show a few of them on this page, hope to cover more of them in future. All represent worth-while contributions to happier living. The folding partition is the only one whose basic idea comes from outside our own country. All the others are of native origin.

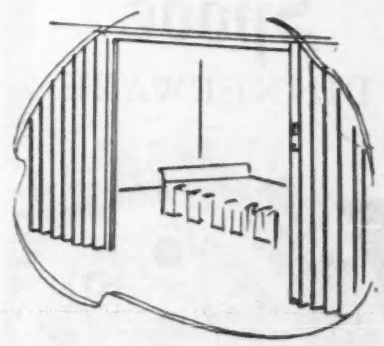
This ingenious bed provides a practical way of saving space without sacrificing sleeping comfort. It's designed to take a standard spring and mattress and comes in a cabinet possessing the appearance of a beautiful piece of furniture. The cabinet is 6½ feet long, 4 feet high and 16 inches deep. A child can operate the mechanism. It takes only seven seconds for the entire bed, including legs, head and foot boards to disappear into the cabinet.

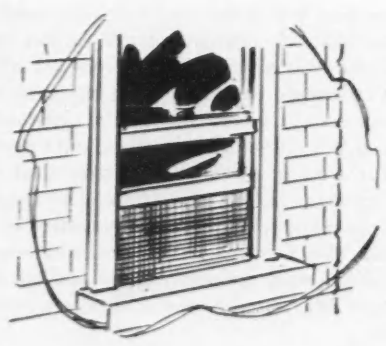




Here's a complete bathroom, precisely engineered and made in the factory. It's delivered to the building site as a packaged unit, and may be speedily connected to the house water and waste lines. The piping is rustproof, and is installed so as to meet all plumbing bylaw requirements.

A revolutionary folding partition offers a clever way of dividing areas within the house. When rooms must serve a dual purpose—as witness the combination of living room and dining room—this is a real asset. Of the accordion type, the folding partition eliminates space wasted by swinging doors. It offers limitless decorative possibilities since its metal frame may be encased in any of a wide variety of coverings. Installation is quick, no floor track being required.





The latest thing in screens! This automatic model does away with the tiresome job of putting them on and taking them off! It's attached to the bottom of the window sash and rolls up into a rustproof box concealed in the window sill. A flick of the wrist detaches the screen from the sash. The mechanism is permanently sealed and does not require lubrication.

Modern kitchens are now possible in old and new houses at a reasonable price. They are manufactured by mass-production methods yet possess all the eye appeal and efficiency of "made-to-measure" cupboards. The variety of styles and sizes offered provide a multitude of kitchen arrangements. Units may be purchased one at a time if desired. They come completely painted and equipped with hardware.



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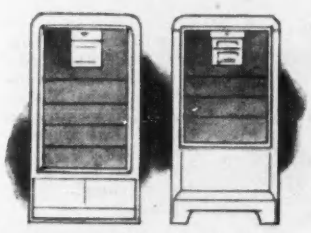


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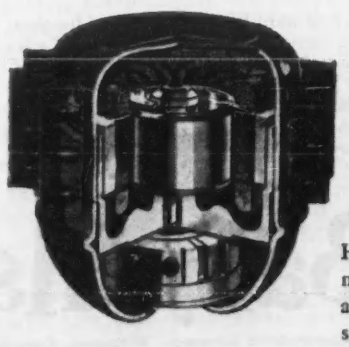


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*BAND-AID is the registered trade mark of Johnson & Johnson Limited for its adhesive bandage.



They're More Fun

Continued from page 81

prepared for her. For her daily cooking school program she had the technicians bring the equipment to her suite where she casually broadcast from her armchair. Miss Smith claims she cannot read a note of music nor does she play any instrument. She just listens to a tune once or twice, and then sings in the Kate Smith manner.

When I met Madeleine Carroll in 1939 she was the first woman I had seen without stockings. She claimed it was war conservation, but she had a beautiful tan to display. When Madeleine returned to the hotel this year I noticed that she had retained her beauty and charm, although she was somewhat thinner. She admitted she was weary from rehearsing her first legitimate play, "Good-by, My Fancy." She related her experience with her agent upon her return to New York this fall. He advised that her chances of returning to the screen were slim because the public had forgotten her. However, on her own, she went out to Hollywood and lady luck was with her. She secured two movie contracts, one picture being the filming of Lady Windermere's Fan. While in Hollywood she met playwright Fay Kanin who selected her for the lead in her new play. During the try-out in town the play was rewritten. Miss Kanin occupied a room near me, and I listened to the tap-tap-tap of her typewriter late into the night. The success of "Good-by, My Fancy" is a well-merited reward.

Antoine, the inimitable, rode into the hotel on the tail end of a blaze of publicity. While American women had gone for the European beautician in droves, men regarded him with considerable suspicion. He met the press in the sitting room of his de luxe suite wearing a black silk cossack blouse, black-and-white stock and the heels of his patent-leather pumps glittering with small set-in mirrors. He fluttered around passing refreshments, and when someone referred to the glass heels, he obligingly did a leap or two about the room, which caused the press girls to limber up with a loud laugh. However, under all this theatrical stuff the handsome Polish beautician is as sane as your psychoanalyst and as shrewd as Confucius.

Antoine knows women. When quizzed about his visit to Hollywood studios he condemned the empty-headed doll types he met. "Beauty," he mused, leaning back in his chair and gazing dramatically at the ceiling, as he waved a long black cigarette holder, "so much passes for beauty that isn't beauty. But give me"—he glanced admiringly around at several rugged faces of the press—"give me a woman with character—with brains—yes, with wrinkles. Such a woman has soul—and *soul is beauty*." Immediately some 10 women snatched up their notebooks and began to write like mad; columns and columns of valuable publicity for the price of a compliment! Clever man.

When Antoine arrived at the hotel this year he wore black oxfords that were made with platform soles—a trick which made him appear much taller. It was during this visit that he styled my hair. Although I kept my eyes glued on the mirror, his nimble fingers worked so speedily that it was difficult to follow the procedure.

There is a communicable greatness about Bidu Sayao when you see her on the stage in an operatic role or singing a concert program. Off stage you are fascinated by eyes that sparkle like the rising sun; and by her charm and simplicity. One of the most talented members of the Metropolitan Opera, this Brazilian beauty is acclaimed to be one of the best dressed. Her collection of jewels is fabulous. She often wears a pair of canary-yellow diamond earrings which match a necklace and tiara. She has a poppy flower pin set with rubies and diamonds.

Once when I casually mentioned to Bidu Sayao that a beautiful collection of French originals had arrived in town, she insisted we go at once to see them. She was as excited as a child in a toy-shop and bought $2,000 worth of gowns as quickly as I might have bought an apron.

Not only is Gloria Swanson a beautiful woman but she lives graciously, in charming surroundings. The pride with which she displayed her exotic perfumes —some which had been dreamed up especially for her, is just one proof of her love of extravagance. Her cosmetics in monogrammed containers are kept in a rubber-lined beauty case made to match her luggage. Her fondness for monograms is reflected on her blue satin lingerie cases, her cigarette holders, cases and her compacts.

At all times Gloria looks and acts like a glamour queen. She speaks with the same fine diction that made her outstanding on the screen and stage. Her pet aversions are careless grooming and bad manners. When I admired a black satin slack suit she was wearing, she complained that most women ran around their houses in outfits that made them look like tomboys. She has her slacks cut à la Swanson, with a panel flowing from the back waistband and giving a pleasingly feminine look to the trousers.

Over the years Gloria has been exposed to almost more than her share of criticism but now she has evolved a comforting philosophy—she believes that life goes in cycles. When you climb to the heights of success you are destined to come down. In Hollywood she

Continued on page 86

Pattern Descriptions

No. 2887—Two-piece dress in half sizes. Sizes 14½-24½. Size 18½: 4⅝ of 35" or 4¼ of 39" lengthwise striped material; detachable collar and cuffs: ¾ of 35". Price 25c.

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*Must pass 12 rigorous tests against shrinkage and running in the wash.

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MONARCH

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327 Cumberland Avenue - Winnipeg, Canada

Child Health Clinic



Fact and Fantasy

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

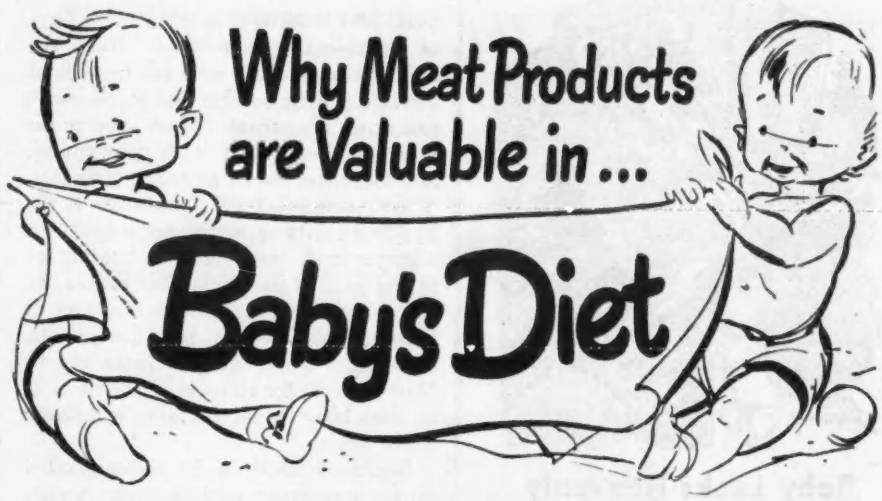
THREE or four centuries ago even the physicians believed all kinds of extraordinary bits of folklore. Needless to say their patients were full of superstitions also, some of which they got from their medical advisers. A few of these ideas still persist. When you think about them they seem very silly, but sometimes they are even dangerous. Most of us have one or two pet superstitions No doubt, we'd be better without them, particularly when our grown-up youngsters think less of us because of our credulity. What are some of the quaint ideas that some people have about the care of children?

"If you wear rubbers in the house it is hard on the eyes." That was a common belief in my childhood and it still is around. How there can be any connection between berubbered feet and eyesight baffles the scientist. Actually, of course, there is none. Nevertheless, a child should be taught to take off his rubbers, rubber boots or galoshes when he goes indoors because they make his feet too hot and cause them to sweat. Feet that are bathed in perspiration make a child restless and uncomfortable and the skin becomes soft and therefore less able to withstand minor injuries.

There are quite a number of myths about how to cure warts. If you rub the wart with a piece of raw beefsteak and then throw it away, the wart is said to disappear. Rubbing it with a new coin, which you also throw away, is thought by others to be equally effective. The third prescription is more arduous. The poor person afflicted with the wart must get up in the early, early morning and wash the warts with the dew. This treatment is only effective when the moon is young. If the warts are numerous, or large, the treatment should be repeated the next night.

Actually warts are caused by a tiny organism called a virus. These viruses are far smaller than ordinary germs. One child can catch warts from another child. However, they aren't easily spread from one to another—probably because the skin has to be scratched or irritated as well. Not infrequently warts disappear spontaneously—for no reason at all. Sometimes, no doubt, one of these fantastic so-called cures has been given credit for a cure that would have occurred anyway. If your youngster has a wart, ask your doctor how to treat it. Sometimes they are treated by applying small amounts of acid on the tip of a match. Care must be taken not to get the acid on the skin around the wart. Sometimes they are treated by other methods such as carbon dioxide snow or X-rays. Don't let your child pick or bite his wart, as it is then likely to become infected.

Most children have nose bleeds some time or other, usually following a knock or a tumble. According to one old superstition you can stop a nose bleed if you put three drops of the blood on a broom-straw and then stick it in a crack in the



Your baby needs proteins not only to live on but to grow on. For his size he needs much more than an adult. And meat, in addition to supplying other valuable nutrients, is one of the best sources of high quality proteins. By stimulating the flow of gastric juices, meat also helps baby to digest other foods.

Until recently most babies have gone without meat for their first few years, because preparing it at home in fine enough form is an arduous chore. Now—thanks to modern food science—even a very young baby can enjoy the benefits of nutritious, body-building meat.

Of course not all babies are ready for meat at the same time. It all depends on the individual child. So just trust your doctor. When he decides that meat should be added to your baby's menu, you will find in the 27 varieties of Heinz Strained Baby Foods, 5 tempting and nourishing meat products.

STRAINED BEEF AND LIVER SOUP: An ideal meat meal for baby. Made from chicken and young beef livers, selected lean beef and broth, potatoes, tomatoes, celery, carrots and farina, with added salt.

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JUNIOR MACARONI WITH TOMATO AND BEEF: Combines tender pieces of beef and bacon with tomatoes, tubetti, cream, sugar, flour, carrots, whole milk powder, onions, celery, yeast concentrate and salt.

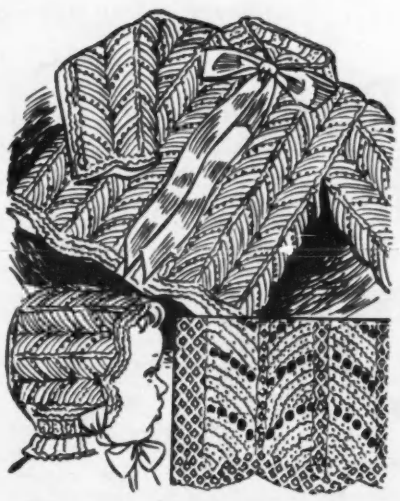
JUNIOR CHICKEN SOUP: A delicate, nourishing, creamy-textured soup combining milk, chicken, egg noodles, flour, carrots, cream, celery, onions, yeast concentrate and salt.

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Heinz Baby Foods 57



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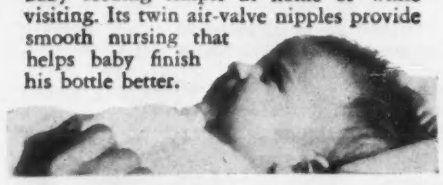
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SULEO D.D.T *hair emulsion*

wall! An infinitely more effective form of treatment is as follows. Have the child sit on a chair with his head bent forward a little so that the blood won't run down his throat. Then squeeze his nose together tightly with your thumb and forefinger for three or four minutes. Then gently release the pressure. If the bleeding starts up again, press again for a longer time. Sucking ice or holding ice at the back of the neck often causes the blood vessels in the nose to contract or become smaller and this lessens the bleeding. Warn the youngster not to blow his nose for the rest of the day. If he does blow it, the bleeding will likely begin again.

Beefsteak used to be recommended for the treatment of black eyes. A very expensive kind of cold moist compress indeed it was, and no better than a clean absorbent cloth wrung out of ice-cold water and replaced by others when it becomes warm. The tissues around the eyes are so loose that the blood from the small blood vessels that have been broken by the blow leaks a considerable distance. The cold compress contracts the blood vessels and stops the bleeding. It also lessens the pain and discomfort. If there is any sign of injury to the eye itself take your child to your doctor at once.

There is a funny belief current that rolled oats are "heating" to the blood. What that means is certainly a mystery to me. Others claim that this food commonly causes skin rashes. That is an error too. Rolled oats is one of the best cereals. Cucumbers are reputed to be poisonous, unless you cut off a thick peeling and rub the cut end on a plate. Actually there is nothing poisonous about cucumbers, but they are hard to digest and they should not be given to young children.

Years ago rattles were thought to frighten the evil eye away from the baby and to take his mind off his tummy ache. Now we know that rattles give him practice in grasping objects and entertain him. We feed our babies so well that they rarely get pains.

Even today teething necklaces are still sold. They contain a compound which gives off sulphur when it is moist. When a baby drools the saliva runs down his neck and moistens the necklace. The sulphur is thought to help the teeth through the gums. Actually, it couldn't possibly do so and these necklaces are absolutely useless.

A much more serious error about teething is the old idea that it causes convulsions. If this were the case, babies would be having convulsions at frequent intervals from the age of six months to two years. If your baby has a convulsion he is sick, and you should call your doctor at once. It may be due to some infection, such as a sore throat. It may be caused by a serious digestive upset. There are many other more dangerous causes. Don't treat a convulsion lightly or blame it on his teeth. While you are waiting for your doctor, put your baby to bed, with a warm, wrapped water bottle at his feet and a cold cloth on his head. When a baby is cutting his teeth he frequently is not quite so hungry as usual and he is often a little cross and wakeful. Apart from such minor discomforts teething causes no trouble at all. In fact, in many babies you can't tell at all when they are cutting teeth. ✚

They're More Fun

Continued from page 84

is attempting to reclimb the mountain of success in movies. She still has what it takes to capture the imagination.

According to fiction, no hotel in Europe is complete without the name of a Rothschild on its register. When Baron Louis Rothschild, his wife and family stopped over en route to New York I found them all very charming but formal. However, when Baron Maurice Rothschild arrived for a lengthy visit he was a most democratic personality. He is a large man who enjoys good food and lavish living. One day when I lunched with that member of the famous European banking family he talked incessantly. He referred to European royalty and famous statesmen by first name and his plans to return to his home in Geneva. However, he hoped to spend several months of the year at Banff. "There is nothing in our Alps to compare with your Rockies."

With the raffish gaiety that is her own special gift, Anna Kaskas loves to relate her amusing experiences, rather than discuss her triumphs as a Metropolitan Opera singer or concert artist. A frequent visitor, she calls the hotel "her house." Clothes seem to be one of her problems. A gown that was made for her in New York to the tune of $400 she calls the "tent." Why? Because it is white and has too much "stuff" in it! Like most concert or opera singers she retires to her room about four o'clock so she can vocalize for an hour, eat a steak dinner, rest and dress leisurely. However, as soon as her concert is finished her first request is "What about the fun department?"

Barbara Ann Scott would rather skate than eat. She loves the excitement of miles of ice running under her blades, the earth whirling around her at the touch of her toe and the speed lifting her off the ice. So many people have asked: "What is the secret of her success?" I'd say it's her capacity to persevere. In her very early childhood Barbara Ann was taught to accept discipline as a pleasure and now reaps the reward. It was her mother's guidance and encouragement, that boosted Barbara Ann to the top.

Many famous designers have been guests of the hotel including Nettie Rosenstein, Omar Kiam, Peg Fischer and Laddy Northridge. When I dropped into the Northridge salon it was a mass of coral geraniums, in plant pots as well as on hats . . . those same geraniums that finally wound up on the cover of this issue of Chatelaine!

I have been asked often how celebrities spend their leisure time—how they like to be entertained. The majority of them hate a fuss. It was Cornelia Otis Skinner who told me with what horror she viewed large formal receptions where she was presented as Exhibit A. Like most other busy people, celebrities enjoy themselves most when just a few congenial folk are gathered together, when they can relax, and get out of the limelight, for awhile. ✚

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MADE JUST FOR BABY...

Love Must Be Blind

Continued from page 79

bitter thing. It was as bitter as the anger she felt against him. Way down in her heart there was a pain waiting for her to feel, but just now shame and anger were her torment. Later, she knew, the pain would come. But now shame and anger blocked off the pain. But she was grateful for anger and the discipline that carried her through . . . carried her through to that moment when Bruce met her.

HE WAS waiting for her at the gate. Just as he had waited last night. The wind was blowing too and she huddled her cape around her, but it didn't keep out the chill. Nothing could do that. Not when you were cold right through to your heart. There were no stars tonight and for that you could be grateful. But the gate lights cast a pale circle of brightness and into that brightness strode the buccaneer.

He came toward her, saying her name in that way he had that made it sound like an ardent endearment. And she held herself rigid, watching him. Abruptly he halted.

"What's happened?" he asked anxiously.

Anger shook her and she blurted, "That cheque you gave Claire Rogers. I saw it. And"—a sudden agonizing ache in her throat made speech difficult, but she went on thickly—"I want you to know I despise myself for last night—"

All vestige of expression erased from his face, except for his eyes and they burned darkly blue. "Get in the car," he said tonelessly, "I'll take you home."

He made it a command and instinctively she obeyed. Then when the car started she was furious with herself and demanded that he stop and let her out. But he drove on, saying, "I'm taking you home." On the same inflectionless note he continued, "So you despise yourself. And me. And that's the way you have it figured."

"Yes," she said. "That's the way I have it figured."

"With no margin for error," he added, grim-lipped. "And you are so right. I wrote my name on a piece of paper. That is a fact. And facts you've got to believe—you said that yourself."

They had come to her apartment and he drove alongside the curb and cut off the motor, but when she started to get out he said, "Wait. There's one thing more." And again she obeyed him.

He went on deliberately, "Yesterday when I stood with you in the hospital corridor, I said to myself, She's your girl. I was as sure as that. And I was sure about something else. I was sure that I'd believe in you come hell or a tidal wave. Or come facts."

She flung back. "But you couldn't. Nobody could. I told you that last night."

"So you did." He reached across her and opened the door. "Now," he said, "you can get out."

She did. And she started to walk away. Then she turned and looked back at him. He was staring at her, a bleak lost look on his face. Her heart quivered. Partly because he looked like that and partly because the ice was melting inside her and the pain was coming alive. She recognized him now—he was her love. And nothing he had done could change that. Nothing he would ever do could change that. The past and the future were as simple as that . . . She took the distance between them—"Bruce," she said.

He got out of the car and loomed over her. Just above her breath she said, "Bruce, I want to go back to the DeLuxe Lunch."

"Why?" he asked. He didn't make it easy for her.

She told him he didn't make it easy for her. She told him that as she put out her hands to him and said, "I want to go, because I'm your girl."

Stacy would never have imagined that taking love on Bruce's terms—without questioning, without caution—could be such a headlong rush into joy. A breathless heady sensation it was and it made her feel so utterly free. So utterly unafraid. Even the next day it held—that sense of fearlessness. Even when Vera began to tell her about Claire Rogers, she wasn't afraid.

They had gone to the nurses' office so Stacy could check their patient's chart before Vera went off duty. And it was when Stacy put the chart back in the files that Vera said, ". . . and now I'll give you that dope on the Rogers lass." She told it quickly: "There were angles all right, Stacy. I got them from Kay Douglass, one of the floor nurses. Kay lives in the same apartment house with Rogers so she recognized Bruce Lockhart when he called to ask for Claire the other afternoon. A Lockhart angle, mind you."

Stacy half smiled. "Smart girl," she said quietly and she thought: I'm not afraid because I love Bruce—and when you truly love a person the past doesn't count. And that's what loving on Bruce's terms means: the past doesn't count. Just trusting a person *now*, loving that person *now*—that's what counts. Sufficient unto the day is the trust thereof . . . Suddenly she laughed. She said, "That's what my missionary great-grandmother would have said."

Vera looked baffled. "What in the name of time has anything your great-grandmother would say got to do with John Lockhart?" She gave Stacy's arm an impatient slap. "Pay attention. You look like you're sleep-walking."

"*John* Lockhart," Stacy repeated on a low stifled breath.

"Sure. That's what I'm telling you—all the murky angles: he's got a wife and child and he's been playing around with that beauteous blonde, Kay says, for months. And Kay agrees with me that she, Rogers, took those sleeping pills to get action. I mean Rogers boasted to me about a cheque she got from this Bruce Lockhart—said it was some money his brother owed her."

Stacy whirled around and started toward the door, which was, as Vera grumbled after her slim departing back, ". . . darned ungrateful when I'm telling you front-page gossip." Another thing Vera grumbled after her was—"And you didn't even listen!"

Then Stacy turned and said, her voice tenderly unsteady, her eyes misty, "But I did, Vera, I never listened harder to anything. I'll never forget a word . . ." Then she added something that left Vera completely puzzled. She said, "But all my life I'll be glad I didn't let you tell me last night. All my life I'll be glad it was on his terms—" And then she was hurrying out of the room and off down the corridor to her patient . . .



IT TRAVELS TOO

One of the joys of travel is that the scenery changes but your favorite brand doesn't.

Take a can of soup—Campbells or Aylmer or Heinz, for instance. It may taste better over a campfire but you KNOW it's the same. Whether you buy it at a trading post inside the arctic circle, at a native bazaar on the other side of the world, or from your neighborhood store, if it carries the Brand Name—it's identical.

UNIFORMITY is an ingredient in every Brand Name product. It isn't listed on the label but you know it's there when you ask for a product by name.

If we've come a long way since the days of the flour bin and the cracker barrel, it's only because Brand Name has traveled the long way too.

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Chatelaine

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June, 1949 Vol. 22 No. 6

With the Editors

A first-rate writer, like a clever actress, can throw herself into any role, can describe convincingly any experience whether she has lived or imagined it. But in "Home Town Girl Makes Good" page 24, Mae Cooper had a made-to-order plot. To quote her: "Claudia Wells was born of my own experiences as a brand-new novelist. The writing world was new to me, and as an actress, I expected publication day to resemble an opening night at the theatre—flowers, telegrams, glamour, excitement and instantaneous reviews.

"I was therefore stunned by the muted silence which greeted my book. I received one gardenia from my sympathetic husband, and the phone rang twice that morning—the first time it was someone who wanted to clean the rugs, the second call was from my mother, who asked, only incidentally, 'Isn't this the day your book is supposed to come out?'



"Nevertheless my unpublished sister Grace, unembittered by the shattering experiences of my debut, insisted that we dramatize 'Lily Henry.' The play is finished and has been bought for production on Broadway in October. Having had my baptism by fire, opening night holds no terrors for me—I think!"



What are the chief qualifications of a social secretary, we asked the s.s. of one of the world's largest hostelries. And after 11 years of arranging and handling social events and meeting celebrities, Cay Moore claims: "You've got to like people—and that's easy."

As Cay knows a great many more people than we do, we'll take her word for that, but we'll go all the way along with her that, when it comes to celebrities, "They're More Fun With Their Halos Off!" (page 22).

Although spending most of her working hours in the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, her chief hobby is outdoor sport, especially figure skating. This may or may not have inspired her to write the story of Barbara Ann Scott, "She Skated Into Our Hearts." Cay's only other hobby is collecting hats. For one of the latest, see above!

Chatelaine's editors, as usual, covering many miles in search of news and views. Byrne Hope Sanders in New York planning some fiction surprises for coming issues, and bringing back word of the growing success of Canadian writers. Compliments too: "Writers like to appear in Chatelaine—their stories look so attractive." Lotta Dempsey in Bloomington, Indiana, being interviewed by Dr. Albert Kinsey—and vice versa.

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